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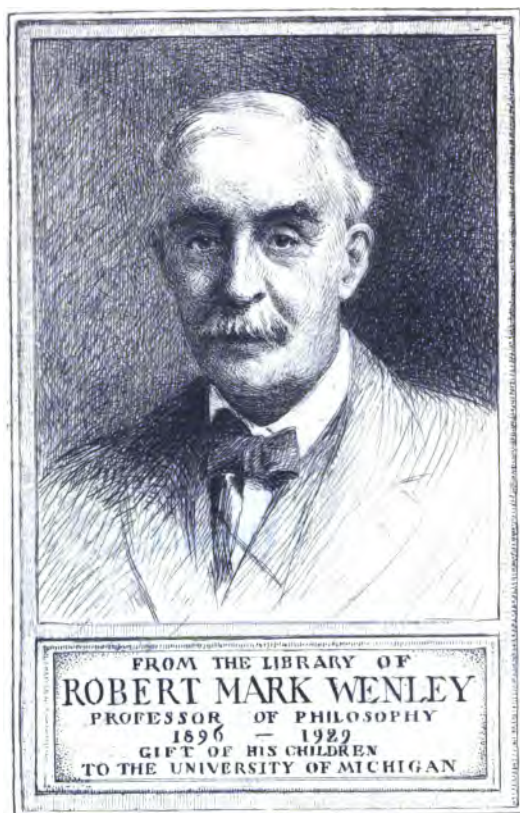
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NATIONAL MISSIONS:

A SERIES OF LECTURES.

BY WILLIAM MACCALL.



PERIENS SEMINO.

LONDON:

TRÜBNER AND CO., 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1855.



P R E F A C E.

WRITTEN in moments snatched from literary work, to which I have never felt that I had any natural calling, these Lectures cannot pretend to be much more than outlines, and will probably be found wanting in copiousness of illustration, in finish, fulness, and colour. As expressing strong convictions, let me hope that they are not further wanting in life.

The Lectures were all delivered in London; a few of them were repeated at Glasgow, Portsmouth, and Huddersfield.

The dates affixed show when the lectures were first given, and extending over so many years, may help to account for repetitions and contradictions, if such there be. However, the charge of contradicting myself is not one that much alarms me, for I have always been more ambitious to utter the honest word in its utmost warmth than pedantically to harmonize what I say with what I have formerly said.

In the lecture on India I have been indebted to Creuzer's work on Symbolism and Mythology for some suggestions and facts. I most heartily and gratefully acknowledge the obligation.

Two dear friends I fervently thank for assistance

of another kind—the one seeking companionship in the waves that break on the Dorset coast, shrinks from publicity as from pollution; the other is known to many as the incomparably generous and noble—John Macrae Moir.

In the battle for the recovery of earth's long vanished heroisms, of which the war with Russia is the prelude, I wish this book to aid as weapon and as inspiration. To me an idea is nothing unless it redden and flash into hottest passion. If my own ideas do not so redden and flash I must consider them as worthless. There is an impotent fury as there is a holy rage; but it has become too much the fashion of late years to speak of moderation as in itself a virtue, and to expect the world to be reformed without the wrath at wrong. You are continually to think an old battered and rusty tin kettle a sacred silver vessel of the richest workmanship, and when an institution is rotten and exhausted, you are not to believe your eyes and your conscience, but a sentimental philosophy, half dilettante drivel, and half Jesuitical jargon. Now, it is well where a remorseless radicalism assails what is truly venerable in the present and truly beautiful in the past, that a wise and loving appreciation should be taught of what has done its work, but which is too much entwined with national memories or a grand religious ceremonial to be torn unpitied away. But the tendency just now is not anywhere toward a remorseless radicalism, and he who affects to dread this is contending merely with an imaginary foe.

While, then, it is not my desire that these Lectures should be mainly iconoclastic or polemical, I shall rejoice if, in the new birth of the nations, they are iconoclastic and polemical to an extent that is displeasing to the mammon of a Mawworm Whiggery. My motto is—In striking, I sow. May the blows fall where they ought, and may the harvest be abundant. And where I strike but sow no seed, may a mightier than I be the sower!

22, CONDUIT ROAD, WOOLWICH,
9th May, 1855.

CONTENTS.

LECTURE FIRST.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY.	1

LECTURE SECOND.

EGYPT AND RELIGION	25
------------------------------	----

LECTURE THIRD.

GREECE AND BEAUTY	53
-----------------------------	----

LECTURE FOURTH.

PALESTINE AND FAITH.	79
------------------------------	----

LECTURE FIFTH.

ROME AND FORCE	106
--------------------------	-----

LECTURE SIXTH.

ARABIA AND MIRACLE	125
------------------------------	-----

LECTURE SEVENTH.

ITALY AND ART	146
-------------------------	-----

LECTURE EIGHTH.

FRANCE AND MANNERS	166
------------------------------	-----

LECTURE NINTH.

	PAGE
SPAIN AND ROMANCE	185

LECTURE TENTH.

GERMANY AND THOUGHT	205
-------------------------------	-----

LECTURE ELEVENTH.

ENGLAND AND SCIENCE	224
-------------------------------	-----

LECTURE TWELFTH.

RUSSIA AND DESTINY	243
------------------------------	-----

LECTURE THIRTEENTH.

CHINA AND CUSTOM	261
----------------------------	-----

LECTURE FOURTEENTH.

INDIA AND IMAGINATION	280
---------------------------------	-----

LECTURE FIFTEENTH.

AMERICA AND PROGRESS	317
--------------------------------	-----

LECTURE SIXTEENTH.

CONCLUDING REMARKS	354
------------------------------	-----

NATIONAL MISSIONS.

LECTURE FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE grand cardinal idea which alone can give inspiration, and courage, and hope, to individuals and nations, is that of a just and eternal Providence, which, unchanging amid the caprice and tumult of human change, pursues its victorious course, and has always been nearest its divinest retributions when men have been most disposed to regard it as the delusion of the fanatical. It has been the faith of every people, as long as that people retained its moral and religious life. It has been breastplate and spear to the good and brave, wherever and whenever called to battle for God's verities or the world's salvation. Whether as the heathen Nemesis, the Jewish Jehovah, or as that Omnipotent Father to whom the Christian kneels, it has been at once something sacred and awful, but merciful,—tender as a mother, and yet terrible as earthquakes, volcanoes, and the raging sea. It matters not that it has often degenerated into a superstition,—the noblest things are the aptest to become superstitions. It is only vain, shallow, prating rationalists that dread superstitions;—any of us whose blood has manhood in it can look them in the face. The only superstition which to me is intolerable, is the cowardly fear of superstition. Who so much a fool as he who is alarmed lest the mountain

should fall, because its morning and evening shadow is so immense? Poor trembler! the mountain never stands so firm, nor does the Great Spirit ever come so near it as when all the shadows of night rest upon it. Let us not, then, be such silly cravens as to grow superstitious through hatred of superstition. We can bear the shadows—indeed, we must bear them, for behind the shadows are this and the other everlasting reality, with which we cannot dispense.

Neither is it necessary that we should torment ourselves with making nice and dainty distinctions between a general and a particular Providence. Such subtleties, if they have any value at all, are for metaphysicians and theologians, not for us, who only wish to learn so much of the Universe and its government as may help to make our step firm, our brow serene, our heart strong, and our arm valiant. The main fact about Creation is, that it is there—that we are a portion of it, and have our allotted duties in it. The rest may be fitly babbled of by students, but is not of vital importance to human beings with human passions, human faculties, a human vocation, and a human fate. That this Infinite All of things has an Infinite Ruler, which means infinite will and wisdom in incessant action, to guide as well as to form, expresses the utmost we know, or can know, respecting Providence. Blessed he who holds fast by this knowledge, and makes it warm and fertile to his soul, when tempted to wander into the maze of bold, but barren speculation. Blessed, but I am afraid rare as blessed. For in these days men either practically deny Providence, by acting as if there were none, or they admit it as one among a thousand exhausted traditions, and give it as little of living and operative belief as the others; or they theoretically deny it, by bringing against it objections picked out from the rubbish of French scepticism in the last century; or they reduce it

to an abstraction by building for it a temple in the vast fantastic chaos of German philosophy; or they are indifferent to it, as to something not directly identified with their material interests. Therefore, among the primordial faiths and facts that have made earth holy again and again, when it was lying in wickedness, and saved it, and once more saved it from despair and death, this idea is what needs most to be set on high and honoured, as that which is no less almighty to destroy than miraculous to redeem. What signify revolutions, pestilences, wars, famines, the overthrow of thrones, the heaving to and fro of nations, the birth of strange untamed energies, which we hesitate whether to welcome as friends or to strangle as monsters: what signify these and kindred manifestations, unless we see in them all the hand of Deity manifest as a flame-cloud in an angry sky? No: God is not dead. God cannot die, though the perpetual perishing of human systems makes men believe that the Universe and its Lord are as transitory as the pedantries which the sick brain of audacious doubt ceases not to dream concerning them. Think not God's thunders have lost their overwhelming force, because they do not roll for evermore. Think not his lightnings have lost their fatal swiftness, because they are not always flashing. As of old, as at the beginning, God's agencies may be invisible, but they slumber not, nor sleep;—wherever his thought, wherever his presence, there also are they, unresting as the first, boundless as the last; the ministers of order, where our weak and limited vision sees nothing but turmoil and confusion.

But if appalled by the crash of falling empires, by the triumph of what is bad and the defeat of what is good, by the reverence of our fellows for charlatans, and their persecution even unto the death of those whose only aim it is to serve them and humanity through suffering and

through sacrifice—if appalled by such spectacles as these, you still feel inclined to question this sublimest of celestial powers called Providence, you have only each of you to trace and reflect on the history of his past life. I say not that, in looking at every point and event of your career, you will be able to discover why it was thus or thus. But in viewing your destiny as a substantial and connected aggregate, are you not compelled to confess that the finger of God was there? He who aspires to pierce into the mystery of God's doings must not be curious and fastidious about specialities and exceptions. To pry too inquisitively and closely into the texture of that which should be beheld in the flowing wholeness of its natural beauty is the way not to gain knowledge, but to be struck with blindness. Circumstance must not, consequently, be dismembered from circumstance, or period from period, when we are striving to trace back with a wise and teachable glance the path by which the hand of Providence has led us through the desert of temptation, and struggle, and sorrow. The moral of every man's life is in its most recent action, whatever that may be or however insignificant that may be, for our most recent action is the necessary result of our earliest; and it is the perception of this successive necessity in the development of our individual being which first truly instructs us that we are not the products of chance or of some strange compound of caprice and fate, but divinely appointed co-workers with an Infinite Intelligence, who is satisfied to abide by the laws which are the expressions of his will, and who is not, therefore, imposing on us anything cruel in asking that we should abide by them too.

Though, however, I am persuaded that the life of every man, if sagely, calmly, and in its completeness contemplated by himself, is sufficient to make the idea of

Providence a holy and luminous fact to his soul, yet this idea grows much more solemn, comprehensive, and suggestive to him, if extended to the universal history of the world. We are a portion of mankind, mankind is a portion of the limitless kingdom of nature, and that kingdom is a portion of Him who is limitless in attributes and in activities. The admission, therefore, of Providence in our own life forces us to admit it in the life of humanity, and this to admit it in the life of the universe. Now, it is the intermediate admission which wholesomely regulates the other two. If we confine our admission of Providence to our own life we may be pure and pious, but we are almost certain to be filled with spiritual pride and to be the slaves of a narrow dogmatism, and to think that God exists for us, and not that we exist for God. If it is Providence as unfolded in the life of the Universe that we habitually meditate upon, we may be profoundly religious, with an open and loving eye for divine things, such as few possess, but we cannot avoid being exceedingly mystical. If, however, we hold fast by Providence as gloriously displayed from remotest times in the history of our race, we cannot become bigoted, even if we see God, as we believe, in every incident and movement of our own individual existence, nor mystical, though our chosen employment may be to witness him in his providential relations with the Infinite. Not that faith in a historical providence, when exalted to the place of honour among our notions, may not itself become an exclusiveness, and of course a falsehood, for all imperfection is falsehood. But there is less danger of exclusiveness here than in the two other cases; for history itself is a great enlarger and teacher of the mind by the immense diversity of objects which it presents. Whereas faith in Providence, as the guide of our own life or as the ruler of the Infinite, fixes our attention entirely on one

object. It is thus that the only men who are both earnest in action and catholic in spirit are such as have drawn their chief wisdom from an acquaintance with history.

The worst thing which the faith in a historical Providence, as distinguished from other views of Providence, has given us, is the cant so common now about human progression. And this cant is no more harmless than other cants. Men, by talking so incessantly about progress, social, political, and other, delude themselves with the belief that the reformation of the world is a very easy affair, and nothing is done for a work so great and needed, simply because every one is chattering about it. In no age that I read of has progress been rapid or reformation easy. Those who have done most to improve the condition of mankind have always approached the task allotted them by God as something most formidable, and in accomplishing which they dreaded lest their best vigour and most strenuous will should faint and fail. He who comes to a heroic labour as to a pastime, shows that the heroic strength is wanting unto him. But notwithstanding this senseless and impertinent prate about human progression with which we are daily pestered, the history of our race still remains a noble and most fecund fact, though the true way to regard it and the Providential idea connected with it, is not in reference to progress, which in itself is a cold, colourless, sapless abstraction. God is no Utilitarian, though his realm of immensity is one prodigious theatre of sublimest utilities. God's Providential Idea in relation to the human race would be equally wise, equally adorable as now, even if what we call progress were not to follow from the operation of that Idea. If progress were the central principle of the Universe, then the Universe would be simply an enormous laboratory for experiments on a large scale and on

a small, by which God would try eternally to ascertain whether he could not improve his own workmanship—a notion so abhorrent to all our instincts and impressions touching God, that we reject it at once. The central principles of the Universe are life, being, action, production, growth, development. God is for ever all these, or for ever causing all these. So that we do not want to hear such monstrous nonsense as that the world is more advanced now than it ever was before, and from the very persons, too, who cease not to decry this age as beggarly and base, incapable of magnanimous aspirings and generous deeds. The Nile does not exist in order to fertilize Egypt:—but Egypt is fertilized because the Nile exists. This is the true theory of Providence in its guidance of humanity. In seeking perpetually in the history of mankind for symmetry, you lose reality:—you miss life, being, action, production, growth, development. One of the wonders of the ancient world was the speaking statue of Memnon, at Egyptian Thebes. It uttered, when the first rays of the sun fell on it, melodious sounds, and at evening it sent forth a plaintive and melancholy cry. Now the statue which thus spoke was mutilated: the whole of the upper part was wanting. This a Roman Emperor caused to be restored: but from that moment the statue became dumb. So it is with humanity. If we take it as we find it, uncouth, rough, and mutilated, it pours the richest music and the wisest words into our soul. But if we attempt to make it look better to the eye by filling up its gaps and defects with our own idealisms, its music and its words are heard no more.

I question, therefore, whether Universal Histories, and books such as Guizot's on Civilization in Modern Europe, do not exceedingly deceive and mislead. They put on the upper part of the statue, and make the statue dumb. They accustom us to regard nations and human

affairs in certain artificial connexions as unlike as possible to the breathing fact with its flesh, and bone, and muscle. History is nothing more, nothing less than a vivid pictorial representation of whatever memorable things nations have done. With the remote causes of these, or their remote results, it should meddle as little as it can. Speculation, controversy, a subtle analysis of motives are not its province. It may be needful that the dubious points which are met with in history should be thoroughly examined and freely discussed; but a history proper is not the place either to examine or to discuss them. But if we take up a history of Greece, or of Rome, or of any other illustrious country, we have, instead of a brilliant narrative, rapid as the onrush of an army on its foe, six or eight volumes of prosy dissertation on a whole Noah's ark of topics, and if we have patience to wade up to the knees to the end of this sandy waste, we find that we have gained nothing by our toil but a considerable addition to our scepticism on historical subjects, with a consummate disgust for the author's pedantry and arrogance. I dispute no man's right to scribble a pamphlet in a dozen octavos on a lively people like the Greeks, but I dispute his right to entrap me into reading it by calling it a history instead of a pamphlet.

To summon nations from the grave of a far antiquity, and to let us hear the clash of their conflicts, and see the pomp of their religion, the splendour of their festivals,—their alternations from the graceful in art to the glorious in enterprise, and to make our brain burn and our heart throb in enthusiastic sympathy with all their doings, is one of the godlike achievements of genius. To call us, however, from the light of this busy world, where we ourselves have a work to do which cannot be done by another—a work requiring all our time, effort, perseverance—to call us from our combat with evil and wrong, to

listen to the bones of brave old nations rattling in their sepulchres, or to pester us with a discourse as long and tedious as a poet laureate's epic on the question whether these are really bones rattling, or the shrieks of ghosts, or merely an imaginary noise, this is worse than impertinent; it is insulting and cruel. Next to the man in these days who can do a noble deed without chattering thereof to all the world, I praise and honour him who tells me what he wants to tell me in the fewest words. History, as it is now the fashion to write it, is like the police report and the leading article of a newspaper jumbled into one—a sprawling diffuseness of vapid argument and a vulgar minuteness of paltry detail, trying hard which can be most wearisome. All this arises from the habit which I cannot too hotly condemn—that of stripping Humanity of the torn, threadbare, blood-stained raiment in which it has done battle with falsehood and iniquity, to put on it decent clothes to fit it for entrance into respectable society; thus giving it as much of insipid paltriness and of real interest as a figure in a wax-work exhibition. We must sweep away therefore without mercy all these heavy heaps of loquacious silliness,—Universal Histories, Philosophical Histories, Histories of Civilization, Histories of Human Progress,—if we are to have the heart of our race once more beating warmly on our own, or if we are to save from suffocation under huge folios that Providential Idea which has been our race's weapon of war, and sinew, and soul. As in the community it is best even for the community's sake that all the rights of the individual should be recognised, so in considering the history of the world it is indispensable that nations should be viewed in the sharp and gleaming distinctness of their nationality. The social reforms of the day all fail, because, instead of directly appealing to the individual, they are addressed to an airy something called

the community; that is to say, the community remains unreformed because the reformation of the community alone is regarded. So, likewise, the history of the world is badly understood, because the abstraction which we name mankind veils from us the radiant countenance and majestic march of mighty nations. When eaten from the tree the leaves and branches of the yew are a wholesome food to cattle; but if eaten when they have fallen and withered, they then become a deadly poison. Thus history, which is full of nourishment to the mind when plucked and eaten in all its fresh variety, grows poisonous when the hand of the pedant dissevers it from the tree of natural life, blights its verdure, and squeezes out its sap. And his withering touch is never felt so fatally as when he huddles nations out of sight to show me some misshapen puppet of gigantic dimensions, and of his own making, which he is impudent enough to call mankind. What do I care for astronomy if you take from me the stars? Leave me but one solitary star in the midnight sky, and that will more abound with lustrous gladness to my soul than a catalogue and classification of all the stars that have ever been discovered. The history of a single people will teach me more of man, and bring him closer to my bosom, than the most learned and elaborate history of mankind.

But, in truth, this habit of treating the history of mankind in such a way as to swamp the individuality of nations, is only one of the many absurdities in the mode of writing history; all of which, however, have an equal effect in annihilating that individuality.

Thus we have history divided into ancient and modern, into sacred and profane, and great care is taken to distinguish between heathen times and Christian times. If at some particular period Human Nature had undergone some most notable and essential change, there might be

propriety in such divisions; but as we know that either for good or for evil Human Nature cannot substantially change, those divisions are ineffably preposterous in their artificiality and arbitrariness. What but a human caprice separates ancient history from modern? Is it not well-known that the institutions, the customs, the languages of those we name the Ancients stretched far into these modern centuries; that Latin was the language of the learned till within a recent period, and that it is still frequently used in scientific and philosophical works? If, also, you take away the part which Greece, Rome, and other ancient nations have had in our modern civilization, very little of this will remain. Saving, moreover, a few peculiarities of manners, no more important in themselves than peculiarities of dress, there is no real difference between ancient civilization and modern, and whenever we find a difference it is to the advantage of the former; for the Titanic robustness of Will among the men of old is the very amplest compensation for that deeper spiritualism of which we feel so much inclined to boast.

Besides, what is really ancient or modern? The Egyptian who lived in the time of Christ could trace back the annals of his country for several thousand years, and find it then flourishing in arts and in arms, and astonishing alike from its religious culture and its religious monuments. To what inconceivable antiquity does this fact not point, not only for Egypt, but for the whole earth? And admitting it, are we not obliged to confess that ever since man had a history there was some venerable remoteness of years and of events hovering dusily behind him?

And is it less a human caprice which separates sacred history from profane? What does such a separation mean? Does it mean that the Jews were the only nation who claimed to have a revelation, prophets, and

sacred books? But every nation with a history at all has claimed to have all these in one shape or another. Does it mean that the Jews were the only nation pretending that their national God worked miracles to instruct their minds, to strengthen their faith, to defend them from their enemies? But the belief in miracles is an instinct of the human heart; and wherever a nation has had a national God, a miraculous power was the foremost attribute with which it crowned him. Besides, it is the veriest atheism to make a distinction between profane and sacred history; that portion of history which you call profane you banish God's providence from. For if this is not what such a distinction involves, then no shred, however small, of history is profane; and it all becomes sacred, as being all pervaded and sanctified by the same divine, Providential Idea.

Then as to the distinction between heathen and Christian times, what else is that but a human caprice? However much, or however gladly we admit what Christianity has done, or is fitted to do, it is still only one of innumerable agencies for working out the purposes of God's government. God did not discover for the first time that the world was worth attending to when Christ came. If it had not been worth God's attention till then, it would not have been worth Christ's coming to at all. God governs the world from the same holy necessity that he created it; indeed, it would perhaps be more correct to say that his creation and his government are one: in themselves they must be the same, and it is only in our human idea that they are different. So that we deny his creation whenever we deny his government. But what is a government which does not govern? Yet what but this monstrosity do those plead for who are ready to tear us to pieces in their fierce, fanatical wrath, unless we confess at once the beauty of their distinction

between heathen times and Christian? If the crotchet of these people has any sense at all, it must signify that God is present there only where there is spiritual appreciation of his presence, since the chief object of Christ's mission was to deepen that spiritual appreciation. Now this, pushed to its fair logical extreme, would imply that even to such as have learned from Christ and through Christ spiritual appreciation of Deity, the Deity is only present in those moments and those moods so rare in the lives of all men when spiritual appreciation of God is felt and practised. It is common enough, however, for the religionists whose thin and wrinkled souls feed greedily upon the husks of dogma as upon celestial food, to cling to a mad notion with a mad tenacity, yet shrink with horror from all its legitimate consequences. And if you point to those consequences as inevitable, they politely inform you that you are tempted by the devil—a very convenient mode of kicking the difficulty aside, and from which it would seem that the devil is a troublesome logician. Yet at the risk of being the ally of so calumniated a personage, let me ask our worthy friends who slice out Christian history from the general mass of history as a savoury bit for their own private and particular enjoyment, whether they do in all honesty believe that from every country and from every nation, previous to the Gospel, God was quite shut out? If they believe this, then they must likewise believe that during countless centuries everywhere on the globe God's everlasting and immutable laws had ceased to prevail. But if they shudder at this as too atrocious in its absurdity, and declare that God's laws can no more cease than he himself can perish, then through all history God the Providential must have been present, since God's laws are merely another name for himself, and it is through them and their results alone that we can know anything regarding him!

its mission. It would be wrong, in speaking of the mission of individuals, to limit our attention to the primordial agents of civilization, and to pass over the miscellaneous mass of men as too insignificant to be dignified with a calling from on high. Equally wrong would it be to say that primordial peoples and countries alone had a divine destination to realize the Providential Idea. Every atom is needed in the construction and the immortal development of the Universe. Every production of nature has its own distinctive qualities and appropriate field. Every man has his own special faculties, and his own special allotment of duty and of doing. And in like fashion every nation has its own particular attributes, and is the foreordained apocalypse of some infinite thought hidden from of old in the Invisible, and not till now fated to receive incarnation among men. But as no atom knows why it is used for one purpose and not for another; as no production of nature knows what the object is which it has been sent to serve; as no individual knows what is the import of his apostleship on earth:—so no nation knows what part of the Providential Idea it is consecrated to unfold and express. It is not true, as has sometimes been asserted, that genius, or that power of any kind which there is the slightest particle of will to influence or direct, is unconscious of itself. Every strength, rude or refined, that can reflect on itself at all, is conscious of itself to the entire extent that it is strength. The man who runs faster or who swims better than any other man in the parish, cannot be ignorant of the fact. The man who has more muscular force than any other man in the neighbourhood, must be aware of it quite as certainly as he possesses it. So just as inevitably must the poet be conscious of his poetical gifts, the artist of his artistic aptitudes, the hero of his valour. But neither poet, nor

artist, nor hero may have the remotest conception of the place in the providential plan they are each predestined from all eternity to fill. It is only other men and other ages that can approach to a true estimation of this.

The law in such matters is, that just in proportion to the possession of faculty and the consciousness thereof, is the unconsciousness as to its effect or significance in the providential government of Deity. The man conscious of his mission, or of what he persuades himself to be such, is simply a man unconscious of himself, of his real powers: the man conscious of himself, of his real powers, is always a man unconscious of his mission. Here we have the grand characteristic of the present age. It is an age when every man, and every body of men, are conscious of their mission, or of what they dream to be such: while they are utterly unconscious of themselves, of their real powers. It is only another and perhaps far distant age that will be able to tell what the mission of the present age has been. Thus, likewise, exactly as a nation is conscious of itself, of its energies, will it be unconscious of its mission. What nation had a grander and more enduring consciousness of itself, of its faculties, than Egypt: what nation more unconscious of its destiny in the development of the Providential Idea? The nation in ancient times the most conscious of its mission and the least conscious of its faculties was the Jewish:—in modern times, the French. In ancient times the nation least conscious of its mission, most conscious of its faculties, was the Greek: in modern times, the German. In saying, however, that Judea and France have been so conscious of their mission, I do not mean to affirm that the one knew, or that the other knows, its real mission. Nations have a morbid self-analysing consciousness as well as individuals. The effect of this, in individuals, is to make them brood on those of their faculties which are

the sickliest :—and this is also its effect in nations. The Jew was always, therefore, supposing that to be his mission which was his malady, and in this respect the Frenchman signally resembles him. Those nations have done the greatest things which have had the consciousness of mission and the consciousness of faculty in equal proportions. Such of old was Rome, and such is England now. In general it is enthusiasm that enables individuals to achieve memorable results; while, on the contrary, it is not enthusiasm, but calm pertinacity of purpose through which, in most cases, nations conquer for themselves wide renown and an enduring empire. And this constitutes the chief difference between the mission of individuals and the mission of nations. When, also, a nation does become enthusiastic, it is seldom anything more than the expression and the instrument of some notable man's enthusiasm. The Arabians, who burst forth from the depths of their deserts to tell the world, with the eloquence of resistless swords, that there was no God but God, and that Mahomet was his prophet, were the most enthusiastic of nations, yet so entirely because the most enthusiastic of men had poured his own burning energy like a lava flood into their hearts. Nations which are the embodiment of a prophet's enthusiasm can never be great but once. They live only so long as the prophet's soul lives in them. It is their imagination chiefly which that soul has enkindled; and though the imagination gives more strength than any of the other faculties for a time, its influence is transitory, just in the degree that it is intense. As long as Moses reigned in the imagination of the Jews, they were a great nation; when he had dwindled from a hero of the imagination into a cold pharisaic tradition, the cunning left their right hand, and their glory departed never to return. Contrariwise, the grand abiding nations of the world are

incapable of the enthusiasm which springs from imagination. With them, when they can be stirred into strong and unaccustomed emotion, enthusiasm is the voice of conscience and of hate. In their seasons of enthusiasm they are even less imaginative than usual. Imagination is thrust aside as a trivial and unholy thing, too giddy and too gaudy for earnest workmen and a heroic work. A prophet starts from the bosom of God, and says to a nation,—Be thou my preacher; a cold and stern, but stalwart and persistent nation, is roused from its habitual tranquillity of existence, its habitual regularity of action, by some flagrant wrong, some grievous sin, and elects one of its bravest, wisest, noblest children, and cries,—Be thou my prophet, be thou my soldier, be thou my avenger. It is thus that while the flaming Arabians, with brain drunk and wild with dreams of the Koran, were merely the impersonation of Mahomet, Cromwell, with all his genius, valour, and sagacity, was merely the impersonation of Puritanism. While one nation, therefore, has only one mission, another nation may have several, as is the case with what I have called the grand abiding nations of the world—they having their primordial, perpetual, special mission, and the mission which they fulfil in each of their outbursts of enthusiasm, and a mission resulting from their ideas and institutions. The first may be named their divine mission, the second their prophetic mission, the third their human mission; though all the three have alike their part in the development and realization of the Providential Idea. The divine mission of Rome was Force; its prophetic mission, those famous events in its history which, apart from military success and defeat, thoroughly excited the enthusiasm of its people; its human mission, its influence on the legislation, the languages, the varied culture of modern times. The divine mission of England is Science; its prophetic

mission, all such of its political and religious revolutions as have gone to the heart of the nation; its human mission, the example which it has given of representative government: an example the consequences of which we witness in the most fulminating catastrophes of the last hundred years in Europe and in America.

The history of those nations is least interesting in whom we discern nothing but the human mission. Beyond some brief and fitful gleams, such is the spectacle which the annals of Phœnicia, of Carthage, and of Holland, offer us. In some countries we are puzzled to discover mission, divine, prophetic, or human. Remove William Tell, in the record of whose achievements, besides, there seems a tinge of the fabulous, and how much do you find of mission in the history or people of Switzerland, unless it be considered a mission to supply cut-throats to all the idiotic, ferocious despots, who are trying their best to save their tottering thrones from the furious grasp of the democracy.

There are nations whose divine mission is equally hid from us with their human, but whose prophetic mission shines with an epic import across the haze of ages. With this prophetic mission was Scotland gifted as long as it retained its independence. Except, perhaps, the deliverance wrought by the Maid of Orleans, what nobler displays of the prophetic mission than those whose lustre and dramatic miraculousness are recalled to us by the names of Wallace and of Bruce?

Great hearts! we humbly bow down to you. Accept the fervent homage of one who reckons it a grander thing to play a part, as ye so valorously did, in the prophetic mission of a brave people, than to discourse to his fellows on missions either national or individual. But to my work. Different ages need different agencies; and speech is a gift of God no less than courage, and other

virtues there be besides patriotism. Still, living in days when nations seem incapable of rising higher than the most prosaic parts of a human mission, when the divine seems veiled and the prophetic dumb, we turn with unutterable yearning to the vigorous and poetic past. If the fastidious shudder at what they think the crimes of that olden time, let them know that those crimes were not the proof of a really more degraded condition of society than our own. When nettles appear on pasture lands, they are considered as indicating a rich or improving soil, as they seldom grow on inferior lands. Thus, the cruelties that seem to us so horrible in the rude men of remote years told not of a vicious nature, but of exuberant force. Evil is but the shadow of good: the longer a thing, the longer will be its shadow. We, poor braggarts that we are, dream that we are dwelling in a paradise, because we see so few shadows, and only such as are small. We ought to pray for larger shadows, and more of them, since then we should feel that the reign of strengths had again begun. It is true that the mere shadow alone does not always prove the presence of a potent reality, since the smoke and the vapour cast a shadow on the ground as well as the tree. And it would be absurd to conclude from its crimes simply that a generation is strong. A weak race often commits the same crimes from fear or from a kind of morbid irritation which a brave and healthy race commits from irrepressible force: they thus corrupt the former while they relieve the impetuosity and exercise the muscles of the latter, just as salt rapidly decomposes vegetable matter while it preserves animal substances. It is not, therefore, from the number or the enormity of its crimes that we can estimate the character of an age, but from learning whether those crimes are the outbursts of a Titanic energy or the ferocities of a diseased cowardice.

Judge the present age by this principle, and you will see that, while it starts and whines like a child at every shadow of crime, there is no crime which it scruples to commit whenever it becomes the thrall of its own terrors. I would wish, therefore, what I say on National Missions to have a direct and practical effect, while furnishing you with as correct and comprehensive a theory of the subject as it is in my power to give. It profiteth not to conceal it from ourselves; the sooner we know it the better,—we have fallen on one of those periods accursed, because feeble and sickly, when crime results from the dread of crime. How can we help to make the world healthy and strong again? Not certainly by talking about it. An infallible sign that society is weak is that one of its main employments is to listen so greedily to the chattering of apes—whether they appear on the platform or in the press. It is action, then, which alone can teach a community paralyzed and incapable of action. But how act so as to force the world to act? For we ourselves partake of the community's diseases, and can scarcely give it any other example but that which it has given us. Our first work must, therefore, be with ourselves. We have all a mission as individuals, precisely as nations have their missions. To know our mission we must ascertain our faculties, not, however, by retiring to our libraries or to rural solitudes, and stretching our minds on the dissecting-table of a keen self-analysis, and studying the history and qualities of every fibre, but by marching, like brave soldiers, into the thickest of the perils and perplexities that beset us. An author, whom it is much the habit to overrate at present, has set forth the praises of what he calls passiveness, as if in this the highest wisdom, no less than the truest duty, were to be found. No more detestable error, no more arrant absurdity. The best, the really golden ages, are those in

which action most abounds. But what kind of action? That which is inspired by will. No age ever presented more than our own of mechanical action—action produced by foreign and despotic necessities. Gaze we where we may, we behold excessive and incessant movement. But we would almost prefer the silence of death to such movement which speaks of nothing but the most chaotic fatalism. Meditation is a holy and a beautiful thing, but we have, instead of it, a spurious, indolent, effeminate reflection, called passiveness. Action is a valiant and a noble thing, but we have, instead of it, that uneasy beast with no life in it, called movement. The savage, to get fire, rubs a hard stick on a soft one. With two hard sticks or two soft ones he would rub in vain. Action is the hard stick, and meditation the soft one, from the rubbing of which together man elicits celestial fire. But he who rubs must, above all and before all, have will. In this behold his salvation. He must will to wear his natural gifts with the boldness, and the grace, and the frank countenance, and the free air of an individual man, and cast his conventional rags to whatever Inferno happens at the moment to be most popular. Now, it is these men of will who are to regenerate this earth of ours. Nations will rise afresh to the height of their missions when the individual rises to the height of his. What is the spectacle which the world now presents? Nations not strong enough to achieve liberty, rulers not strong enough to maintain order, nations and rulers alike weak in will. And this is the spectacle which long and weary years will continue to offer, till individuals standing out from the mass of surrounding frivolity, with stoical sternness and strenuousness, once more teach mankind how to will.

When that time comes men will grow ashamed of the cant which they now prate about war and nationality.

The charlatans of the day would fain persuade us that peace is the greatest of all blessings, and that one main effect of universal peace would be the effacement of the grand lineaments which distinguish one nation from another. Now, touching war, I have simply to observe that nothing can be wrong which is in harmony with everlasting realities. But what is the life of the universe but the eternal crash and the deep abysmal roar of antagonist forces? What is the life of each thing in the universe but collision with the thing nearest it? When a thing dies, that is, when it ceases to combat, its parts, and still more its minutest particles, commence to combat with each other. The greatest man of his age is merely the greatest warrior of his age, whether his name be Luther or Napoleon. When nations, therefore, conflict even unto blood and most woful and pitiful desolation, what are they doing but yielding most chivalrous obedience to a universal law?

As to nationalities, who dares assail them that knows anything of history? When has the world been a fit home for the brave but when each nation had a character of its own which it was ready to perish rather than abandon? Why everywhere now anarchy, confusion, quackery, despair, but because it has become fashionable for every nation to cast its nationality aside, and to hunt for a phantasm which, when caught, is to please the general European mind? Out upon all this pedantry and delusion! Nations must again be nations if men are to continue men. The most fatal poison which the South American puts on his arrow becomes a tonic medicine when swallowed, and he uses it for both purposes. In this see emblemmed the import of nationalities. For just in proportion as a nation is strong to attack and resist, that is, just as it is *itself*, and unlike all other nations, just in that degree is God poured forth on its altars and

abodes—which is equivalent to saying that the world must pass through much tribulation before National Missions become truly such, ascending from the human to the prophetic, from the prophetic to the divine.

February 7th, 1849.

LECTURE SECOND.

EGYPT AND RELIGION.

THE most imposing material spectacle of man's creation that has been since the world began is the pyramids, the temples, the tombs, and other vast and wonderful monuments with which Egyptian genius and energy covered the valley of the Nile. The life and the works of man are the current emblems of the frail and the perishing. Onward the tide of time rolls, effacing in one age what the previous age had laboured the hardest to accomplish. But in Egypt man seemed to build for eternity—everything was immense, rooted, strong, and grand as the everlasting mountains.

The source of this godlike permanence, magnitude, and power, was that Egyptian existence, in its whole mechanism, movements, and manifestations, was consecrated to God and the gods. The Egyptians have been the only people whose entire being was pervaded by religious ideas and motives. To the ancient Roman religion was a political institution; to the Greek, poetry; to the Hebrew, patriotism; for at no period of their history could the Hebrews be called a religious nation. But the Egyptian breathed no breath but that of religion. As the mighty river by whose waters he dwelt flooded and fertilized his country with miraculous overflow, so religious influences flooded and fertilized his soul. Marvel ye, then, that feeding thus unceasing on the divine, he should expend all that art could invent or achieve, all that enthusiastic, invincible industry could combine,

all that wealth could furnish, all that conquest could gather, to give to the Divine the sublimest, most gorgeous outward glory?

Some writers have attempted to show that, in every department of human effort, the noblest productions have had a religious aim and a religious inspiration. But a glance at the subject will convince us that this is very far indeed from being the case. We call Shakspeare our greatest poet, and he would not be thought a good Englishman who did not call him the greatest of all poets. But the religious intention of his works it would be difficult to discover. Nearly all the great poets of Italy wrote on anything but sacred themes. The greatest poets of Spain as well as of France were the authors of tragedies and comedies. Goethe and Schiller, the two greatest poets of Germany, sought no part of their fame from religious compositions. To none of the great Greek and Latin poets could we, without an excessive straining of the word, give the name religious. The only truly great poets that have treated of things directly and specially religious were Dante and Milton. And in their chief poems it is the human interest which they contrive to weave with the religious matter that alone attracts us. And in music, who will maintain that religion has had a monopoly of the beautiful? Not above a fifth, if so much, of the best music has been of a devotional kind. But in sculpture, painting, and architecture, religion marches supreme. How mean and imperfect, how destitute of dignity and of ideal grace, are the statues which modern Europe has dedicated to its heroes, compared to those which Greece consecrated to its divinities! What a wide gulf also separates the holy families and similar pictures of Raphael and his famous brethren from all else that painting has done! And as regards architecture, we have only to stand under the shadow of our own vene-

rable and magnificent cathedrals to feel how enormously the piles which man rears in honour of the Invisible transcend in grandeur those which he erects for any less exalted purpose.

Now, the Egyptians were a people turned artist with a religious fire in their brain and a religious fecundity in their bosom,—artist in those arts where religion has the proudest, most peculiar domain. They might be defined to be the incarnate artistic expression of the religious idea in its deepest, widest, richest meanings. For we must not suppose that the Egyptians were the brutish idolators which more modern religions have represented them. How could a nation be so that was so highly civilized, a nation endowed with an intellect so keen, a fancy so fertile, a mind so organizing, a hand so cunning to embody and to adorn the rarest, most radiant devices of the imagination? It is a current notion that the Egyptians worshipped vegetables, creeping things, and four-footed beasts. Yet they did not in reality worship these, but the principles they symbolized. It is absurd to admit that the Egyptians could be the most religious of men, and yet sunk in the grossest idolatry. It is equally absurd to admit that they could attain such signal eminence and make such prodigious progress in whatever else constitutes the might and majesty of a people, and that here alone they should be lower than the lowest savage, whose dwelling is the cave or the gloomy recesses of the forest, but on whose rude senses gleams a ray of Deity.

In truth, it has been too common for Christians to think that they were proving the fervor of their zeal and the strength and excellence of their faith by vague and vapoury declamations against all forms of ancient heathenism. It was natural for the apostles and the early Christians, who had to fight the battle of the benignant

and holiest spiritualism against the corruptions, the exaggerations, the superstitions of materialism, to seize all weapons as welcome by which the battle could be won. In combat of any kind all arms are right except those which are dishonourable. But when we have gained the victory the law must be—mercy to the defeated, justice to the dead. In actual conflict with a foe we see only his worst, most hateful qualities, and it is this detestation that gives double force to our blows. But when we have conquered him, and when giving the history of the struggle, it is beautiful and wise to speak only of his best. To attack, therefore, with vulgar violence ancient heathenism in these days, is nothing but a cowardly cant.

We may be free from this cant, free from that violence, we may execrate both, and yet we may be unfitted to enter within the veil of Egyptian magnificence by Bible prejudices. I know no better preparation for Egyptian studies than biblical feelings and associations. No amount of learning can compensate the absence of these. We must have walked from our childhood with Hebrew prophets and patriarchs as with familiar friends, and reverent gazed into their valiant eyes and their serene and solemn bosoms, and baptized ourselves into the essential being of the Hebrew people before Egypt can emerge from the abyss of centuries as a living, eloquent, heroic, symmetrical fact before us. But the fresh, human, natural, and yet devout commune with Palestine, with its illustrious recollections and sacred revealings, its whole character, costume, and chronicles, is altogether impossible, if we are enslaved to the letter of the Bible. Egypt and Palestine were eastern lands, the Bible is an eastern book, and we must have the robes of our spirit flowing loosely round with oriental freedom and with graceful and gorgeous carelessness, if we are to conquer

and make our own its vast and sacred significance. And assuredly, while the Bible, in its rich and suggestive simplicity, is our best guide to Egypt, it will altogether fail of that end if we are tormented by the silly desire of making it the fountain of all profane science, and an infallible oracle thereon. All truth harmonizes with all truth. What import some discrepancies of detail? What is eternally divine cannot be affected by a few chronological or geological discoveries. To how much religious dishonesty, to what incurable scepticism, to what fierce infidelity, does not the error conduct which denudes the Bible of moral fulness, of pious fervor, of poetic beauty, of spiritual depth, to convert it into a stereotyped cyclopædia of historical, of geographical, of physical, of every kind of knowledge which age after age unfolds and accumulates? Why should we expect in the Bible a scientific accuracy incompatible with its origin and intentions? If it is not stronger than human criticism, if it cannot resist the ripest results of human investigation, how absurd to claim for it any worth or authority at all!

The consequence of the timid, literal, prosaic attitude which is taken in this country toward the Bible is that we have no works on topics having the remotest relation to the Bible that are at once learned, courageous, and comprehensive. And signally is this the case in reference to Egypt. Our English books on Egyptian subjects have either learning without grasp, thoroughness, and integrity, or they are bold, but shallow and supercilious. It is to France and Germany that we must go if we would wish to call Egypt from its mighty grave, and pierce into the heart of its mysteries. There science speaks the brave and true word which it has to say as science, without first dressing itself, like a hypocrite, in the garb of faith. Both faith and science best accomplish the blissful mission

which to each appertaineth when each pursues its own path without regard to the other. The science is no longer science which moulds itself to faith; the faith is no longer faith which attempts to conciliate science. And yet we must have alike the most earnest faith and the largest science, if we would approach worthily and profitably the mystic and miraculous memory called Egypt. Nor are that faith and that science incompatible, if we do not try by artificial means to promote the harmony.

The way to do justice to Egypt, and to discern both what it was in itself, and what in its influences on civilization, would be first by clothing ourselves in biblical indications, suggestions, recollections, inspirations, in their broadest and most fertile sense; then to ponder all that Herodotus and other Greek and Latin writers have left us respecting the land of the Nile; then to read the best histories of Egypt; then to peruse the records of philosophy and of the Christian church, in so far as either of these came in contact with Egypt, or owed its growth or modification thereto; then to hear what Champollion, and others with the same keen eye and commanding scholarship, have to tell us; then to stamp on our imagination the most living pictures that travellers have given us; and then, if possible, to visit the country itself.

Having done this, we shall be leavened and overwhelmed by one single great thought—that Egypt was raised up by God among the nations to make for all times deeper, sublimer, more pregnant in the soul of humanity, the sentiment of religion. That sentiment God hath planted in the heart of every man. We are all born with a natural yearning for the Invisible and the Infinite. But the religious faculty, like every other, requires food and culture; and both are abundantly provided, as well for individuals as for mankind, by that High and Holy One who is the object of all religion.

The modes and means which he adopts for furnishing them to the individual must depend on the spiritual wants of the individual, and must vary with his character and circumstances. The agencies which he employs to accomplish the religious education of man the aggregate, are so interwoven with history, that they must be familiar to the least informed. But it has been too much the custom to confine the attention exclusively to Mosaism and Christianity. It has never occurred to those who slavishly follow that custom, to consider what made Mosaism and Christianity possible facts in the development of human fate. Now I maintain, confidently and uncompromisingly, that without Egypt you could have had neither the one nor the other. The leading idea of Mosaism is the Unity of God:—the leading idea of Christianity is Spiritualism, the enthronement and consecration of the Unseen in the most ecstatic emotions and the profoundest intuitions of our nature. But where had the first of these ideas, if not its birth, at least its earliest scientific exposition, philosophic illustration, organic embodiment, ceremonial homage? Unquestionably in Egypt. And whether we admit miracles as historical truths, or simply as poetic beliefs and expressions, poetic aspects of the wonderful in religion, we must, if honest, confess that Moses borrowed very largely from the wisdom of the Egyptians. The idea of God's unity, in such a form at all events that it could be compacted into a national faith, he certainly borrowed from them. But what is the spiritualism of which Christianity is the noblest exponent but an expansion of that idea? The One is equivalent to the spiritual; the manifold and the material are the same. It is forgetfulness of this which has defeated the objects of the Gospel; and it was as a protest against such forgetfulness that Mahometanism arose; which, inconsistently enough, and most fatally for

itself, rejected that which is as necessary a product of spiritualism as spiritualism is of the unity of God: namely, the free will of man. Perhaps, however, the free will of man can become a practical principle only for the free man of the North and of the West, and is ill adapted for Oriental indolence and inaction. We children of colder climes receive all our religions from the East; and perhaps we realize their moral results more potently and thoroughly than they ever have been, or can be realized in their native regions. But what we gain in moral earnestness we lose in religious largeness: what in the East is vivid, multiform, roseate phantasy, we dwarf and deaden down into frigid and mechanical dogma. We apply logical instruments to what is altogether beyond and above the realm of logic. It is probably from this cause that we are unwilling and unable to do justice to, or even to recognise the religious mission of Egypt. We conclude that that is highest and best in a religion which admits of the clearest dogmatic statement; whereas that is highest and best in a religion which refuses all dogmatic expression. Now, the charm of Mosaism and Christianity for the mass of European nations is that so much of both so easily accommodates itself to dogmatic vesture. There is a vast deal in both which cannot be imprisoned in dogmas: all this those nations have rejected. If they have dealt thus with religions in favour of which all their prejudices are armed, how can we expect them to act otherwise towards religions their position in regard to which is one of ignorance and loathing? Wrathfully condemning, or contemptuously spurning whatever in religion or in religions cannot be cut up and frittered into dogmas, how could they feel aught but hatred and scorn to Egypt, which, as a religious manifestation, had no dogmatic features whatever?

Religions, when they rise above those lowest and

rudest forms which go by the general name of Fetichism, may be divided into four classes; the super-mystical, the mystical, the semi-mystical, and the dogmatic.

The most notable examples of the first are the Hindoo systems, in which exaggeration is piled on exaggeration, and extravagance on extravagance, till all distinction and proportion vanish, and even the religious element disappears. Here no idea corresponds to the lavish expenditure of imagery; the whole is a mad and drunken dream of the Divine.

To picture to us the second, Egypt ascends grand and veiled from the hoar Infinite of the awful Past. Here, amid much that is apparently fantastic and capricious, there is perfect correspondence between the image and the idea. All is mysterious, as all ought to be in religion; but each mystery is linked to some human sympathy or human fact, and is not exiled to a cloud-land where its meaning for human hearts is lost.

Of the third, Mosaism and Christianity are the most remarkable types. Here the idea preponderates over the image. Mystery prevails, but it is brought too near to be clothed with sacred dread. Magnificent is the portraiture of God's attributes, beautiful is the purity, stupendous is the loftiness, deep is the wisdom, energetic is the moral teaching, abundant is the spiritual nutriment; but the intelligent occupies a more imperial place than the creative; and this has always been, and always will be, the main source of ruin to religions.

To seize what is meant by the fourth, you have but to glance around you—to our modern, and especially our Protestant, Churches. Ever since the Christian Church was constituted, dogma has been its deity. Nothing has been honoured as religion which could not be compressed into dogmatic enunciation. Whether cold and naked, as Protestantism, or warm, voluptuous, and staggering under

the weight of ornament like Popery, by dogma has the whole religious being of the world been moulded and enveloped. Mystery has not been excluded,—it has even been exalted to an ostentatious prominence,—but it has been so bound down by dogmatic fetters, as to disgarnish it of all its essential being as mystery. The best proof how little empire mystery has had in the Christian Church is, that Christians have talked, and talk, so frequently and familiarly about it. Mystery has, for necessary companion, the symbolic. It is not a thing to be babbled about at all. Its true home is the majestic incarnation that it assumes in symbols, which are not merely poetical and suggestive in themselves, but which all harmonize with each other. This, however, is only possible where religion is intertwined and blended with the entire existence of a people. The symbol is the visible mystery. You do not need then to talk to men about mysteries, when you accumulate symbols before them. What, therefore, is objected to the Egyptian religious systems—that they had one doctrine for the initiated, and another for the vulgar—is not true, or true only in such a sense as to convey the highest praise. The mass of men require nothing, yearn for nothing in religion but the symbolic: they want what will continually fill the eye, delight all the senses, impregnate the imagination, and kindle the heart. The unveiled glory of the Godhead would scorch and consume them. To veil that glory, lest it should blast the worshipper with its splendour, was that which Egypt sought by the multiplication of symbols. But there was no dishonesty in this. It was no trick of priestcraft, no cunning plan of a selfish policy. If men were all philosophers, or all capable of becoming such, the symbolic could be dispensed with in religion, and in everything else. As, however, few of them have either philosophical taste or philosophical capacity, the truth,

which they are unable to comprehend by the subtle force of intellect, must move around them in pictures and in emblems. It is the means which God himself employs in teaching and ennobling us, when unfolding to us the grand phenomena of nature. The mountains, the ocean, the forests, the teeming earth, the crowding stars, the illimitable sky, what are these but the miraculous symbols of the most ineffable of mysteries? Can we, therefore, be wiser than by imitating the Divinity in the expression of the Divine? The Egyptian symbols were not intended to conceal anything. They were living, most pictorial, most potent, perpetual revelations of the spiritual,—of the Central Thought of the Universe. What mattered it that a larger part of the mysteries which they manifested was disclosed to the priest than to others? Was he thereby more blest? Yea, rather let us say that his superior knowledge was a signal curse to him; for when is the exchange of poetry for philosophy other than a grief? We, as the believers in religions whose every part has taken a dogmatic form, are prone to suppose that wherever in religion more is known than is popularly taught, there must be deceit. And as long as we confine our view to the connexion between mystery and dogma, we are right in so supposing. But if, looking at the relation between mystery and symbol, we applied the same principle, we should be committing an egregious blunder and injustice. The moment we outgrow a religious dogma, it becomes as a thing dead and abominable unto us, and we go forth in rage to slay it; unless we conceive it to be for our worldly interest hypocritically to hide our loathing. When we outgrow a religious symbol, and catch a glimpse of the mystery which it represents, our feeling is one of sorrow, not of anger; and the symbol has still such fecund significance to our adoring phantasy, and contains so much that is eternally

beautiful, that we feel it a glad and holy thing to treat it with as much reverence as before, and rejoice to see our brethren clustering round it, and consecrating it with the fervour of abounding affection.

Unless, therefore, we were to attribute to the Egyptian priests the most deliberate villany, we should be wrong in accusing them of the settled and systematic design to enslave and mislead. We are too much inclined to judge of ancient times by the analogies of our modern customs and communities. We thrust all difficulties aside by pompously saying, that human nature is everywhere and in every age the same. Assuredly, human nature is everlastingly the same in its cardinal qualities; but we shall deplorably err if we take this as our sole guide in studying history. The modifying circumstances which affect the application of that commonplace which the commonplace are so fond of quoting, are numberless. To name only one point bearing on the matter before us: Ancient times had a unity, a wholeness, an organic symmetry, from which modern times, fragmentary, sectarian, analytic, minutely speculative, entangled in interminable details, and having no sympathy beyond them, are as far as possible removed. We cannot have this contrast more vividly brought before us than by comparing ancient Egypt and modern England. When penetrated by the full force of that contrast, we shall see that the harmony and completeness of being and action which characterized Egyptian society more intensely than it ever did another, were an invincible hindrance to that hypocrisy which we habitually ascribe to the priestly profession, and which is perhaps inseparable from it as the world rules its affairs at present. The Egyptian priest, though he belonged to a caste, had no interest apart from the other classes. Men have class interests when they raise a barrier between themselves and certain burdensome and painful

duties which, they exempted, lie all the heavier on other men. This is the curse which has tormented Europe ever since the origin of the feudal system, and which we are only now beginning to shake off. But besides forming an inseparable portion in a constitution of things through which ever streamed the full flow of a magnificent and unbroken unity, and in which, therefore, the rebellion or the ambition of an individual will would have been as powerless as a pebble striving to resist the cataracts of the Nile, the Egyptian priest differed from his humbler countrymen only by pursuing a career harassed and loaded by more arduous and untiring efforts, more profound meditation, more artistic skill, more poetic ingenuity. His privilege was a privilege of double labour, double thought, exhaustless invention, consummate execution. Besides, there is never scepticism in the priesthood unless, whether confessed or not, a general spirit of scepticism reigns in the community. You never have a doubting priesthood till you have a doubting people, though the priest may conceal his doubts longer. As, therefore, religion not merely mixed mightily with the whole current of Egyptian life, but was itself that current, it would have been the strangest anomaly if the priest alone had not been borne along by its glad and abounding waters.

Moreover, the Egyptian religion was peculiarly a home growth. It was the product of the climate, of the brilliant atmosphere, of the divine river, of the cloudless stars, of the fertilizing sun. Its symbols were children of the eternal symbols with which the Deity had clothed the land of Egypt as with a garment. This made religion the root of a magnanimous patriotism; indeed, it made religion and patriotism one. We are the adherents of a religion which, whatever its other merits, has the disadvantage of coming to us from afar, which can inflame us

with no patriotic ardour consequently, because it includes no patriotic principle, contains no allusions to the features and history of our native soil. To the Egyptian, on the other hand, every religious manifestation and act spoke of some home incident or home feature, of some striking custom or stirring grandeur in the present, or of some fulminating exploit in the past. Could the Egyptian priest be excluded from the empire of this fact? Could he feel less than others the patriotic associations of his religion? Was he not likely to feel them more as being more intimately acquainted with his country's records and with its religious traditions?

But, in truth, the perfect consonance in Egypt between mystery and symbol is the best vindication of the Egyptian priest's sincerity. Wherever that consonance exists, the priest cannot fail to be sincere; for he himself is the link uniting them. So far from questioning his sincerity, therefore, I should maintain that he was the only sincere priest since the world began, inasmuch as in no other age and in no other nation has there been perfect consonance between mystery and symbol.

And herein is indicated the immortal primordial mission of Egypt among the nations; less that of furnishing in boundless plenty to the earth religious images, ideas, and ceremonies, than that of keeping glorious and beautiful before men the unrivalled type of perfect correspondence between symbol and mystery. More, therefore, in the future than in the bygone does that mission lie. When the influences that frame and unfold civilization are spoken of, reference is continually made to the past. But I should be at a loss how to treat the subject of National Missions; I should be unable to exhibit nations as agents of civilization, if the past alone were my field of vision. Of some nations we may say that their mission is fulfilled. What more can Greece, or Rome, or Palestine tell us

than they have already told? And has not Spain spoken her last, best word? From France, also, what is to be hoped? Greece was a revelation of beauty, and so it will ever remain. But the revelation is complete; and perhaps, when the sense of beauty has become more widely and thoroughly cultivated, men will need less and less to seek Greece as the ideal of Beauty. Rome was a revelation of force—of force pouring itself forth alike through military daring and political skill. As force in this twofold fashion, it has served as the great model to Europe for two thousand years. But war is falling into discredit, and men are every day less and less swayed by a mere political machinery. Palestine has been at once teacher and saviour to our race by a faith unequalled, fanatically persistent, heroically invincible. But faith—alas! what can we say of faith, except that men no longer have faith in faith? France has been a sort of mistress in manners to other countries. Yet what are manners, as usually understood, but the soiled fringes of feudalism's tattered robe? When the robe is laid aside, so must the fringes. Spain threw round society's hard and harsh realities the purple hue of glorious romance; but steamboats and railroads, and electric telegraphs, have banished the romantic—or rather, if romance still lingers amongst us, it is industrial enterprise which is the fertile mother thereof. Germany, India, England, and Egypt, however, have all yet to do their divinest work. As the fountain of deepest, most expansive thought, Germany has hitherto scattered itself only in drops beyond its own boundaries. How grand is its vocation in the future, that of passing from shore to shore to instruct mankind in the difficult art, that of allying the boldest and broadest meditation to the noblest action! The mission of India is to the eternal youth of the world—to that of our faculties which alone of them all has an imperishable lustre and an ex-

haustless strength—our imagination. India is the only tract on the earth's surface which cannot be vulgarized. You may cover it with our most prosaic products, with our most arid utilitarianisms, with our most frigid usages. Its giant mountains, its prodigal fertilities, its gushing life, its rejoicing sunshine, will burst and brighten through them all. Till now the adventurous have repaired to India in quest of gems and gold ; in ages to come adventurers of a far other order will crowd thither to gain a far other wealth—the wealth of celestial poesy. Whatever else may grow dull and barren—and much, century after century, is growing barren and dull—here behold the fairy treasure-land of the richest and loveliest fancies. But the mission of India to the imagination will be all the more potent, inasmuch as it is only in these days that the mission may be said to have commenced. England is also a country whose mission is all in the future. For, what England has done in the past I regard as nothing, compared to what she is destined to do. The mission of England is science. She is appointed by the Supreme to pay back to the East, through science, the debt which Europe owes to the East for religious food and culture. This involves the entire conquest and colonization of the East by England : a work about which England will set in valiant and victorious earnest when she has fulfilled some needful duties at home among her paupers and her parsons. But whilst England is transforming the East, through science, Egypt will be transforming the West through religion. These two agencies will march side by side during the next thousand years ; and during that time they will be the two chief facts in history—England regenerating the East by the wonders of science, Egypt regenerating the West by the miracles of religion.

The hope of men at present is in some vast political changes, here and on the continent. I would not speak

with contempt of democracy, or of its champions and its prophets. But there can be no deadlier delusion than to expect that the triumph of the democracy, inevitable as I regard it, will be the main achievement of our race in the approaching centuries. The reign of the democracy is an indispensable prelude to a new drama of humanity: but humanity will care little for the prelude, when the drama begins. The drama itself will be England putting forth all her vigour and resources to make the East industrial; and Egypt expending her whole plenitude of grand and solemn memories to deliver Europe from the thralldom of religious dogmas, and to bring it under the dominion of religious symbols. It is in our own land that this saving and sacred power of Egypt will first be felt, because it is in our native land that religious dogmas have had the most exclusive and despotic sway; and nowhere else have they so signally proved their unfitness to nourish and augment the religious life, and the consequent nobleness of a people: nowhere else are they so completely worn out and so near annihilation. But as the English are by nature a devout, truthful, earnest nation, we cannot suppose that when they have destroyed the tyranny of religious dogmas over their souls, they will be satisfied with any shape of infidelity, however fascinating or fashionable, or with sneering indifference or cold negations. The very facility with which they can be led to swell the howl of a ferocious bigotry, from the foolish imagination that their religious liberties are endangered, shows a fund of religious vitality which has only to be directed into a holier channel, to produce what is truly godlike. I have no dread, therefore, of that unbelief which so alarms the timid, and to guard against the assaults of which they give a dishonest support to institutions notoriously wallowing in corruption, and struck with incapacity. We are on the eve of immense religious revolu-

tions, but they will all, after the first explosion of wrath, be of a conservative, of a creative kind. The cosmic fact emerging from the chaotic turmoil, will be first in England, and then through the rest of Europe, that alliance of mystery and symbol, that expression of mystery through symbol, of which Egypt has been the only perfect example; and to instruct men in the wisdom and worth of which, and to inspire them with love and loyalty thereto, Egypt will remain for ever, though Time, or a ruder hand than Time's, may dash her pyramids in pieces, and bury in the sands every trace of her mighty monuments.

It must not be lost sight of, that all which Egypt has already done as an influence of civilization, will form a portion of all she is destined to do. Whatever of Egyptian origin was transfused as an essence into Mosaism and Christianity, having relation to the harmony between mystery and symbol, will continue redeemingly to rule throughout countless religious catastrophes. Whatever, with the same object and meaning, passed from the banks of the Nile into Greek religion and philosophy, has long ago entered as a part into the immortal wealth of the human mind,—will leave its impress on our children, as it moved and exalted the being of Plato and of the Athenians two thousand years ago. And degraded and degrading as we may think certain Christian Churches, which are but a spiritualized form of Roman Paganism, after this had been mixed with, and modified by, Egypt, even here the Egyptian element will live and operate to the extent that it unfolds and constitutes the beautiful union between mystery and symbol. Indeed, we may say that it is the past influence of Egypt which will prepare the way for her future influence. It is because in that product of so many various principles and circumstances which we call Christianity, a larger Egyptian leaven survives than strict Christians would like to admit, that

a way will be opened for the perfect reign of Egypt over the universal soul of humanity.

But guard yourselves from believing that the future religious being of England, of Europe, of our race, will be a simple repetition of Egypt, viewed as a religious fact and unfolding. We can no more have Egypt over again, than we can have the Middle Ages over again. I am not pleading for, or prophesying a religious revival convulsively excited and maintained by reference to a model. Religious forms must, in all times, be determined by religious wants. They depend but little on the schemes, or the wishes, or the efforts of idealists. But if there is, and can be no divine social existence, except when there is absolute and most harmonious alliance between mystery and symbol, and if that alliance has been witnessed nowhere yet on earth but in Egypt, it follows, by the necessity of things, that, next to actual religious needs, Egypt will be the most potent organizer of the world's religious existence, whenever the combined empire of mystery and symbol begins; since all human institutions are made and moulded out of an immense, imperious, ineffably yearning requirement, and a former fact, the most perfect in its kind. When a new poet arises amongst us, he must owe his glory mainly to his genius: but how much, also, does he not owe, in the development of his genius, to the circumstance that a man called Shakspeare lived before him! Half of all our poetry thus, for the last two hundred years, may be said to belong as much to Shakspeare as to its authors. But those who have imitated Shakspeare the most slavishly, have been least inspired by his spirit; while those have been most inspired by his spirit, who have loved and revered him, but have never had the ambition to be his imitators; just as the whole beauty of Christ was transfused into the soul of the apostle John, though John

never consciously imitated Christ, whilst a far less degree of that beauty passed into the soul of Paul, though the grand object which Paul sought to realize was to imitate Christ's life as strenuously and faithfully as he propagated Christ's doctrine. The English, as a commercial people, hold in these ages the rank which the Phœnicians held in the days of old. Now, obviously, England has entered on her vast commercial enterprises, and achieved such prodigious commercial results from the force of elements indestructibly planted in her and her children. But looking at those strange affinities which link themselves so sublimely in the infinite of space, and in the march of years, can we avoid discerning that Phœnicia has been merged into the broad bosom of England, though England may know it not? England has in her innermost marrow some pith the more, that thousands of years ago Tyre sent forth ships, and merchandize, and colonies to every point accessible to a bold but imperfect navigation. Across the twilight of centuries, and from the ruins of mighty cities on Syrian shores, voices come to tell us that Phœnicia was the indispensable forerunner of England, and that England is as completely the offspring of Phœnicia, as our modern literatures are of the ancient. Glance over the Atlantic waves to those regions, wide and fair, which, peopled by an English race, are unfolding their bounties with such enormous energy. Is it not the spirit of England, the spirit of her institutions, customs, tendencies, and culture, the spirit of her moral principles and her religious fervour, which makes those United States great and famous, far more than the natural advantages of the country, or any other favouring circumstances? Yet the United States are as little the conscious imitators of England as England is of Phœnicia. There is in each case a transmigration of soul, all the fuller, more penetrating, more potent, from the absence of inten-

tion and effort. In like fashion will Egypt, the mighty mother of mystery and symbol, fecundate European communities as an unseen presence, and not as a visible marvel to be tamely copied with a servile exactness.

The religious movements and agitations which we have witnessed in England during the last twenty years, are nothing but rude and blind stumblings toward that union of mystery and symbol which Protestantism has tried, but tried in vain, to snarl, and sneer, and snub, and starve, and strangle out of the world. First, there was the attempt of some imaginative persons to make the Church of England more a mystic fact, more a symbolical expression. That attempt failing, the poor old Church of Rome is called in to see what she can do. And huge is the wrath of fanatical Protestants because she has the impudence, as they say, to try stale and stupid tricks of conjuring, which have all been found out, and a thousand times exposed. But if they were only to curb the violence of their silly tongues for a season, and stand quietly by, they would behold the absolute impotence of Roman Catholicism to satisfy, even if it were but one of the many religious longings which are at this hour troubling and tormenting our native land. Roman Catholicism, in those ages when it was most a reality, was never an adequate, living, beautiful alliance of mystery and symbol. Much as it might mould and colour society, still it was always a thing apart, claiming an empire apart. What was the victory which Gregory the Seventh so daringly sought, and which subsequent popes so cunningly accomplished? Was it not a church perfectly independent of the state? Which means the church using the state as a tool. Now, the perfect correspondence of symbol to mystery, and the perfect union of church and state, are the same essential and indivisible fact, in accordance with which it may be incidentally mentioned that the

King of Egypt was the high priest. This dashes to pieces the pretensions of Romanism to realize, in her present skeleton, stunted, paralytic state, what she was incapable of realizing in the unbroken plenitude of her most illustrious vigor. There is a loud and angry cry in these days to break the bond which connects the Church and the State. But what is wanted is that the State and the Church should be more closely wedded together—not meaning, by the latter, the Church of England or any particular church, but the whole religious organism of the nation in the most symbolical aspects thereof. It is to that point we are tending, though the signs of the times seem to indicate a directly contrary result. The worst anarchists with which society is cursed at present are not they whom it brands with that odious name, but they who assail what they are pleased to call centralization, and they who seek to overthrow the union between Church and State. The men whom the hypocritical party of order defames as anarchists, are perhaps the only persons remaining who have a clear conception of the unity which is the main condition of a country's existence. If they strive to destroy much, it is with the firm faith that a comprehensive unity will rise out of the ruins. The conservative idea, that of unity in the State's being, must be sought for anywhere and everywhere just now but among conservative factions, who mean by order, of which they babble so much, the suppression of dissentients. They can enlist, however, some grand traditions in their favour, and this gives them strength. But the sectarian politicians who oppose centralization and the connexion between the Church and the State, are neither armed with the grand traditions which the pretended conservatives can marshal on their side, nor are they inspired by the conservative idea of unity in the State's being which floats as a sublime vision before the enthusiastic

minds of the democratic party. The anti-centralization and anti-state-church folks have no other notion of political existence than of a state divided and subdivided into an infinite number of states; for such their municipalities and sects, divorced from the fertilizing pith of the central government, would be. The more the action of a government is diffused and powerful, the intenser is the centrality which it demands: if the heart is strong, you need not be alarmed for the extremities; but make the veins and arteries of more importance than the heart, and the heart dies. It is the misfortune of England to have a very large heart, with scarcely a drop of blood in it, from the absurd plan of pampering the extremities.

The intense centrality of a government, however, will accomplish nothing but material and mechanical results unless, with radiant garments and brow sublime, it enthrone itself on high as a theocracy. This we are incapable of seeing as long as we consider the social, the political, and the religious as separate facts and potencies. The lesson of Egypt, the mystic and symbolic mother, is lost for us, unless we learn that no social question can be effectually dealt with apart from its religious and political relations; no political apart from its social and religious, no religious apart from its social and political. How contemptible do our current controversies seem when viewed by the light of that lesson, how still more contemptible our most vaunted reforms! How tragically each controversy, each reform tends to divide and to subdivide society into those minutest parts and parcels which make an organic and harmonious whole impossible! If some one of the controversies were to deepen into the burning earnestness of a battle, some one of the reforms might operate as a unitive principle. Where, however, there is no depth and persistency of moral fervour, you cannot have any unitive reform. This is an age of small

pugnacities, which fret and fume themselves and everything else to pieces. Out of gigantic collisions, out of a Titanic clash of energetic antagonisms, you can grasp a regeneration for the world. But out of a chaos of envious jealous acerbities, spitting fire at each other, and scratching each other's eyes out, what can you gain for humanity? All reform that is worth anything must have moral ardour or theocratic completeness. It must be a flame burning mightily, to consume iniquity and wrong, or a light shining benignantly everywhere. If, therefore, you kindled any of our prevailing controversies into such conquering force that it would lick up with its insatiate tongue our ugliest and foulest abominations, I should content myself for a season with adding fuel to that purifying fire, and should be silent till a more fitting time about Egypt, its mysteries, and its symbols. Whenever the one-sided comes forward as a valiant fact, the luminous many-sided must, as gracefully as it can, withdraw: a riper and a calmer hour will call it forth again. Thus, if any one social agency, any one political agency, any one theological agency, showed at this moment the strength to flash high as heaven and fierce as hell in omnipotent wrath against the false and the corrupt, I should hail, I should adore it as a divine minister of justice, as an incarnate and invincible godhead. Do not suppose that I want to swamp the moral when proclaiming the glory of Egypt the mystic and the symbolic. But I am not blind to the everlasting laws of religious and moral action. A moral reformation, whether it assume a social, a political, a theological, or any other shape, has never more than one purpose. Its potency is in its concentration, and it is from its unity of purpose that its concentration springs. That is to say, if a moral reformation is to be perfect as a social force, it must remain wholly social; if as a political force, it must remain wholly political. Now, a

religious reformation is embracing, comprehensive: its empire is not in its concentration, but in its diffusion. Moral reformation is from a circumference to a centre; religious reformation from a centre to a circumference. Viewing the matter thus, we must confess that the revolution, achieved chiefly through the courage of Luther, was far more moral than religious; and the blunder of supposing that it was religious has been fruitful of a thousand errors, and has been one main cause why we have long been destitute of true religious life in Europe. The instruments were theological, but the objects and the results were moral, almost exclusively. We have not the materials of any such moral reformation in these days. Almost every attack on existing institutions or on existing systems is from selfish motives. A man opposes church rates because they rob him of his money and add to the splendour of a sect whose supremacy he dislikes. He assails rituals, religious forms, obnoxious dogmas, from no nobler impulse. There are no grand self-forgetting enthusiasms, such as shake the world. In the deadness and dearth of the moral element, then, you must throw yourself on the religious element: for the community, no community can live both without moral force and religious nurture. But when the moral element is weak you cannot have an outpouring of the religious life: you must have a spreading abroad round the homes and hearts of men of religious symbolism.

And here comes in the mission of Egypt. No portion of religious life, no portion of religious faith, can Egypt supply. That must come from within. The wind bloweth where it listeth: so moveth in the heart of men the Spirit of God. In speaking of Egypt, in reference to the religious culture and development of the world, it is man's work I have in view, not God's. The religious mystery God planteth in the heart—the symbol man fashioneth;

and in fashioning the symbol for this generation, Egypt may be a most sage and salutary teacher. Whenever I allude to religious reformation, do not understand me as discoursing of a thing over the fountain and flowing of which man hath any control whatever. In all which is internal, God alone is the worker. Each man's bosom is the central consciousness of the Universe. God is there, or he is nowhere. But none except God himself can stir that consciousness as with the breath of a whirlwind. In the essential part of religious things we wait for the moving of the waters. But the symbolic expression of the religious mystery is not an essential part of religion: merely an important part thereof. No accumulation of symbols, however beautiful and poetic, can create the religious mystery. If I believed anything else but this, I should be falling into an error which I have a thousand and a thousand times condemned with all the emphasis of my being. The universal notion is, that a portion—even a large, or the whole portion—of a man's religion can be put into him by his brother. Any man who entertains this notion is an atheist, though he may know it not. He who denies God's spiritual work denies God, and I call him an atheist, just as, perhaps, he would call me a pantheist for saying so. It is not for religion's sake that I urge so pertinaciously on your notice religious symbol, and Egypt as the fecund parent, the everlasting type thereof. As far as religion is concerned, it were better left wholly in the state of intuition, and without expression, either symbolical or other. The deepest religious natures are compelled by the necessities of their faculties and yearnings, so to regard it, so to feel it. Religion for them would die if they attempted to express their religious emotion; for their divinest prayer is their profoundest contemplation. But religion, besides its existence as intuition, is an indispensable force and substance in the organization of the community. The

religious man dwelleth with God alone—he dwelleth not with his brother—he is severed by the broadest gulf from his brother. All that he sees, the whole outward Universe, is for him the veil and the emblem of spiritual things. God, however, did not mean that each man should dwell apart in the ebb and flow of sublimest ecstasy, but that millions of men should form a genial, jointed, fertile, happy whole. Religion is to be viewed, then, in general, as an organizing energy; and as an organizing energy it cannot be complete without a poetic multiplication of symbols. The more perfect it is as an organizing energy, the more does it lose of its depth, for the more it becomes man's affair; but this is inevitable, and we need not mourn over it. If we mourn over it, and attempt to remedy the evil by the expression of mystery through dogma, we are endeavouring to do God's work, we are separating religion from the other organizing social agencies, we are giving it an apparent depth but real shallowness, and we are converting it into an instrument of anarchy. Remember that every moral reformation, every religious reformation, is a disorganizing strength. Life can only be restored through disorganization. It is through perpetual disorganization that the life of the Universe is renewed. We should have no spring if we had no autumn, no fertile summer if we had no destroying winter. Earth devours herself at every moment that she may have strength in all her limbs; she feeds on the poison juices of decay that she may flourish, and glow, and be odorous with lustrous loveliness. But as in the Hindoo Trinity one of the persons is called the Creator, and another the Destroyer, so when moral and religious reformations come, to God the Creator and God the Destroyer must we entrust them. Man can play the part neither of creator nor destroyer in such momentous and stupendous affairs. He can neither organize nor

disorganize; he is but a tool in the hand of God both for organization and disorganization. Whatever man may feel as to his freedom of action in his own future career, he must be sternly, strictly fatalist in history. But he can stamp his own impress on an organic fact; by pouring his sympathies into many organic facts, he cements them into one. It is thus that by expressing religious mystery through religious symbol, he makes religion more an organizing influence than it otherwise would be. For in spite of man's silly and impudent attempts to express mystery by dogma—that is to say, to do God's work better than God himself—religion cannot cease to be an organizing force except when God sends the turmoil and the agony of a religious reformation. Religion is eminently social, though man does his best by dogmatism to make it otherwise. He surrenders himself to the empire of religious symbols whenever his feelings are touched or his imagination warmed, and all his dogmatisms are forgotten. We are not, then, living in the utter absence of religious symbols. We could not, if we would. Slaves as we are of religious dogmatisms, the heat of our vital and divine humanity melts them into itself, and makes them symbolic. We have not, consequently, in turning to the lesson which Egypt the mystic and the symbolic has to teach us, to enter on a wholly new field. We have but to give expansion to germs scattered profusely enough around us. Less in religion than in anything else can we start from something wholly new. The grandest things that we prepare for the future must have the deepest roots in the present and the past. It is in a living and valiant symbolism, already twining itself amongst and enveloping us that we must interweave the divine meanings and the fantastic radiances of the everlasting Nile.

September 28th, 1851.

LECTURE THIRD.

GREECE AND BEAUTY.

OUR dreams are more lasting than our realities ; the good lives longer than the true, the beautiful longer than both, and with the beautiful we build our dreams. The fairy phantasies that hover round our cradle irradiate with roseate beam our descent to the grave, and immortality for all of us is only a transfigured idealism—a rainbow painted on the tears of the present with the sunlight of the past. Who could bear existence for a day, but for the poetry which he weaves round it ? As age approaches, our eye grows dim and our step tottering, but we are rich and strong in the eternal youth of the imagination ; and if hope deserts us for a season, it is only to unfold more purple grandeurs and joys of memory. Of our delusions we cannot too soon disgarnish ourselves ; but our illusions are more precious than the wisest breath of philosophers. Blessed is he whose pilgrimage is a perennial self-deception ; it is only when others deceive us that we must flame forth like Titans roused by the roar and the onset of lions from sleep. The teeming fictions of my unreasoning and credulous brain are to me holy as religion : woe however to him who would try to feed me with lies invented either by himself or his priest ! None so foolish as he who would be wholly without folly, who would turn the universe inside out, who would peep behind the scenes, and see how God manages it all. When other faiths desert us, it is well if we can hold fast by that in Auld Lang Syne,—for what does Auld Lang Syne mean

but the glory of visions, the paradise of the possible brotherhood with the stars, eloquence in the flowers, music in the brooks, rapture in friendship,—the free step, the free mind, the bounding impulse, imperishable lustre and loveliness?

Greece is the Auld Lang Syne of Humanity. On sciences which scale the heavens, and fathom the ocean, and measure the infinite, Humanity thrones itself; but it cannot forget its youth, when beauty was its garland and its garment, when gods were its playfellows, and when no gloomy gulf, but a veil of grace and gorgeousness, separated the dwellers on Olympus from the dwellers on the earth. And when it would recal that joyous time, it marches back through crowding centuries to the shores, the mountains, the unrivalled genius, the undying grandeur of Greece, and crowning itself with the towers and temples of Athens, becomes the orator of omnipotent Nature, and has pulses once more hot in the blood of the fecund and sacred mother.

It is our pride, in these days, to boast of the benefits which we have received from that spiritual reaction which we call Christianity. We forget the price which these benefits have cost. Each of them has been bought with the sacrifice of that ideal of Beauty which Greece gave us. If I had not faith in the future, I should consider Christianity the greatest misfortune which has befallen our race since the creation of the world. It made Humanity one-sided; it destroyed its flowing, natural, sublime unity. Since then we have stumbled on tragically in disharmony and dismemberment, thinking that we did well when we made our existence a perpetual crucifixion of ourselves and others in honour of the Crucified. And it is thought the duty of a Christian man to sneer at Greece—the most perfect expression of all that is noblest and richest in human nature—as only one of numberless

and odious idolatries. But now that a reaction has begun in an opposite direction, and humanity is attempting to conquer back the unity which it lost through the influence of the gospel, Greece will ere long be revered as a far diviner fact than aught that our modern—our Christian civilization—has been able to evolve.

Has then the whole history of our race for two thousand years been nothing but a blunder? God forbid! This were a proclamation of the rankest atheism. The Deity never retires from the earth which he has made, and governs it by the same necessity that he formed it. Christianity was as inevitable as Greece, though I regard it as a much more incomplete revealing of and to humanity. Deeper in some things I grant it to be, or it could not have come, and God would not have watered its growth, and built up its empire. But its very depth in those things is proof and cause of its incompleteness. Sin, sorrow, love—what new and immense meanings did not the gospel unveil in all these three! Yet each meaning, though mystic splendours hovered round it, was a bottomless abyss of exaggeration. The very extent of the meaning disclosed was a source of monstrous disproportion in the being, the relations, and the development of mankind. This shows the absurdity of those who praise Christianity as the absolute religion. Because heathenism had deified matter too exclusively, Christianity deified spirit too exclusively, and could therefore, like heathenism, only be a preparation for that more comprehensive and catholic religion which will adore nature and God as the same essential reality. Our steps rustle, as with leaves the forest path in autumn, with dead traditions, that once were living religious faiths. Christianity, the spiritualist reaction, has exhausted itself, has done its work, has fulfilled its mission. But humanity has not time to mourn over a dead religion; it must march on—

higher, holier destinies await it. All, however, which preceded the gospel will assume more and more importance as humanity pursues its journey. The ideal of the remotest past, and the ideal of the remotest future, join those two ideals, and you have the vocation and the work of humanity for the next thousand years. The oldest actual is always the counterpart in history of the newest possible. And is it not evermore so in our own pilgrimage, unless we join ourselves to the ignoble herd, whom low sensualities and the baubles of a vulgar ambition alone attract? As our ideal keeps climbing into the stars, our feet grow wetter with the odorous dews of the flowers that were a freshness and a gladness to our infancy. When sailing away, far away from the shores of our boyhood, and just as we are losing sight of the green hills of our native land for ever, these have insensibly become of the same hue as the boundless azure towards which we are wending. Thus do the ideal of what our earliest years were in their radiance and bliss, and the ideal of what our future is to be, and to achieve, blend more intensely into one. But there is a portion of our life which no self-flattery can persuade us to idealize—the chaos that intervenes between the romance of our youth and the stalwart compactness, the valiant persistency of our manhood. That is so grim, so foul, so disfigured, so festering with putridities, that we hasten to bury it, like the corpse of a murdered man, out of our sight. Now to this portion of our life correspond in the development of the human race, the eighteen centuries of Christian civilization. They smell of the shambles: they are hideous with gore and putrescence. Strange and horrible shapes crowd round them, like vultures round the dying camel in the desert. I cannot speak of Greece without bringing this accusation against what supplanted Greece on this earth—the daughter of God—or rather against what tried to supplant

Greece; for the image of Greek beauty was imperishable in human hearts, or else into what deeper, darker, deadlier gulfs of misery and barbarism would humanity have plunged!

In Christianity, till modified by Protestantism, there were five grand elements: the idea of love diffused by the teachings and the example of Jesus, that man divine, half mythical half historical;—the idea of sorrow, arising naturally from the oppressed and tragic condition of the nations when Christ perished on Calvary;—the idea of sin and of sacrificial atonement which Judaism, in expiring, left as a legacy to the world;—the idea of ceremonial majesty and adornment derived from Roman paganism;—and the idea of spiritual beauty, which Greece gave.

Now, it has so happened that among Christians the properly Christian element has always been the weakest, and that Christ's saying that he came, not to bring peace on earth, but a sword, has been most literally fulfilled. Previously to the Reformation, the Roman or ceremonial element prevailed; since then, in Protestant countries, and especially in Scotland, the Jewish or sacrificial element has been the prevailing one—a far more fanatical element than the other. Up to the time of Luther's appearance, it was second only in influence to the Roman or ceremonial element. Next to it in power marched the Greek element; then the human element, that of sorrow; lastly, as already said, was feeblest of all in influence, the Christian element—that of love. In what I say, then, in disparagement of Christianity, you must not understand me as speaking of what Christ taught, but of what others have taught and practised in his name. For himself I have the warmest affection, for his doctrines the profoundest reverence, as far as I can discern what they were through the mists of time and the fables and

falsehoods of tradition. And surely, if Christ were the prophet of love, we cannot have too much love on this earth that so appals us with the shriek of her agonies and the multitudinous moan of her children. But love by itself will not make a religion; stretch love to man and love to God to the utmost verge of possibility, and you will not have a religion. Love always, from its very nature, implies the recognition of something apart from ourselves. Religion, however, is dwelling in God, wherein is obliterated the consciousness of our own individuality, along with the discernment of our relation to aught else in the universe. Not the adoration of the Divine is religion, but the being divine, the living in the Divine. Love may prepare us for this, but it is only a preparation. We must dwell on God till we dwell in God, but the path and the abode are not the same. In so far, then, as Jesus and his followers manifested by word and example the beauty of love, they were opening up a new avenue to religion or widening an old one, but they were not furnishing religious food, they were not building religion in the hearts of men. Palestine was the very last soil in the world from which a religion could spring. Of all ancient nations, the Jews were they in whom the religious sentiment was the feeblest. Their God was a naked dogma of vengeance—a fiery wall girding the fable of their career. The very pains which they took to keep themselves free from idolatry proved a strong rationalistic tendency utterly antagonistic to religious fervour and depth. All religious emotion overleaps distinctions and severances. It is indifferent to forms, burns only for expression in any form. But the Jew was a separatist from the beginning, and had a pharisaical pride in being so. He was the dissenter of the East, the first and the fiercest of nonconformists. He was the slave of forms, to which he clung with an invincible tenacity, not because

he thought them good in themselves, but because he dreamt that they had never varied or could vary. In the other religions there was no exclusive reverence for one God. There was not such bigoted attachment to particular forms that other forms could not be easily introduced. There were so many gods, that one god more or less did not matter much. And any form was welcome that had grace or grandeur to recommend it. This did not proceed from indifference, but from the plenitude of religious life overflowing irresistibly through every outlet. Religious dissent never springs from religious feeling: it is oftenest but a snarl of controversy, and its noblest motive seldom rises higher than the longing for freedom. Christianity at its origin was merely a dissent from a dissent, and could therefore possess still less of religious fecundity and force than Judaism. It would have perished in a few years from absolute religious poverty if it had not abstracted religious pith from that very paganism against which it professed to preach. Whatever was truly religious in Christianity was of Greek origin. It was Grecian beauty baptized in the waters of the Nile. The real cradle of Christianity was Alexandria, not Jerusalem. Egyptian symbolism idealized, Platonized, was the fountain of whatever in the Gospel had religious vitality, religious fertility in it.

It is pleasant to hear zealots, in these days, babbling about Primitive Christianity, as if that were something wonderfully pure and perfect. Why, Primitive Christianity was simply a barren, narrow, arrogant, Galilean heresy. It had no more religion in it than Paley on the Evidences, or the treatise of a bishop on natural theology. Take it as you find it in some of its decentest shapes, as in the Epistles of Paul, who was a brave battler, too, in his way, and you will try in vain to extract a particle of religion from it. You wonder how a man can talk so

much about religion, and yet give such tragic proof of religious penury. It is the same old Jewish story made crabbed and cumbersome by bad reasoning. If, indeed, it could be shown that the Book of John was a strictly Jewish production, it might also be shown that the religious portion of Christianity burst from the fulness of the Hebrew heart. But modern criticism has displayed the thorough untenableness of such a supposition. And even though modern criticism had said not one word on the subject, the supposition would be equally untenable. We need no other test than this—that the Book of John is as unlike as possible to the other literary efforts of Hebrew genius, which, whatever their merits, were singularly wanting in depth. The Hebrew prophets, such as Isaiah, often attained prodigious elevation—an elevation which leaves the poets of all other lands and ages far behind. But they do not pierce a hair's breadth below the surface. The Book of John, however, is unrivalled for its depth and mystic wealth, while it has no trace or touch of prophetic elevation. I have no wish to go, no intention of going, on this occasion, into the Strauss region. It is not for the purpose of putting forth neologisms borrowed wholesale from Germany that I take as topic of discourse Greece and Beauty. But the honest word must out on this high theme, or else it were better that I shrank from your sight as a coward and a charlatan. Never man spake like that man, it was said, and is said. Yes; but spake he thus? Have we not in the Book of John the romance of a religious philosophy for which Jesus did not furnish even the germ? Plainly, inasmuch as the philosophy here unfolded had the very slenderest connexion with that love, the grand idea, the pervading inspiration of his life. The philosophy found in the Book of John makes the Deity as indistinct as possible. The Father and Jesus are declared to be one. Here the

final point of religious growth is attained by the worshipper and the worshipped becoming identical. But how are we to harmonize this most ecstatic expression of most mystical contemplation with the prominence which is given to love in the other records of Christian utterances? How can we suppose that the same Teacher would merge his whole being in the being of the Holiest, and yet the next moment take that rationalistic attitude towards Jehovah which was the peculiarity of the Jews in religious matters? The Christ who rooted himself in the breast of the sublimest mystery, and was eloquent as God, because he drew nourishment from the everlasting breast of God, could not be the same Christ who confessed that he came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it, and who aimed at best only at giving an improved edition of Moses. How are we to explain this otherwise than by supposing that the Book of John was the expression, not of the Hebrew mind, but of the Grecian mind? We need no further or more satisfactory evidence of this than that the purely Jewish Christians energetically, pertinaciously, indignantly rejected those mysterious doctrines which gradually organized themselves into Athanasian orthodoxy, and which were but the ripening of seeds sown in the Book of John. The Jewish Christians, as was natural, simply adopted that which had been preached by Christ in Palestine, and which formed no startling sequel to the most revered traditions of their country. Or, if we admit that Jesus propounded a system of mysticism, which is extremely improbable, he must have borrowed the materials thereof from Greece—an undertaking not difficult of accomplishment, from the frequent intercourse of the Jews with Alexandria. No one was ever yet a successful reformer, who was not in a consummate degree the product and the pith of his nation's existence. It would have been vain for Luther to attempt doing

battle with papal abomination and falsehood, if he had not been the most German man then living. Why make Christ an exception in this respect? How was he to conquer the soul of Humanity who could not find hearing and heed in his native land? But it was precisely because he was the most Hebrew of Hebrew men that Hebrew men were ready to be his disciples, his apostles; the glad acceptors of his instructions, the zealous diffusers thereof. Paul, of Jewish descent, born and educated in a Greek city, that city under Roman rule, could not have, as Christ had, a distinct and strong national feeling—could not start, as Christ started, from a long chain of national traditions, linking himself on to the last of them that he might have the authority of the Old as well as the fervour and freshness of the New :—could not be in the same invincible manner an independent reformer, the originator of an idea which had only to be cast into the national soil to grow mightily—though his many-sidedness admirably adapted him for being the disseminator of that which he had not the genius to invent, or the national enthusiasm to plant in the bosom of the nation from which he derived his ancestry.

I claim, then, for Greece all of religious which is in the Christian religion. Greek beauty, feeling that the Acropolis was tottering under it, flew to Mount Moriah, and its Venus passed from earth to be raised to heaven, as the Virgin Mother. If, therefore, you wish for a faithful and satisfying record of Greek beauty, you must look for it not in the clear and accurate, but pedantic and colourless form in which Guizot has delineated for us the march of modern civilization. You must listen century after century to the bursts of mystic ecstasy rising from lonely hearts amid the din of arms, the brutalities of barbarism, and the roar of revolutions. I am far from thinking, consequently, that Greek beauty has had much, if

any, influence on external developments, since there has been a Christianity in the world. Two of the noblest arts, painting and music, sprang to perfection in the later ages, without any inspiration from Greece or antiquity at all. The other arts, useful or ornamental, that have aided modern culture, and the whole of our sciences, owe little to antiquity, and nothing to Greece. In the substance of our literatures, nothing has been derived from Grecian sources. The entire constitution of our society, when it does not bear deep and distinct traces of feudal origins, has been modified and moulded by crowding wants, that demanded food and embodiment, as they emerged one after the other. It is in the inner life, the spiritual being of the nations, that we discern the immortal action of Grecian beauty. In the Greeks themselves their religion took the form of poetry : in Christian growth their poetry took the form of religion. The leaves of that glorious poetry were gathered when about to fall, and from them was distilled an essence which has never been tasted by humanity, at its darkest and most despairing seasons, without giving, like the miraculous draughts mentioned in Eastern tales, strength, youth, loveliness, rapture, hope. But that essence has been so often diluted—has been so often mixed with what was poisonous or foul, that it is beginning to lose its virtue, if it have not already lost it. It will lose it in religion, however, only to regain it in philosophy. When it has lost it in philosophy, it will regain it in poetry. And when it has lost it in poetry, it will regain it in art. Then will be fulfilled the mission of Greek beauty.

The successive phases of the world's religious unfolding are these—First, the adoration of the Material Finite ; the idolatry of isolated material forces, without any attempt at the symmetry of a system, and which has usually received the name of Fetichism. Secondly, the adoration

of the Spiritual Finite, which was not confined to Judaism, but of which Judaism furnishes us with the completest type, and the most accurate and abundant history. Thirdly, the adoration of the Material Infinite, of which the sublimest symbolical type was Egypt, the grandest poetical type Greece, the most majestic ceremonial type, Rome. Fourthly, the adoration of the Spiritual Infinite, or Christianity. Fifthly, the reaction against this in the spontaneous instincts of mankind. Sixthly, the reconciliation of the Material Infinite and the Spiritual Infinite. Seventhly, the discovery that the Material Infinite and the Spiritual Infinite are not something distinct from God, but God himself. Lastly, the worship to which that discovery will give rise.

We are at the commencement of the fifth phase. The adoration of the Spiritual Infinite, or Christianity, is crumbling into chaos. But strangely enough, one of the most powerful agents in the reaction against it, will be that very thing which, next to the undying treasure of religious vitality in human nature itself, dowered Christianity with the whole of its religious life,—Greece, with its wealth of lustrous beauty. German criticism and German thought will do much in this great work, so sad, and yet so necessary of reaction. But neither of them can be popularized. They put invincible weapons into the hands of scholars. The mass of mankind, however, they neither arm, nor inspire, nor command. The water that lies in the deep well of truth must be raised by the hand of divine beauty, or men will not drink it. While, therefore, German criticism and German thought are busy with the learned, Greek beauty will be teaching the people in the garb of philosophy, as for so many centuries she has been feeding their inmost souls in the garb of religion. Though the object of philosophy is to discover truth, and to expound it, yet it is only philosophers to whom truth

in all its nakedness, directness, and simplicity, will ever be acceptable. Truth must become beauty, or its empire will only be transitory. In one of those grand upheavals of humanity which we call reformations, or revolutions, men own the sway of truth only when truth strides regal on, a nude athlete, sinewy almost to distortion, stern even unto terror. But in calmer hours and in sunnier scenes, truth must array itself in royal robes, and melt into beauty as they gaze, or they spurn it as an importunate intruder. Now German philosophy never has been, and never will be, aught but the nude athlete, the Frankenstein monster of daring intellect, bounding with one gigantic leap from the cloudy mountain tops, where Titans defy the stars, to the depth of abysses, where the Destinies grimly dwell, blindly working the mandates of the Unseen. This is no philosophy for the people. Its very nomenclature is hateful to them, and repels them at the threshold. One page, nay, one line of Kant's or Fichte's abstrusest productions, would sound to the people like the mutterings of a conjuror. And the people are wise, most wise, in rejecting all philosophy except that which fascinates them as beauty. A profounder, a more inaccessible philosophy, may be useful as a gymnastic discipline to certain strong and soaring minds, but cannot be a teacher and a food to the yearning soul. The main worth of German philosophy has not been in telling us anything new, for nothing new has it told us, though its terminology bristles with the novel to fantastic excess, but in promoting the empire of Greek philosophy as the beautiful, when Greek beauty, as the most religious element in the Christian religion, was perishing.

I need not repeat here what I have over and over again maintained, that humanity, like the individual, is the free creator of circumstances, and is in no sense and in no mode their miserable slave. To humanity, as to the individual,

every external circumstance is simply and solely a correspondence. There may be a fatality from within,—that problem no human thought can ever solve,—but there can be no fatality from without, if we admit the existence of a God in the Universe. Whatever meets me as a living thing lives because I put life in it: whatever meets you as a living thing lives because you put life in it: and whatever living thing humanity meets lives because humanity puts life in it. That the life which you, and I, and humanity put into things may have a divine predestination behind it, is not worth while inquiring about or deciding, inasmuch as fatalism from within may be the sublimest piety, while fatalism from without is the most leprous atheism. I should have been essentially the same man I am now, if I had been born and educated a Turk: by what divine necessity I am essentially what I am, it would be puerile to discuss. Dream not, then, that I speak of Greek beauty, whether as religion, as poetry, as philosophy, or as art, as aught else than a correspondence to the eternally beautiful in humanity. Never will history be written as it ought to be till what are now regarded as causes are viewed as consequences. It may be as difficult to adopt the language which that change implies, as to cease speaking of the sun's rising and setting, though we are conscious that when so speaking we are contradicting physical facts. But till the substance of that change is woven into our thoughts, we can neither behold harmony in the past nor cherish hope for the future; for we can cherish the hope only by beholding the harmony. It will not suffice to say with Leibnitz, that we live in the best of all possible Universes. We must also believe that, from the nature of God, no other Universe was possible except exactly that in which we find ourselves. If no other Universe was possible, then no other humanity was possible than that of which

we form a portion. If this is granted, then the natural and necessary development of humanity, precisely as it has been and will be, must also be granted. All accidents, all modification and moulding of the inward by the outward, thus inevitably disappear; what are called second causes vanish, and the First Cause is felt to be the only cause. The recognition of an innermost and everlasting essence in things is the recognition of the first and only cause in things. In creation there is a cause, but there are not causes; and what we allude to in familiar speech as causes would be more accurately depicted as occasions, opportunities, affinities, responses.

By one of those words would Greece be sufficiently portrayed in relation to humanity; nor Greece alone, but that whole succession of the outward which we name history. Unless this were the grand law in history, the grand law in humanity, I could not venture to prophesy, from what has been, what is to be. Hence the confusion brought into the Providence of God when a supernatural element is introduced; for it is placing the immutable inward under the dominion of some external caprice. As Nature and God are one, the supernatural is the superdivine; what you place above the Divine, however, can be nothing but matter, which yet by itself, and without God, is nothing but inertness, deadness. Yet those preaching this kind of atheism pretend to be the only believers—and if an inordinate credulity were belief, the pretension would be just; though credulity by itself is always atheism, being the idolatry of material and accidental masses, and differs from the atheism of men calling themselves philosophers by being a sentiment and not a system. It is, then, from the strict recognition of mere natural forces that prophecy, as prediction, can be alone divine, alone farseeing, alone infallible. The prophet, as wise foreteller, must first be the earnest

speaker out, courageous utterer forth of the immutable reality in himself that he discerns in the Universe, which immutable reality is well characterised as law, but better far as what I have represented it—the eternal correspondence of the outward to the inward; the eternal and necessary expression of the inward through the outward; and, as an indispensable consequence, the eternal inability of the outward to influence the inward, or to do aught but correspond to and express it; which might be said more pregnantly, though with somewhat of mystical sound, if we maintained that God cannot help being God, and everything flowing from him as from the deepest depth of internal force, no external fact can affect an internal energy,—for if it could, it would be able to thwart God's outpouring of himself.

In affirming, therefore, what Greece is yet to be and to do among the nations, so far from boasting the possession of any supernatural foresight, I expressly disclaim such a gift. I have bought the privilege of the prophet, as foreteller, as it only can be bought—by being through agony, disaster, loneliness, calumny, despair, the valorously outspeaking prophet. By experiencing in my own career that the outward is nothing but correspondence to, expression of the inward, never exerts influence over the inward, I have been exalted and enlightened to see the same in all nature and in all history. It is, then, only as such a prophet who has conquered the right to be the seer by the courage to be the sayer, that I aver that after Greek beauty as philosophy has played its part, Greek beauty as poetry will enter on its divine labour,—a labour co-incident and co-essential with the sixth phase in the grand religious development of humanity—the reconciliation of the material infinite and the spiritual infinite. Greek beauty as art will be co-incident and co-essential with the seventh phase of that development,

the discovery that the material infinite and the spiritual infinite are not something distinct from God, but God himself. With the eighth and last phase, or the worship to which that discovery will give birth, Egyptian symbolism, and not any form or manifestation of Grecian beauty, will be co-incident and co-essential. Unlike Egypt, consequently, Greece has been more to the world than she can ever be again. For how meagre, and how mean are philosophy, poetry, art, all put together, when compared to religion! Yet whether as philosophy, as poetry, or as art, Greece the beautiful will retain much of her religious pith and plenitude. I have said as much when asserting that she will be co-incident and co-essential with the three next grand phases of humanity's religious development. I would never degrade Greece into the mere teacher of æsthetics, the mere educator of taste, a *dilettante* stopping in the heat and noise of a holiday to prate of a temple's majesty or a statue's grace. It has long been a faith with me that the Greeks were a devout and earnest nation. The Romans, who were dull dogs, though with terrible teeth in their insatiate jaws, revenged themselves on the Greeks by calling them frivolous, because they felt that the Greeks were incomparably their superiors in genius. They called them liars, too, simply because their own cold imagination was unable to make its own the glorious forms which the fecund phantasy of the Greeks created. These calumnies have lived, as other calumnies live, from the delight which stupidity always finds in depreciating the moral excellence of that whose intellectual brilliancy it cannot deny. If slander is compelled to confess that a man is a saint, it is sure to discover that he is a blockhead; and if compelled to confess his mental power and splendour, it is sure to discover that he is anything but a saint. Had the Greeks been frivolous, whence would have sprung

their great men, their great poets, their great philosophers, their illustrious deeds, their pertinacious nobleness, the epic grandeur of so much in their career? Who ever heard of buffoons dancing themselves into divinity? Stoicism, the most godlike moral manifestation of our race, was a marvellous product of a frivolous people. Let us have done with such dismal detractions as these for ever. The Greeks were not frivolous for wedding beauty to all things, else God himself might be proved to be frivolous, since all nature is a perennial, prodigal outpouring of beauty. What is beauty but the most perfect proportion? What is most perfect proportion but everlasting necessity made visible? And what so earnest as everlasting necessity? It may, then, be said with complete truth, that the mission of Greece the beautiful among the nations and in the ages, will to the last be a religious mission: though outgrowing, as humanity will henceforth more and more outgrow, one-sided spiritualism or Christianity, it will immensely enlarge the circle of its religious correspondences, and repair less exclusively to lovely and bountiful Greece.

The exact shape, and attitude, and march which Greek beauty, as philosophy, will take in the coming generations, it is not difficult to indicate. Greek beauty as religion, when melting into Greek beauty as philosophy, will, amid the wreck of all else claiming to be Christian fact and principle, utter once more with a potent voice those mighty mystical utterances which alone, century after century, have given the Gospel strength to convert, to transfuse, to exalt the souls of men. Those mystical utterances will come from the cloistral seclusion in which they have hitherto dwelt into the thoroughfares of life. And the newest and deepest thought, and even the proudest science, will bow down in humblest homage at their presence. This is the next spiritual revolution that

awaits us. Rationalism can do nothing for the religious reformation of the world. It is not even fearless and enthusiastic enough to be a good destructive. The right of private judgment, with the sufficiency of Scripture tied to its heels, to keep it from running away, has become one of the sorriest sounds a brave man can breathe. To assert with invincible emphasis the eternal reality of the religious sentiment, is to take the only ground on which temples ever fresh and fair to the Deity can be built. It no way matters what religious tradition or religious institution perishes. There is something that perisheth not, cannot perish. But the religious sentiment proves its eternal reality—not through any process of reasoning, not through any appeal to the understanding. Misused by priesthods till it is banished from churches, it does not climb to the loftiest watch-tower of the intellect, but retreats to the holy of holies in each individual's heart, and thence speaks as a god would speak. Each man grows into a mystic. He who cannot so grow, but keeps muttering commonplaces about civil and religious liberty, and that sort of thing, manifests more his incapacity for the religious life, and for any share in a religious reformation, than the most abject of tradition's slaves. But if, rejecting tradition on the one hand, and rationalism on the other, we commune with the mystical profundities of our own bosom, one of our first and strongest impulses must be to seek brotherhood with the great mystical natures of the past. What is that, however, but to receive into our souls the rays of Grecian beauty, in all the opulence and joy of their rainbow tints: since we can name no true and earnest mystic who was not an incarnation of Greece the Beautiful, considered as a religious force? The new mysticism about to break forth upon mankind will differ from all previous mysticism, by dispensing with the formulas furnished by tradition. The

new mysticism will be able to convey its meaning in strictly philosophical expressions. This is inevitable, if it is to correspond, as it is destined to correspond, when from philosophical it has grown poetical, to the reconciliation of the Material Infinite with the Spiritual Infinite. The sacerdotal representatives of the spiritual infinite deny the material infinite, such as a Humboldt reveals it to us. They have made a contract for all their spiritual clothes with Moses and Son : a very profitable contract for them ; and a contract, therefore, that they are determined never to break. They are resolved that the spiritual infinite shall speak the same antiquated theological language that it has spoken for fifteen centuries : though the Bible of the material infinite, the starry pathway of the universe, speaks in a far different tongue. The new mysticism says that the material infinite and the spiritual infinite must and shall speak the same language, which can no longer consequently be theological, but of necessity philosophical. But the reaction must first expend itself, in which, to be just, I must confess that rationalism will play an important part ; though I repeat that the part which it has to play will not in any sense be that of a religious reformer. All destruction, just as much as all construction, must proceed from a positive principle. The proof is, that it is not ages of scepticism, but ages of faith, which are the most destructive. Men destroy because they believe, precisely as they work because they believe. In ages of scepticism things rot, and the dead branches fall to the ground : but there is no active destruction. The employment of rationalism is that of the camp follower. It creeps at a cautious distance behind the destroyer, strips the slain, and gives a mortal stab to the defenceless wounded. Falsehoods that have been bungled in the murdering, rationalism rifles of their flickering, struggling life. But rationalism never

gathers together an army, never delivers any pitched battle, never takes any of the enemy's cities. After the spontaneous instincts of mankind have rebelled effectually and with irresistible potency against that one-sided spiritual infinite which has so long formed the religion of our race, rationalism will shoot down without mercy, and with much show of valour, all the limping traditions that linger drearily on the field of fight; not aware in their terror that the giant in whom they trusted has been smitten to the earth, and will never rise more. If rationalism is not even a fighter, how little it can be a creative creed, or the very germ thereof, I need not say. The less we expect from rationalism, the less we are tainted by it, the better prepared shall we be to aid the transition of Greek beauty as religion into Greek beauty as philosophy.

For I should ill be accomplishing the purpose of this lecture if I merely placed certain theories before you. I am no proselyte maker—and proselyte making I abhor—but I avow myself the most pertinacious of propagandists. If any one disputes my theories, the only reply I should wish to offer is the multitudinous conquest of human hearts. Two of the visions that float as a glory, a gladness, an inspiration round my steps wherever I go and whatever I do, are Egypt and Greece. They seem to come so directly down to my soul from the throne of God, that I feel as if performing something divine when unveiling their radiance, and communicating their rapture to my brethren. If, for my zeal in the matter, I am called more heathen than Christian, I cannot be greatly offended, seeing what Christians are, and what Christianity has come to. The less I am a Christian according to common Christian doctrines and current Christian practices, the surer I must be of the fatherly embrace and the miraculous enlightenment of the Omnipotent Spirit. It

is not, however, of myself, but of you I would speak,—or rather, to you. I am but a passing presence, a passing voice, at best but an humble pioneer of kingly facts, and the victories of the Celestial. Behold, the Bridegroom cometh;—that is all I am commissioned to say. May I have strength to say it with manly courage and indomitable persistency. You, however, are the architects of the future—builders in the city of God. For I cannot suppose that you are here now merely to listen to utterances which have no oratorical attraction, and which aim at nothing but fidelity to the stern and simple truth. Greece, the beautiful, fascinates you with her smile; and finding that behind that smile lies a boundlessness of godhead, instead of bowing down the knee to admire her as the beautiful, make your own the treasures which she yields you as the divine. You will then learn that there are holier lands than Palestine, and more sacred Scriptures than those called such. The unwritten dream of Grecian beauty, floating in the air age after age as a precious odour, when the barbarism of men would not permit it to flash forth into the sunny symmetry of a beneficent vision, is a more stupendous and heavenly apocalypse than that chaotic thing which oily priests write heavy octavos about, to damn Mahometans, Papists, and other friends of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon with. Oh! that I could so fill your brain and leaven your heart with the odour and the vision of that dream,—that ye could march out mightily as the prophets of the beauty which has for two thousand years been religion, but which must now for a season be philosophy. Till we can make, not here and there one, but whole tribes of our countrymen drunk and mad with that dream, hellish dogmas, doting traditions, leprous cant, rotten institutions, we must bear them all, and snivelling Jewdom into the bargain.

We must not suppose that the work we have to do

can be done by moral energy alone. The moral is as incapable of creating anything as the intellectual. The moral is a power of restraint, a power of rebuke, a power of chastisement, a power of vengeance. But if it try its hand at building, it will fail as signally as rationalism would. Exalt morality to its highest point, and it becomes heroism; yet what is heroism other than a red right arm of crushing pith? Divine is the hero as invincible slayer: still he is the invincible slayer, and nothing more. The club of Hercules branched out with each of his glorious deeds into a chariot to bear him to a seat among the gods; nevertheless it will ever remain an emblem of fierce, unsparing war. Multiply as much as you choose the race of brave men: you will have so many brave individuals, but you will not have a society. In ages of superabounding valour, a community is possible only when the brave elect the brave to be their chief—and that election, and the obedience thence given, are religion. It is needful that these things should be known, because it is a common error in these days, that even if the intellect be admitted to be barren, virtue, heroic resolve, heroic endeavour, have the constructive force of which the intellect is destitute. True, saith the heroic soul, the traditional is dead; intellect is barren as the sand; but the hero's voice is a voice of life, and the hero's hand can fructify the field of the future, and build out of broken walls and scattered rains a home for the homeless in heart, and a temple for the worshippers who have fed on priestly poisons till the taste for the spiritual is almost eaten by ulcers out of their being. Alas! and verily the hero's hand cannot do this. If intellect is an assassin, conscience is a soldier; devout and loving phantasy alone is a builder. God is a Creator, and to none but them that dwell in his bosom, and are nurtured with his blood, does he lend his creative strength. There

are few at present who venture to maintain that things should continue just as they are, and that we are living in the best of all possible social and spiritual conditions. We have bade a long farewell to that sort of Conservatism, at least. There is a general admission that there is something wrong—profoundly and deplorably wrong. The discovery which established churches have recently made—that there really is a class, and a very numerous class, called the poor—is a significant part of that admission. And the outcry which those churches have raised about spiritual destitution is a prodigious contrast to the apathy by which they were previously distinguished. It is from those churches, also, that a new attempt at human redemption has come, under the name of Christian Socialism—an attempt anomalous, pretentious, hypocritical, but still a confession how incomplete, how unjust, how anarchical, how cruel are our social relations, how horrible is the misery of the proletarian masses. Now, what are the remedies for the evils which all but a handful are forward in admitting? The indifferentist wraps himself up the more closely in the cloak of his indifference, and says, “The system, rickety as it is, will last my time; and if it do not, I must just take my luck in the turmoil and the crash.” The politician thinks it may all be set to rights with some nice, delicate political management, and some slang about constitutional government. The political economist predicts that everything will be well when the people learn to believe in Malthus, and never marry till they have outgrown the season of love, and a wise administration passes an act banishing young warm hearts and the heaven of romance from the world. The communist dreams that what is wanted, is that our brethren should regard themselves as machines, should renounce that by which they are heroes,—the freedom of their will,—that by which they are

divine,—the individuality of their character,—smother every impulse of personality, chain down every culmination of genius, and take the monotonous existence of beavers and prairie dogs as a model for the most excellent of human commonwealths. The rationalist exclaims,—Why cannot our misguided race live according to reason? Why should they be the slaves of their senses? Why should they be carried away by their emotions? Why should they be the dupes of their imagination? Why are they so unwilling to reject traditions, and to accept as a gospel Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*? It is not the traditions which are in fault, saith some puling parson; only get the traditions more ardently and universally adopted, and you heal the whole disease; therefore, ye holy ones, ye elect, pray and work for an increase of creeds, of catechisms, of chapels, of Bibles, but especially of parsons. Yes, we agree with you, politely whisper the cunning Jesuits, the Kingsleys, the Maurices, and the Whatelys, we agree with you; the change so much needed must be accomplished through the agency of the traditions. But the traditions are rather the worse for wear; they must undergo a transfiguration, they must be turned inside out, they must be turned upside down, they must be whitewashed here and varnished there, they must be mesmerized, and put on some fashionable costume, even if it be not quite so modest as the present; and thus remaining essentially the old, but looking exceedingly like the new, the traditions will effectually gull, if incapable of improving, the people. Hot with rage at such trickery, some one impetuously rises whose cure for all mischief, all misery, and all madness, is that mysterious personage—the Coming Man, who is generally understood to be a near relation and the legitimate heir of the Millennium, with some claim to the estates of the Flying Dutchman and the Wandering Jew. “I know not

what the Coming Man may do," shouts another, radiant and beautiful with valour, and with the spirit of the old Puritans kindling in all his veins; "I know not what he or any future redeemer may do. Posterity will no doubt find the godlike labourers it needs; but I know what I and thousands more could do at this hour, if I and they were to obey those inspirations of manhood which are their own law, because voices of God, and which war eternally with a cowardly conventionalism, and become prophets in speech, heroes in deed." Thrilling, rousing, invigorating words! While I spurn rationalists, traditionalists, and the rest as deluders, or pity them as deluded, thee, eloquent through thy courage, I hail as a brother. And yet, brother as I regard thee, and ready as I am to co-operate with thee, I feel that thou seest only a small portion of the truth, and that thou canst minister only to a small portion of the world's deep and tragical necessities. Thou art the worker, thou art the hero, thou art the prophet which thou urgest the cravens around thee to be, but thou art not a creator. And if some sudden and potent influence, my friends, could make you what this my brother is, I should rejoice, for ye would be brought face to face with great realities; but, while rejoicing, I should still say, ye are workers, ye are heroes, ye are prophets, but ye are not creators. Then first can ye be creators when ye see that salvation to humanity can come neither from this quarter nor from that, but from the fecund, abysmal, everlasting mystery of humanity's own heart. And when you have learned to see this, God, who is the root of that mystery, will summon you to aid in transforming Grecian beauty as religion into Grecian beauty as philosophy; and your reward will be the only reward which a brave man should ever seek—the nobleness of your vocation.

March 8th, 1852.

LECTURE FOURTH.

PALESTINE AND FAITH.

It is possible to have much faith and little religion ; just as it is possible to have much religion and little faith. By the light of this remark we must read the character of the Jewish people. No nation had ever a more fanatical persistency of faith ; no nation had ever less plenitude of religious phantasy and emotion. Poetic imagination they had in a large degree ; and this, joined to their fierce hatreds and their indomitable faith, made them eminently a prophet people. But the prophet, as such, though deeply revering God as Providence, has no religious fecundity. And therefore, if we admit, which I readily do, that the Jews had the prophetic gift more plenteously and potently than all other nations, this would not prove the ardour of their religious yearnings and the wealth of their religious capacities. Rather might it be shown that precisely because they were a prophet people could they have no holy of holies in their heart, whatever they might have in their temple.

Even, however, if the Jew had been the most religious of men by nature, instead of being, as he was, most grievously destitute of the religious sentiment, his whole history and environment were an invincible hindrance to religious growth. What was the record of his race from the beginning, but tragedy, turmoil, vengeance ! There was no serene sky through which God's immensity could be unveiled. There was cloud alone and catastrophe. There were heavy vapours, ever and anon rent by red and

angry flashes. The Hebrews were the accursed, hurling curses and praying to Jehovah to give to their words the force of arrows.

Now for the nation or the individual whose life has been one long disaster, there can be no grandeur or comprehensiveness of religious development. Sorrow is often a teacher, often a saviour; but to sorrow the Omnipotent gives none of his sublimest mysteries to keep. I know that the contrary is strenuously maintained in the current books of piety; but I never repair to them as oracles of wisdom—fountains of truth. All religion is the child of joy. Whether is it on a starry night, or on a stormy and starless one, that our soul rises the promptest and the noblest to the ineffable soul of the Infinite? Darkness and doubt are brothers. We bow our head when smitten by griefs, and we call this resignation; but our breast does not burn with generous adorings: we grudge the homage which our cowardice compels us to pay. Holiness is gladness, and it would not be wrong to say that gladness is holiness. Is not praise rejoicing? We never sing when in mournful mood. Paul therefore need not have taken the trouble to tell the merry to sing psalms, since it is exactly what they are inclined to do of themselves. But the career of the Hebrews was one ceaseless wail of distress,—one unremitting moan of a broken and burdened heart. This gives much pathos to a portion of their literature; for what can be more touching than their pictures of their sad and lonely lot, when by the rivers of Babylon they sat down and wept? What is pathos, however, even when tenderest, but the bitter and inconsolable regret for that which can never return? And what is that regret but a reproach of the divine government,—a simple monotonous cry,—Ah! it could have been so different, if God had so willed it!

Not out of such elements can a hymn to the Highest be

built into gorgeous and abounding music. Religion is the melody of order. It was natural therefore for man, after rising from the savage state, and from Fetichism, which was the worship of the disorderly forces which he dreaded, to climb to the heavens, and find there, in the lustrous march of sun, and moon, and stars, the sublimest symbols and the most perfect expressions of that order which he had learned to regard as, if not God, the most imperial type, the most radiant image, the most conquering messenger of God. Hence astral religions, as the deifications of order, do not admit any but allegorical miracles—miracles marked by a scientific harmony. Miracle is there the poetry twined round eternal law, like garlands of roses round a naked sword. Neither human interest nor divine grandeur has miracle, unless felt by the loving and believing phantasy to be as universal as creation, and as only a form of creation.

But the astral religions, in which worship was a hymn to order, and miracle a celestial voice echoing that hymn, could only spring up in powerful and organized empires, in which the stability of government, the success of armies, the sweep of conquest, seemed emblematic of and responsive to the valiant gleam of potent planets. Joyful was it, at the head of hosts that had never been vanquished, to watch the hosts of heaven, whose path had never been disturbed, whose light had never been dimmed. In lands, too, where, perhaps, for a whole year, no drop of rain fell, and no cloud veiled the face of the moon, that sense of joy must have been extreme. To the Hebrew, however, whose government had never been stable; whose armies had seldom fought but to be destroyed; who was evermore tossed to and fro in a strange welter of dismemberment; whose country was a highway from Egypt to Asia, from Asia to Egypt, and was notable to conquerors only as a battlefield where the

mighty rushed against and strangled the mighty; to whom the stars, the only regular things he knew, were the rivals of an angry Jehovah; and whose climate, though purple with the glory of the East, did not feed him with perennial sunshine; to him joy, and order, and of necessity religion, were therefore unknown.

But though joy is the chief and prodigal fountain of religion, yet it cannot grow commanding and comprehensive till it receives symmetrical exposition from a scientific class. And even if such a class had existed among them, how little inclination would it have felt to reduce to a cosmos that chaos of gloomy exceptions which was what the Hebrews embraced as their religion! It is the office of science, not to grasp flagrant aberrations, mad eccentricities, but primordial, everlasting facts and flowings.

Then, the Hebrews had no philosophers. Now, as the gush of the people's joy gives religion birth, as the scientific class gives it harmony and comprehensiveness, philosophers give it depth; not such philosophers as Socrates, who was not properly a philosopher at all, but a moralist, and who had little religious faculty or religious fervour—rather such philosophers as brood for ever on the mysteries of nature and the divine questionings of their own soul. It is their profound and pregnant thoughts, mingling with religion, which leavens and clothes religion with all its sublimity. True philosophy always speculates on religious subjects, never on moral ones. It is a long meditation on the Holiest. Philosophers cannot lend to religion earnestness. As religion takes its being from the people's joy, so it must take its earnestness from the people's solemn moods. But it could not be earnest unless it first were deep; and its depth is the offspring of philosophy. The Hebrews, however, sneered at philosophy as an essential and hateful part of those more scientific religions which they despised. They, therefore,

could not profit from or be nourished by its religious affluence.

Moreover, the whole religious system of the Hebrews had a hard, mechanical, stereotyped character, and was broken down into minutest details. It was incapable of development, and had no cardinal principles spontaneously yearning for symbolical utterance. The Mosaic legislation has, no doubt, many noble features, and displays marvellous sagacity. But its completeness and wisdom, as a code of laws, only more signally make manifest its religious aridity and shallowness. It is impossible to exhibit God in a more prosaic aspect than that which he assumes as the lawgiver of the Hebrews. And all that part of the Bible which relates to him as such, offers no more religious nutriment and suggestiveness than Blackstone's Commentaries.

Singularly destitute of the religious sentiment, and always enveloped in the circumstances the most adverse to the unfolding of that sentiment, the Hebrews were yet, if we are to believe orthodox cants, the only nation of ancient times that had a religion at all; and their inordinate tendency to deify gloomy exceptions is accepted as the proof, though it is simply and solely a proof of their religious poverty, since the joyous universal, whether miracles cluster round it or not, alone can furnish the fertile substance of a divine religion. The objection to the theory of special revelations, even if these were not so objectionable on other grounds, is that they fasten exclusively on the dark spots in an infinite of light. They are the idolatry of eclipses. And if thunder adds the horror of its voice to the lurid glare of the eclipse, it is supposed that that is the only language which God has ever spoken or can ever speak to mortals. What is a community? Reply,—It is something consisting of hospitals, prisons, police-offices, workhouses, and scaffolds,

and you will be giving exactly the same view of the administration of man as the Hebrews gave of the administration of God.

But it was precisely this deification of sombre exceptions which gave the Hebrews that indomitable persistency of faith for which they will for ever be famous. They gazed on the black spots with pertinacious eye, till their brain danced dizzy in despair. And then gleamed on their soul the vision of deliverance and a deliverer. The idea of salvation became the grand and sole idea of their life, and transformed is the leading idea of modern Calvinism, in which it is the parent alike of the basest cowardice and the most monstrous spiritual pride. To dream of a Messiah the more fervently the more calamity accumulated around them, showed something of a heroic element in the Hebrews, and fed their patriotic love; but it was a deplorable manifestation of their religious nakedness and debility; for the more anxious we are about the future, the less grasp has religion over our being. Religion is the marriage of our spirit to the Infinite Spirit—it is our dwelling in God and God's dwelling in us; it is the ebb and the flow of the mystic now; it has no relation to the future. Introduce the future into religion, and you introduce utilitarianism, calculation, rationalism. The moment I think of the future, I am thinking of my soul's fate, not joyously pouring my soul into the breast of deity. And therefore, whatever beauty we may see in the doctrine of immortality as usually taught, whatever inspiration we may draw from it, cannot be considered either as a religious beauty or a religious inspiration. If we believe, if we experience that religion is God's dwelling in us and our dwelling in God, we are persuaded that God will always dwell in us and that we shall always dwell in God, and therefore the thought of the future, and especially of the remote future, never intrudes. But

what is the expectation of immortality to the mass of Christians but the Hebrew idea of salvation carried to its utmost excess, feeding, therefore, and fed by the most insatiate egoism that can harden, narrow, and darken the human heart. The Hebrew expected salvation on this earth; the Christian, transporting the Messiah beyond the grave, expects salvation in the skies, and is the more selfish of the two, in the degree that the conception of eternity is vaster than the conception of time.

It is the saddest of mistakes to suppose that it is the theoretical errors and falsehoods of popular theologies which make them chiefly objectionable. Three-fourths of those errors and falsehoods are perfectly harmless. They are not worth refuting, except we think that the battle of life should be converted into a battle of Scripture texts. But what is horrible in such theologies is the boundless love of self which they encourage. It is this ugly feeling piercing through which so immensely lessens the merit of Christian martyrdom. How rarely has the martyr's motive been aught else than the desire of saving his own soul by what seemed a sublime sacrifice! How rarely has the martyr died in utter forgetfulness of his own fate, and from pure and fervent love of the truth and of the human race. The martyr has shouted, as the flames consumed his limbs, that he counted his life as nothing, for he saw Heaven's opening glories, and tasted already the first thrill of that everlasting rapture which was to be his inheritance. Here surely the Divine is not, and must be sought for in other scenes. It will ever diminish the value and nobleness of Christ's teachings, that he did not quite outgrow the Jewish idea of salvation, which, unfolded to its furthest extent, has changed into such pitiful cravens so many who have been called by his name. It is not, however, in Christ's own words, but in those of Paul, that the idea finds sanction and

strength at present. Paul was a consummate master in the art of showing the blow on the one side, and the reward for bearing it patiently on the other. His epistles are a collection of promises to pay. You may be scourged, you may be robbed of your goods, you may be driven into banishment, perchance you may be killed, declareth Paul; but then, when you have thrown aside your vile body, and got an improved wrappage for your soul, you will evermore dwell with God and his angels. This would be low, very low as morality; as religion, it is detestable.

It is not, therefore, in religion that the Jewish idea of salvation, transfigured and propagated by Christianity under the name of faith, has been of any benefit to the world. In religion it has been wholly and solely pernicious. Never was religion so deplorably degraded as it is at this moment in Europe; never was it less leavened by the godlike, and all because the soul, instead of expending itself in heroic deeds, is anxious only about its future destiny. But as giving ardour and persistency to patriotic hope and endeavour, how mighty and how blissful has the Jewish idea of salvation been! The Puritans of England had no wealth of religious life. It is one of the errors which history accepts without questioning, that they were eminently and profoundly religious. Even if religion were not incompatible with the very nature of Protestantism, it would be easy to show that the moral grandeur, the political sagacity, the military daring, the iconoclastic tendencies of the Puritans, were directly opposed to religious depth, to breadth and beauty of religious development. But then how energetic, how invincible was their faith—a faith marked in all its lineaments with the Jewish stamp! The Covenanters of Scotland had more religious warmth and fecundity than the Puritans of England, mainly, however, because they belonged to a more imaginative people, and had the solemn glens and

wild mountains, the thrilling memories and fanciful traditions of their native land to inspire them. The more, however, they were influenced by a faith which sought its chief food in the Bible, the less were they under the empire of purely religious emotions and phantasies. They were enabled, by the idea of salvation, to strew their perilous path with achievements, which are a notable part in their country's large heritage of glory. Yet the idea itself, as cannot be too often repeated, is the fatal foe of whatever is divine in religion. My hopes regarding the religious redemption of humanity all rest on the expectation that Jewdom will more and more be driven from the scene, and that the heart of every man will turn more and more from pretended words of God without to the eternal word of God within.

Nevertheless, I would not dethrone Palestine from her valiant mission as the teacher of faith. If a martyr Poland, a magnanimous Hungary, a desolate Italy, can draw strength for the coming battle with despotism from a Hebrew source, why should we not rejoice? The friends of the oppressed are not so numerous that we can afford to reject any of them, if they have no taint of dishonour upon their garments. Our sympathy with struggling nationalities, however, must not shut our eyes to the religious wants of the world—must not prevent us from seeing how alone they can be satisfied. My soul flashes forth with all its youthful enthusiasm when it discerns, even if it be only afar off, the downfall of thrones foul with pollution, hideous with cruelty, dripping with blood. Earth would be no home for man, if czars and their Cossacks, emperors and their Croats, miscreant adventurers with their Jesuits and their Janissaries, were to defeat the champions of freedom for ever. And blessed is the faith that the reign of wickedness must at last come to an end. But faith, though it hath an

anchorage in the invisible, is yet able to work mighty things only in the visible. Though it maketh man a hero, yet it cannot make him a God, as it is the will of the Supreme that he should be. We climb, with weary, lacerated feet, and victorious purpose, as far as the pith of our own individuality can carry us; and when we can climb no further, we blend with Deity. For initiation into this marvellous mystery, faith can give us neither hint nor aid.

Yet faith, while furnishing no religious food, and aiding no religious progress, has grand moral lineaments and energies. If we look at the Old Testament, the properly Jewish part of the Scriptures, we shall find the moral portrayed in its sublimest and most impressive forms. I put the New Testament aside, as a series of Greek productions, and as bearing but small traces of the Hebrew intellect. In the Old Testament four elements predominate: foremost of all, the idea of a Saviour and salvation, to which I have so frequently alluded; secondly, what is the companion of that idea, the image of retribution, the image of God the Avenger; thirdly, the traces of Egyptian legislation, Egyptian customs, and Egyptian worship; and, fourthly, as in Ezekiel, the adaptation to prophetic circumstances of the astronomical beliefs which the Chaldeans and other nations to the east of Palestine had originated and propagated. What the Hebrews borrowed from Egypt and the East they completely spoiled by rationalising it down to their own standard. Besides, what of foreign religion they blended with their own religion had a scientific significance, which they, from their deficient culture, were unable to perceive. It was like taking part of a robe on which the signs of freemasonry are imprinted to mend a common garment; the mender being one ignorant of what those signs mean, and not caring to know what they mean, but thinking

that the patch will produce rather a striking effect. Those portions of the Old Testament, therefore, in which such patchings occur, though they have often a noble poetical sound, are simply profound scientific ideas, which have been bungled in the appropriation.

And here, by the way, it may be observed how recent is even that which is most ancient in the Bible, when compared to the astronomical religions of the East, on which the Hebrews committed so many clumsy thefts. Those religions had existed many centuries in most organized completeness before the minutest germ of a Hebrew people had being. Of course the priests of our day can prove to the satisfaction of Protestant congregations, ferocious in their hatred of Papal infallibilities, that it is those religions which have been the borrowers; that is to say, that whenever the thoughts of Shakspeare and Tennyson are like, it is to Tennyson that Shakspeare is indebted. But would it not be exceeding folly in any sound Protestant who recognises the sufficiency of Scripture and the right of private judgment—a right forfeited by the acknowledgment of that sufficiency—to inquire into the origin and authority of Scripture, when certain men wearing long faces and long black coats so kindly save him the trouble? The right of private judgment among good Protestants, means a right exercised so entirely in private that its results never come before the public. If, however, individual judgment, leaving private judgment to priestly opiates, were to venture into the field, it would speedily discover that the bards of the Bible, as they have been affectedly called, were wholesale and unscrupulous plagiarists, whenever they stepped a hair's-breadth beyond the peculiar Hebrew region. That region was entirely moral. God the Righteous, God the Saviour, God the Righteous, God the Avenger; the righteous man marching mightily and majestically, with God's

angels behind him; the wicked man crushed by God's thunderbolts; the impregnable strength of that throne whose foundations are justice and judgment; these, and their kindred, form the primordial pictures of the Old Testament,—pictures painted in fire and framed in maledictions, and which will never die. It is what is moral in the Old Testament which alone has permanent value. All else will perish when religions resting on tradition and on sacred books perish. Its raw and awkward mingling of fable and history; its frequent puerilities; its glaring incongruities; its grossness, unrelieved, unredeemed by poetical beauty; its silly commonplaces; its rambling declamation; all these things in the Bible priests may call by other than their real names, and parade them as excellences, but the honest soul of humanity revolts at them.

Still I maintain, in the face of earth and heaven, that the substance of the Old Testament is sternly, strictly, valiantly moral. The Christian asserts that the books which it contains are potently and profoundly religious. I deny that. Those called infidels assert that they are exceedingly immoral. I deny that also. Any one perusing the whole of those books diligently and earnestly, would not find himself any nearer God, as a fountain of religious life: would not find his religious nature deepened, or moved, or nourished; but his sense of God's providence, his trust in God's retributions would be immensely strengthened. Where had truth ever nobler orators than in the Old Testament? Where were lies ever blasted by more magnificent denunciations? Where else is cursing holy and sublime?

This is the charm of the Old Testament for the Scotch as a nation. The Scotch have a more vigorous and pertinacious moral sense than any people that ever lived, except the Hebrews. Having also more religious fervour

than religious fulness, they have not felt the excessive religious poverty of the Hebrew Scriptures. They have merely felt the delineations there given of God the Saviour, of God the Avenger, of the righteous man's career, of the wicked man's doom, rousing them like the clang of trumpets, the voice of thunders, the shriek of billows breaking on their own fierce and stalwart shores.

Yet what a strange and absurd anachronism to join to this appreciation and appropriation of what is grandly moral in the Old Testament, such superstitious reverence for the ceremonial parts of the Mosaic law! And what direct and disastrous contradiction between the morality the Scotch learn from Jewish books and the dogmatism they learn from John Calvin, which expressly repudiates morality of every kind! But, fortunately, what influences a Scotchman most, next to the native gifts of his character, is the poetical traditions of his country: feebler in force than these are the moral convictions, the moral ideas he has obtained from the Old Testament: feebler still his reverence for the ceremonial portions of the Mosaic law: and feeblest of all, his attachment to the execrable beliefs of Calvin. When, therefore, it is stated, as an argument in favour of Calvinism, that the Scotch are famous throughout the world, not merely for industry, perseverance, and enterprise, but for higher virtues, and that yet they are rigorous Calvinists, I reply,—that no one could realize the Calvinistic doctrine in its utmost intention and significance, without being the most horrible of fiends: and that Calvinism is rather a stamp impressed on the surface of Scotch existence, than a leaven interfusing the inner man.

But though I do not think that Calvinism has taken a strong grasp of the Scottish nature, neither do I think that the Christian element has mixed itself largely with that nature. The Scotch could not be so intensely

Hebrew as they are, and intensely Christian likewise. Palestine, with its pertinacious faith, and Greece, which, with its divine beauty, was the source of whatever was deep and immortal in Christianity, had nothing in common. The Scotch could not, therefore, be clothed as by a garment with Palestine and its faith, and yet be baptized at the fountain of Grecian beauty too. The only portion of the New Testament for which they care, are the Epistles of Paul; and they like these not because they are subtle disputants, but because what he says stimulates and satisfies their combative propensities, since he is generally fighting with some one, and when not doing so, is fighting with himself, through his bad reasoning: for with all my respect for the brave and noble Paul, I must confess he is the worst reasoner I ever read: and if he was inspired by the Holy Ghost, as is averred, we must conclude that it is not an attribute of the Holy Ghost to be acquainted with logic. Nations, however, are not governed by logic, nor are logicians their greatest favourites. It was enough for the Scotch that the rush of Paul's pugnacities gleamed on their enthusiastic imagination like the sweep of crowding and conquering claymores. This also is one source of the immense empire which the Old Testament has gained over them: whose grandest epithet for the Omnipotent is Lord of Hosts, and whose pages steam with blood and roar with battle. Nature is supreme: the Scotch are born fighters. I never yet knew a peaceable Scotchman: and if the Scotchman is not, as of old, thrusting a pike of twenty feet long into some foeman's breast, he is thrusting an argument of still more extravagant length into some dull unyielding brain or other. We cannot wonder, therefore, that he should have a keen relish for the smell and the sound of slaughter in his theology. That relish is curiously shown in the importance given by the Scotch to

Satan, not so much as the tempter of human souls, as the proud and indomitable enemy of God. In oriental mythologies, when light and darkness were personified, no one could be mistaken as to the wholly allegorical character of the delineations given. And in Catholicism, though Satan holds a place as a person, yet he melts away to the merest shadow, and his whole strength is broken by the benignant aspect of purgatory. But in the dusky glare of Scottish fanaticism, the combat between Satan and God is as close and deadly a combat as that between Caledonian and Englishman at Flodden and at Bannockburn.

I dwell so much on the Scotch in this lecture, because the Scotch are the best illustration of what Hebrew faith and the Old Testament, which is the manual of that faith, are capable of accomplishing. The Scotch are the Hebrews of the North. But this is to indicate at once a world of nobleness and a world of defects: defects which the Scotch, in their candour, would no doubt be the first to confess and to deplore. Of what earnestness it speaks, but of what narrowness! For it is not given to any individual or to any nation to be at the same time earnest and comprehensive; and it is not for an enlightened catholicity that men are ever willing to die. The Covenanters would never have stained the heather with their glad and generous blood if they had been dominated by more than one idea. And it is the bosoms transfused by a single idea, not the minds crowned with rich catholicities, that have been true and victorious reformers on the earth.

Then, again, in the Scotch, what pertinacious veracity, but what singular absence of fecund intuition! What abounding reverence for the truth that is to influence and to be incarnated in the daily life! What little care to know aught of the essential truth of truths through the introspective gaze! In other countries you have meta-

physicians inquiring into what some one called the Why of the Why,—into the sources and substance of the universe. But what elsewhere is metaphysics, treating of the most mysterious and transcendental questions, is in Scotland simply Moral Philosophy, and limits itself to an investigation of the mental powers and their moral functions and relations. As proof how little the intuitional has root and soil in Scotland, it is enough to say that Scotland has never produced one mystical writer, that no mystical writer has ever had readers there, and that there the faintest traces of a mystical sect have never been visible. In England, however, mysticism has always had numerous adherents, and will have a most important share in English coming religious development. Now it would be absurd to say that such peculiarities of Scotland are created by the empire of the Old Testament over it; but they are unquestionably mirrored in the character of the Jews, and find their food in the Old Testament.

The Scotch, moreover, are inordinately litigious. This springs partly from their pugnacious disposition; partly from their colossal conscientiousness, which makes them abhor all fraud by whomsoever committed;—but it has also found no small portion of its nourishment in their taste for the minute prescriptions of the Mosaic law.

The Scotch are furthermore the most democratic nation in Europe, and they would make short work with many an antiquated abomination which the English in their bigoted conservatism have not the courage to blow even the dust from. How democratic is the constitution of the Scottish churches, and even with all their faults of the Scottish universities! How much more than in England are the highest offices in churches and universities open to the children of the people! The Scotch have never been thorough monarchists; and the more real reverence they have felt for the aristocracy than the English has

been, because in olden times the aristocracy was so often opposed to the just or unjust claims and pretensions of monarchs. Here again the Old Testament comes in, which is one grand democratic utterance. It knocks down kings with the right hand, priests with the left, and sets on high for the admiration and homage of mankind only prophets, those divine democrats of an earlier time. The Old Testament is thus a coat of mail and a weapon of war for the Scotchman in the assertion of his democratic principles. The general tendency of the New Testament, on the contrary, is to encourage the most abject submission even to the most detestable despotisms; and that does not suit the Scotchman's blood,—for his rivers roll, and his breezes blow, and the cattle on his mountains roam, and his bluebells and gowans grow with a brave freedom, and he would be free as they.

Palestine was a small country, everywhere environed by, incessantly exposed to the onslaught of powerful empires. Scotland, for long centuries, was a small country, continually suffering from the attacks of a kingdom far larger, far more wealthy and civilized. In the Old Testament, the record of Palestine's struggles, the Scotch have seen foreshadowed their own long and tragical, but unwearied and glorious combat for independence. Can it be marvelled at that the Old Testament should thus seem to them a prophecy of their fate, a charter of their rights? Even in the most devotional parts of their religious services, the Scotch allow Palestine and faith to predominate over everything else. They do not sing hymns breathing the warm and rapturous breath of loftiest religious emotion: they sing the old Hebrew psalms, in which the pious occupies only a small place compared to the prophetic, and whose charm for the Scottish heart is their piercing wail, melodious alike with personal sorrow and patriotic misfortune. What strange

melancholy leavens and envelopes our being—a melancholy all the sweeter for its overpowering sadness—when, after mournful years of exile from Scotland's mountains,—the bleak but the beloved,—breaks on our soul, from the valley of our childhood, making the hush of the Sabbath even more solemn, and seeming almost to deepen the silence, one of those brave, rough, ancient psalms, stern as a rock, but soft now and then as the waters that burst from the mossy clefts of the rock, and whose harshness we never felt, because, from our earliest infancy, it was made tender to our ear by the music that flowed from a mother's lips! What sublime commentaries are such a moment, and such a scene, on Palestine and Faith, as grandest portions in the undying memories, the prophetic energies, the poetic fecundities of Scotland! It is only unfortunate countries that are fertile in great prophets. Palestine had the greatest of prophets, because it was the most unfortunate of countries. Scotland has had the greatest prophets except Palestine, because she is rich with the remembrance of calamities unspeakably terrible, since even now, in her prosperous march, and her industrial victories, she cannot forget them. And we are inhaling that atmosphere of disaster which nourishes prophets when the sights and the sounds of a creed which is no longer ours, and from which wild wanderings, and wilder dreams, and hosts of events, and suffering days, and doubting nights, and a crowning idea whereto we have consecrated our life, awaken a tumult of weeping phantasies within us, unlike, and yet how like, whatever in the past or in the future we have loved and hated.

It is to this melancholy, born as it is of a national misfortune which has left its last bloody traces on the fields of Dunbar and Culloden, and food as it is of the prophetic faculty and spirit, that the artistic deficiencies of the Scotch must, in no small measure, be ascribed.

To explain why the Scotch are not equal, as artists, to many other nations, it might be enough to say that they have an intense and indomitable individuality. In Scotland, every man has a character of his own; in England, almost every man has his neighbour's character. One of the most important conditions of success for the primordial artist is that he should denude himself of his individuality, and be ready to personate whatever he paints. It is thus that a Goethe, a Molière, a Shakspeare, have achieved such memorable results. But, besides their enormous individuality, the Scotch have had another foe to artistic perfection in the mournful recollections written on many a strip of heath, on many a ruined castle, on many a monumental mound, on many a crag which the blood of brave men in defending clothed with a verdure which it never wore till then—for the greenest spots in a land, fertile, not in the fruits of the earth, but in noble deeds, have been those where patriots and martyrs have fallen. Now, as religion has its birth and nurture in joy, in joy also has art its birth and nurture. Ought we to be astonished, then, that Scotland should be so barren of artists climbing majestically to the first rank? Several departments of art the Scotch have never approached—the only art in which they have excelled is the literary art. But in that art, though they have displayed prodigious genius, they have never reached cosmic finish, proportion, beauty. The prophetic force, bursting through all ideal completeness, all technical skill, all sustained elaboration, has made an organic whole, smiling with harmony and faultless in its every part, impossible. And how much of that prophetic force was not the production of Palestine and Faith? For if, as I hurry along, I neglect to interweave this element, I pray you to supply the neglect; a neglect proving so emphatically my own Scottish origin, and exhibiting the perfervid temperament

impatient of details, careless of artistic construction and symmetry.

Yet though the Scotch have been so contemptuous toward artistic agencies and requirements in the literary art, they have conferred immense benefits on literature, and on something far better than literature, by that very peculiarity. They were the first in modern times to ally prophecy with literature. In Palestine, prophecy and literature were one; in Scotland, and through Scotch influence and example, elsewhere, they have been tending more and more to become one. At a time when England was satisfying its deepest and most sacred soul with Hannah More commonplaces and Johnsonian platitudes, Robert Burns arose, as true and valiant a prophet as ever startled and rebuked an unprophetic age with potent utterances, crushing down to the very marrow of the people, and with a fate more tragic than that of Isaiah himself, for Robert Burns was sawn asunder during a lifetime. In our own day, when we were running great risk of being smothered by Bulwer insipidities, and lulled by Macaulay melodies, Thomas Carlyle waved aloft the banner of Palestine and Faith, and hammered literature on the anvil of his wrath into a thunderbolt of prophecy. False prophet or true prophet, that is not now the question; enough, that as a Scotchman incomparably gifted, who had drunk insatiate draughts at the Hebrew fountain, he could not be contented with literature as literature. None of us, perhaps, would be inclined to see much of the prophet in Walter Scott. It was not however his genius alone, great as his genius was, through which he created new and wondrous worlds of poetry and romance, but also a certain strength of prophetic individuality, which was his heritage as a child of Scotland, and which was Scotland's in so large a degree because she was the heir of Palestine. How much, also, has the

genius of John Wilson, one of the richest poetic natures at present breathing on the earth, owed to the daring individuality which Scotland brought to his bosom from Judea! Even though there are things not a few to be regretted in the character of Brougham, and though we can scarcely allow him to be a man of genius, yet to all the multifarious subjects through which he has dashed, he has brought, if not inspiration, yet novelty and a vigorous freshness. And for his blessed discursiveness, no less than for his unblest eccentricity, Palestine and its Faith must share the praise and the blame—as, for good or for evil, Scotland puts these into the hand of all her children, even when she can enrich them with no other gift. And was it not the Scottish blood which Byron received from his mother which made his poetry so eminently prophetic? Here again Palestine and Faith.

English authors have often been magnificently erratic; yet nothing but English humour came into the field; there was no prophetic impulse, no prophetic boldness: for the English, as well from the wealth of their endowments, the abundance of their excellences, as from the most lamentable of their deficiencies, are less than all others a prophet people. Quakerism and Methodism seem to contradict this. But Quakerism, now a degenerate and dying form, was, at its origin, an exclusively religious movement—it had no prophetic attribute whatever. And Methodism, when it is not quackery, is a religious, not a prophetic utterance. And if a Wesleyan at prayer meetings and other gatherings, seems to indulge in the very recklessness of prophetic breathing, he is chiefly influenced by the common English conservative feeling that he is backed by authority: he has the authority, as he conceives, of the Bible, and the authority of the Holy Spirit. Otherwise he would be dumb: he does not speak from the fulness of his own heart.

religious life. But it is notable as Irving himself was for prophetic energy, and that is what makes it a conqueror in a land which is unable itself to originate or to carry on prophetic manifestation. As the representative, as the incarnation of Palestine and Faith, Scotland is destined to send forth many an Irving yet. The Quakers and others proclaimed that the Holy Spirit has never ceased from the beginning to speak to the human heart, that God's revelations are eternal, that they are not the monopoly of any age, of any nation, of any class, of any religion. And Edward Irving proclaimed that the prophetic gift is not the exclusive heritage of ancient Jews, but that in every generation men are clothed with the prophetic faculty by the Highest. For that bold utterance he was hissed and howled to death as insane; but that bold utterance was the commencement of a revolution most mighty, most marvellous in its results, and of which Scotland will be the principal instrument. Over the earth will England march as a subduer, science following in her footsteps. But wherever England goes, Scotland, as a prophet power, will go. England's grandest work will be, not founding colonies, though that is also a grand work, but transforming the East. The first real progress in that transformation must be made in Palestine. And for the same reason that Palestine itself has gained such enormous authority in Europe. Disarrayed of her gorgeousness, the East stood in Palestine at the door of Europe: she had not to knock at the door long before being admitted as a sister. The Jewish literature, what we call the Old Testament, has the oriental air, the oriental odour, but no oriental extravagance. Hence its admirable fitness as a connecting link between the East and the West as a channel of communication between them. The East, approaching with its old profusion, and splendour, and majesty, would have offended the sober

taste, the cold imagination of our sluggish bosoms and our cloudy climes. Palestine, belonging, through the Mediterranean Sea, almost as much to Europe as to Asia, was needed to accomplish the transition, to soften down the dazzling glory. And now that the time has come when the West must roll itself upon the East, as the East for so many centuries has been rolling itself upon the West, Palestine must once more be the connecting link, the channel of communication. Science would be too frigid, too prosaic, too naked, if it went directly to the most eastern East. Palestine, the most European of Asiatic countries, must be the gate. It must give science wings, and a rainbow gleam and glow; though when the poetic passed through Palestine from the East to Europe, Palestine disgarnished it of its numerous wings, of its fiery lustre, of its enchanting colours, and arrested its dreamy dance of colossal exaggerations. It was as the mediator of extremes that Palestine had potency of voice, and pertinence of speech, and fecund suggestion, when a paganism, whether artistically beautiful or bloody and barbarous, no longer satisfied the soul. It is as the mediator of extremes that Palestine must open the Old and New Testaments of science to the glowing and miraculous East. An exchange of Bibles is the brief description of civilization in so far as Palestine is summoned on the scene. The Bible which we have to present to the East, through science, is not less valuable than the Bible which it has presented to us through mythological enigma and revealing, prophetic onrush and religious mystery. Everything beautiful and great is greatest and most beautiful through what it borrows from its opposite. Herein behold the mission of Palestine to make Asia European, and Europe Asiatic. But it could not make Asia European unless it had helped immensely to create in the West a prophetic people, like unto the Hebrews—the children of the vene-

rable Covenanters, the descendants of the Scottish worthies. England, entering the East through Palestine, will conquer the East first of all, will transform the East by her own magnificent industrialism. The material must be effectually changed before the spiritual can completely triumph. And it is the glory of England to have clothed industrialism almost with a religious sanctity. When England hath done her work, hath spread far and wide her victories, the long succession of spiritual developments, each diviner than the other, will begin. Foremost will come Scotland, the prophet country to Asia, as Palestine has been the prophet country to Europe—foremost, and justly so, since, after the material hath fulfilled its vocation, the moral is most needed to limit the excesses and to correct the misdirection of the material. Now prophecy is the moral, not coldly descanting on virtue, but speaking with the fire of inspiration, and consuming without pity when it does not irresistibly convince.

But there will be this grand difference between the prophet utterances of the Hebrews of the North to the East, and the prophet utterances of Palestine to the West, that the Scotch, when prophesying, will cast behind them all traditions, all appeals to books reckoned sacred, and recognised as infallible oracles. The question asked in these days is, whether the Jewish literature is to be the eternal law of salvation to humanity—the only law—a law superstitiously revered and slavishly followed? Scotland, hating the compromises in which other nations delight, will ere long fill her thousand hills with the thunder of her—No. But precisely when she has outgrown Palestine and faith as a supposed supernatural revelation, will she manifest Palestine and faith sublimely in her prophetic outpourings. This is what many earnest Scotch priests in these days have had a glimpse of when

they have tried to give rejuvenescence to orthodoxy by millenarian visions. The millennium,—yes, it will unquestionably arrive, but it will be England, the soldier of science, accomplishing during a thousand years the astounding transformation of the East, not through any so-called Christian influences born of our modern times. Now why, my friends, will the belief in supernatural miracles die? Because England will show to the East that the material miracles wrought by science are far more marvellous than the most marvellous of those which drivellers and dotards dig from the childish region of the supernatural. I would throw no ridicule on this subject, or I might compare Balaam's ass with a steam engine. I would throw no rhetoric around it, or I might compare the water turned into wine with the skill which enables, summer after summer and autumn after autumn, vines to grow where warmest sunshine, kindest soil, freshest and most caressing air would not, in their most energetic conspiracy, bring them forth. That ridicule and that rhetoric neither belong to my faculties as a teacher, nor to my vocation as a man. I am simply a perfervid Scotchman,—perfervid, not alone to the red heat, but to the white heat, which looks less hot, but which is hotter. At that heat, my friends, you and I care nothing for theologies, but we care unspeakably for the divine. And it is of the divine, not of the theological, that I discourse when I predict England's potent work, and through England Scotland's more potent word in the East. The supernatural miraculous will die,—nay, is dead,—so I have said,—so I say. But the natural miraculous is older than the supernatural miraculous; is older and will live longer. Tubal Cain preceded Jonah and his straits in the matter of lodging, which, being interpreted, means that the future is more puissant than the past. We cannot satisfy our insatiate souls with a dead God, a

dead humanity, a dead anything. The present lives—the future lives still more. For the present after a moment belongs to the dead past. But the future is the ideal present, and never dies. While Miracle, then, is the idealized England of the future, Prophecy, Palestine, Faith is the idealized Scotland of the future. Say ye that I am influenced by a prejudice in so speaking? That is only an evidence that what I speak is the more celestially a truth. I like prejudiced people, though I do not like bigoted people. A prejudiced man is a man who obeys his heart, and calls the impulse a dogma. A bigoted man is a man who follows his dogma, and calls it an impulse. The Holy Ghost is either a sign-post or a sign. I would rather be damned with the hearts than saved with the heads. I might have made you a lecture after the manner of Guizot the glib on Palestine, and seasoned it with sourness, sulkiness, and sophistry. I preferred being a Scottish man. I am prouder than of all else in the universe, in the past, the present, or the future, that I was born in the same county where Robert Burns, the most poet of poets, the most natural of poets, was born. More tragical than a tragedy of Sophocles or Shakspeare is the mournful meditation that that county contains my mother's grave. Yet from that grave I seize a flower, Love, and the dew upon that flower, Faith. And raising my eyes I discern the grey hairs of my father—reverence,—and reverence is the germ of religion. Palestine and Faith—would ye know them? Clasp your first-born's hand, and kiss your last-born's brow. God is great.

March 11th, 1852.

LECTURE FIFTH.

ROME AND FORCE.

ALL great things that have ever been done by nations have had their root in the omnipotence of race. It is strange that this fact should be least admitted in England, where the power of race is more manifest at this hour than anywhere else in the world, except perhaps the United States of America. The English leave the Titanic impress of themselves in every clime, through an inborn and irresistible pith: yet they ascribe whatever of noble, of memorable, or of colossal they achieve, or see others achieve, entirely to institutions; and they defend their meagre mongrel, monarchy, and their sterile, stolid church, as if they were shielding from peril the richest, rarest gifts of the gods. But what, after all, is the omnipotence of race, except the omnipotence of individuality? And recognising this, do we expect the sheep to march, daring and mighty to havoc, like the lion? The English do homage to the individuality of the lion, yet claim to be a foremost people through a system which enables them to be ruled by a Charles the Second, a George the Third, a George the Fourth, or anything the most imbecile or the most depraved. It is still more singular that the English should be so enormously blind to the victorious potency of race, seeing that the most fulminating event in their history was so clearly an outburst of it. The battle of Hastings was the triumph of a race—the most valiant race then existing, and which did not confine its conquests to England alone, but chose all Europe for its scene of

action. Remembering how they got the Norman blood in their veins, which stirred them out of their Saxon sluggishness, it is marvel that the English are not the promptest to see, to celebrate, in all its practical consequences to acknowledge how diviner than aught else in nations race is.

However the English may explain their own growth toward industrial enterprise and military empire, there is one people whose sublime deeds will for ever remain an enigma to us unless we introduce race as the interpreter, and that is the Roman. You might say that the Greeks owed much to the climate and to the physical features of their country,—a country alive from its immense variety of aspects, angle chasing curve and curve angle at every turn, bold capes everywhere playing or struggling with the waves, while bold mountains were everywhere shooting, like fossilized prayers, to the stars; valleys numberless, bays numberless, torrents leaping from every precipice, the sea crowded with ships, yet for every ship a gulf or an isle, every league of coast or crag cut into an abounding emphasis of regal distinctness, yet this sharpness of outline offending not, but welcome, from the regal richness of robe surrounding it, as if here had been the battlefield of an army of giants; and the hills, and rocks, and promontories they hurled at each other had been for a thousand years softening into beauty. You might say that Greeks could only be Greeks in Greece; though Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, and other regions, prove that this was not by any means the case. But what can you say to the Romans? Italy has a certain centrality of position, or rather it had, but it is the least compact country in Europe; the chief facilities which it presents are maritime facilities, and the Romans were never, except for warlike purposes, a maritime people. The climate of Italy is debilitating, produces languor, disposes

to inaction ; for sanatory and other reasons, the choice of Rome as a city was eminently unhappy ; and it possessed no preponderating advantage with which I am acquainted. Whence was it, then, that the Romans were the strongest men who have ever been on this earth,—looking at their character as a physical, moral, and intellectual whole ? I have shown that it could not have arisen from the triumphant concourse of external circumstances ; and we must therefore seek for it in native and unrivalled superiority of race. On the basis of a most vigorous physical constitution the Romans reared two indomitable forces—pertinacity and audacity. What Rome in its earliest times was, may be interesting to Niebuhr and the like, but it has exceedingly little interest to me. Fable or not, who cares ? It is still the old absurdity of trying to discover why the lion was the lion, without confessing that he was born the lion. Whatever in a nation's development has the air of fable belongs to the chronicles of its gods rather than to the chronicles of itself. Then first does a nation attract and impress us, when it first stands clearly forth in the mastery of its manhood. Young nations, like young animals, may make magnificent gambols, and these may amuse us for a moment ; but the nations, like the animals, must come to full stature before we can admire symmetry of limb, majesty of step, or valour of work. And what is it that we do know of nations in their childhood and their youth ? Absolutely nothing. And if we did, what then ? Till the childhood and the youth are gone, the nation is not yet. Concerning the origin of the ancient Persians, what is the amount of our positive information ? Have we any whatever that we can rely on ? Suppose we were certain that a few hill tribes poured themselves into one fiery mass, came thundering down into the plain, flung all the sap of their being into a Cyrus the Great, laid the foundations of a kingdom which

after flourishing for a century or two was dashed to pieces by Alexander, what progress have we made when we have simply learned this? We are just where we were. Are not all hill tribes very much alike, whether in Persia or in the Scottish Highlands, and whether kilted or unkilted? The moment I meet with anything resembling fable in the records of a people, I do not say, Throw it to the dogs, but—Throw it to the gods. There it may profit somewhat; elsewhere it profiteth nothing. The more we throw the poetry of a nation's groping toward shape and action into religion, the more heroic will its nationality gleam up before us. You must do this as regards the Romans, or you will misunderstand their whole career, and whole mission. The Romans were eminently a political people, with no more real poetry in themselves than the English. They were catholic, not from human breadth and poetical sympathy, but from political calculation and from the indifference that always distinguishes the mere politician. Though so often warring, yet in their fiercest wars the love of war was never their leading motive. Indeed, none but purely savage nations love war for its own sake. The Romans might, with some accommodation to modern ideas, be called political propagandists. The only genius which the Romans ever had was that of making and codifying laws, and this in a manner and a degree alike unsurpassed. The strong man is the first to feel the need of law, and none but weak men rejoice in being swayed by nothing except their own caprice. The Roman, as a strong man, first dashed his sternest, most stalwart energy, against his brother. That was his primary instruction in law; with his brother's blood he built up the walls of the city. Ever as an atonement for fratricidal guilt, as the reconciliation of fratricidal quarrels, law begins. Civil wars are often deplored as most signal disasters to a country—as wounds too deep and deadly ever to be healed.

But it is through them that nations are taught the consciousness of their power; it is through them that they are taught to reverence and construct law, and to organize the city. It was her civil wars that enabled England to feel herself England; that inspired her to behold and to adore the divinity of law; the same thing may be said of France. Law, as distinguished from custom, which dispenses with law, and is more potent than law, has always a municipal origin. In its germ and idea it is an enactment for the peace and the congregated action of the city. Now, what was it that Rome the athletic did? She attempted to propagate her laws, and wherever she found resistance there she fought with determined fury, and it must be added remorseless cruelty. Lust of conquest, lust of war: these words are easily said, but they explain nothing. No; it was neither the one lust nor the other. We may not covet our neighbour's goods, and we may not hunger to spill our neighbour's blood; but we may have an irrepressible longing to make our neighbour govern his household as we govern ours, if we think that we govern ours in the best way possible, and that he governs his in the worst way possible; and if, moreover, the disturbances in his household hinder us from attending to our own affairs with persistent plenitude of vigour. Wherever the Romans went, they went as the missionaries of law. A Nicholas the First and other brutes, compounded of Nero and Cagliostro, conquer territory, but they never conquer nations, because to conquer nations is to give them better laws; and this is what the Romans never failed to do. Language spreads through law, not law through language; and the Latin language was so universal because Roman law had grown so universal. Nations, even the bravest, submitted so quietly to the Roman yoke from receiving laws so superior to all they had formerly enjoyed, and they learned the language that they might the

better partake the benefit of the law. In England, custom has much more influence than law, and what is so highly lauded here as respect for law is in fact only respect for custom. Hence, in India and elsewhere, the English cannot diffuse language through law, as the Romans did. The English have a prodigious machinery for making laws, and yet they are the most incompetent of law-makers. There is no good law in England of a creative or constructive kind. The only good laws here are those which simply abolish bad laws, as the repeal of the Corn Bill. How foolish to expect it to be otherwise, when you have neither, as at Rome, the ideal of the perfect city, nor, as in France, the ideal unity of the people! When Rome came in contact with Judea, she had a fresh experience—she hurled her grim wrath against an unaccustomed obstacle. She was not angry at finding a new religion, but at the insolence, as she deemed it, of a rival law. Hence her grapple with Judea was a conflict unto the death, to be satiated only, to end only with a blazing, crashing Jerusalem, and with the most hideous massacre that stains her annals. Christianity may be viewed from many points—one not unsuggestive way of regarding it, is as the compromise between Jewish law and Roman law—between the two grand legislations of antiquity. The Jew was a strong man,—the strongest man in ancient times, next to the Roman: he had, more than the Roman, one of the Roman's two primordial faculties, pertinacity; but he wanted the Roman's sublime audacity. The Jew always was, and is now, and evermore will be, a sneak. Even the ideal Jew, Christ, is never pictured looking straight into the earnestness of your eyes. His face is averted, or his head is hanging down. Roman legislation had a political adaptability to the world—Jewish legislation had a social adaptability. The first had regard to the community, the other to the



individual, and did not forget the poor ; and herein were marvellous and mighty destinies hid. The Greeks had the tradition of notable lawgivers, but they were too ingenious, too impatient, too impulsive to excel in legislation. Their legislation was always complicated and spoiled by local prejudices, transitory passions, ethical considerations, and poetical sympathies and ornaments. Besides, the Greek was not a strong man, like the Roman and the Jew. He was an Apollo, performing partly from frolic, partly from artistic enthusiasm, partly from divine dreaminess, and partly from metaphysical melancholy, the antics of the ballet and the pantomime. The most earnest of men, as all men who laugh in the Temple of Art are, but poor Greek, no legislator, either for his country or for mankind. The Greek was intensely a citizen ; he could be a warrior—he could be anything,—a good fellow above all ; but he never was, and never could be, a politician. Genius never builds—it embellishes, it fecundates, or, in its degeneracy, it analyses. The Greek was all genius, with a whole brood of ingenuities, still more brilliant, and still more fatal than his genius. The Greek had no more character, except that which his genius gave him : the Roman had no more genius except that which his character gave him. But behold herein precisely why the Romans were legislators, and the Greeks not, for it is the character that legislates, never the genius. The Romans were bruisers, who made certain rules of fair play before setting to : they were boxers on a very exaggerated scale. Strength with the Roman was Milo rending oaks with no other weapons than his two hands, and killing oxen with a blow of his fist, but a mere man. Strength, with the Greek, was Hercules doing much more wonderful things than Milo, but a god-man, or man-god, in whom to do wonderful things was not really wonderful. You would make laws for Milo, but you would never think of making them

for Hercules. I am not indifferent to the stupendous doings of the Romans—those Lycurgus Tom Cribbs, apart from law. I am entranced by their literature; I am awed by their architecture; I am emboldened to hope and to battle through reading of their victories; and their city, vast and mournful amid the seven famous hills, is to me the most solemn of spectacles. But if unanchored to the poetry of the past or the tragedy of the present, I am to tell you honestly what Rome essentially was, I must point to the most terrible, yet most tender countenance that flashes on us in our worst moods or our best, that of law. And without going much out of my way, I might find a vindication for so doing in the circumstance that Rome had three names,—a mysterious name, a sacerdotal name, a political or civic name: the first, Amor, the second, Flora, the third, Roma, as if symbolically to indicate that all true and grand law could be melted into beauty, as religion, and into love for obedient individualities and sacred homes. I might prefer, and no doubt I should prefer the Amor and the Flora, if I were not now considering Rome's place among nations, viewed as agents of civilization. The Amor and the Flora will come to be treated of at some sunnier epoch of my own history. We find politics, if we look at the origin of the word, to signify the government of the city. To our immense satisfaction, we have changed all that in England, and our idea of politics means making tedious and twaddling speeches at public meetings, and leaving our cities to despair and anarchy, when pestilence, with its black banner and its troop of terrors, comes trampling on. Rome was not merely to the Roman the ideal of the state, but an incomparable organization. Who has not heard of its vast works for the supply of water and for drainage, as among the wonders of the world? Nothing was left to chance. For everything there was a supreme officer, with a definite

department of duty. In English jails the most horrible cruelties are committed, yet nobody knows of them; and when the shrieks of agony pierce through the dungeon walls and startle even the most heedless, and move even the most unfeeling, nobody knows to whom it belongs to step in boldly and put an end to the wrong and the woe. You have either a most delectable liberty, by which every man is allowed to do that which is right in his own eyes, and to plant a colony of pigs at the end of your garden, and to rear up a dunghill under your bedroom window, as a monument of his industry; or you have a fat and drowsy thing called a corporation, whose chief employment is to keep up party spirit, to dabble in all kinds of corruption, to vote a new coat or a new hat to the beadle; to dine frequently at the expense of the rate-payers, to keep their loyalty from rusting, and to bribe all the base and intimidate all the craven at municipal or parliamentary elections. That was not quite the Roman notion of liberty, or the Roman notion of the city. If so, we should never have heard of the Romans.

We gather from what has been said, that the city to the Roman was three things: a perfect municipal institution, the ideal of the state, and the science and symmetry of law. As those three things, he established it wherever his sword could hew its way. He had no desire, and he made no attempt, to amalgamate other nations with his own nation,—for he did not properly belong to a nation. Neither, when a nation found favour in his eyes, had he any idea of infusing into it national feeling, or of clothing it with national compactness. The Roman was a citizen, and as politics, with him, was the art of governing the city, so civilization was the science, the duty, and the discipline of citizenship. His politeness, including something much more than politeness, was urbanity. When Christianity arose, the conception

of the city passed into religion, as the Gospel conquered only where the Roman legions had already passed. It is some time since I read Paul's Epistles, but if I remember well, he speaks habitually of heaven as a city, and talks of spiritual growth as seeking a city. Saint Augustine entitled one of his most famous works *The City of God*. In the barbarians who at last drove Rome from her pride of place, the sentiment of the tribe or nation was predominant. They shrank from the city as much as the Romans clung to it. They sought pillage, or rural settlements. The city was to them something unwieldy, which they could not manage; something complicated, which they could not understand; something huge and tremendous, which awed them as if they had been treading with unholy feet the sacred floor of some enormous temple; something close, gloomy, and oppressive, that smothered and tortured the throbbings of their wild hearts with its dungeon atmosphere; and an Alaric and an Attila alike fled from the grand image of Rome the Eternal City. Rome was successful in stamping herself as law wherever her armies went; but she was not successful in making the city, as the ideal of the state, permanently prevail anywhere but in Italy; and Italy remains what the Romans left it, a realm of cities. The Italians know no life, and can appreciate no life, but that of the city; and this does not proceed, like the Frenchman's attachment to Paris, from social feeling, or from the love of excitement and pleasure. It is an inveterate political habit, inherited from the Roman times, and over which countless foreign armies and a thousand revolutions have had no influence whatever. This is an immense obstacle to the emancipation of Italy. It weakens patriotism, and prevents co-operation. The Italian's love for his city has the same effect as the Englishman's love for his sect—it gives him a fatherland

within the fatherland, dearer than the fatherland itself. Then each city, standing apart in superb isolation, is indisposed to sympathy and concert with the other cities. As if to increase the difficulty of united action, vast sweeps of lonely pasture land condemn some cities to a solitude as complete as if they were desert islands on the ocean. Then you have the gigantic backbone of the Apennines, seeming to break up Italy still more into a region of cities. Free Italy to-morrow, and make it republican to-morrow, you would have, the day after, a hundred little republican governments. You could not have a united Italy. To unite Italy, monarchy from the North must first embrace it, whatever the form of government may ultimately be. It is strange that Italy should have been so long in ignominious servitude, while it has produced the ablest politicians of modern days. Compared to Italian politicians, all others are as children. We might have supposed that so many sagacious and gifted souls, rising up, age after age, would, long ere this, have accomplished the deliverance of their country. We might all the more have supposed this, as the Italian is not willing to sell himself, like the German, to the first despot who is willing to buy. But precisely because Italy nurtured so many and such distinguished politicians, did its disenthralment become impossible. Politician countermined and counteracted politician, and the most hopeful vision of each politician never went further than the resurrection of some fallen city. As Italy has produced the greatest of modern politicians, so it has given birth to the greatest modern political writers. All other modern writers on politics are not worth reading. But what helped to make Aristotle and Tacitus such profound thinkers on politics, was what also helped to render Machiavelli and others so acute, so powerful, and so convincing, when treating of political subjects. The city

was for ever before them as such a clear and compact unity that they could grasp the minutest fibre, and mark all its relations to the body corporate. What was Dante but a great political writer? What is his immortal poem but a long political discourse? What is the idea that for ever recurs therein? The idea of the city. The constitution of the Italian city turned those into politicians who would have meddled little in politics elsewhere. All Dante's education was political, and the chief of his sufferings through political causes; and there is scarcely any of Italy's literary men whom we do not find to have been, in some way or other, connected with politics. The more you depart from the idea of the city and approach the idea of the nation, the more the people govern themselves, and dispense with the aid of foremost politicians. As long as Rome was able to stand her ground against the barbarians, each country under her sway was formed into a number of Romes, was organized into a number of cities, modelled after the Eternal City. When Rome fell, the inrush of the barbarians, the revival of ancient habits, the empire once more acquired by the instinct of nationality effaced all this. But though the idea of the city gradually disappeared everywhere but in Italy, such was not the fate of Roman law. This survived, and became substantially the code of every nation in Europe. It survives now in all its pristine strength, and probably, with its unquestionable good, it has grown, like our theology, gradually into a dogmatism, and, like that, has become stereotyped and pedantic. It is noteworthy, that the greatest modern writers on law, like the greatest modern writers on politics, have been Italians; that law is still more scientifically studied in Italy than anywhere else; and that it occupies a most important place in the Italian Universities. Political economy, likewise, is plainly of Italian origin,— the offspring of the city, the offspring

of civic economy. As law has never been exalted in England into a science, it is difficult for us to understand what deep and enduring benefits Roman law has conferred upon the world. It is quite the half of our modern civilization. I do not say the better half, for the better half must be that which each nation has achieved for itself, through its own fertile and imperial energies. I do not think that we have been so much indebted to the barbarians as is usually supposed. They might brace the sinews of Europe when it had sunk into languor, but they brought no fresh elements to civilization. They destroyed one civilization, and I defy all the cunning Guizots to prove that we have yet got another, or that we are likely for centuries to get it.

Undoubtedly, however, the persistency of Roman will, the force of Roman law, the idea of the city, have conquered empire for themselves much more in the spiritual than in the political and social affairs of men. What was the church that for so many centuries was almighty in Christendom? Was it not the Roman-catholic church? Does not that church still count adherents by tens and hundreds of millions? Whence this eagle clutch of the souls of men? Whence this imperishable impress on human communities? The Christian religion became the Roman-catholic church solely through the administrative faculties of the first Roman-catholic bishops. They left to the Greek and Oriental Fathers the glory of genius and the defence of the faith. The faith to them was simply a new Roman colony, where the Roman city was to be built. It is usually supposed that it was from advantage of position that the Roman see obtained such wide and exclusive dominion. This is sufficiently silly. But what to the mass was religion, what to the devotee was faith, what to the priest and the controversialist was theology, the Roman bishops' ambition, the courage,

and the skill, to build into an institution. Here you have the word of the enigma, as the French say. Obedient to Roman inspirations and associations, they viewed the whole thing simply as a political question. It was little that they cared for the cross or the crucified, and I have no doubt that they felt ashamed at being obliged to seem so intimate with a Jewish malefactor. But the Egyptian and other gods had been adopted, and why not a Jewish one? All through the history of the Roman-catholic church there might be talk about religion, talk about faith, but the real anxiety was always about the institution. I have spoken of Italian politicians as the greatest, and the greatest of those politicians were unquestionably the popes. Few of the popes were men of genius, but there was scarcely one who was not a consummate politician. Gregory the Seventh and Innocent the Third were merely building again the old Roman city. The squabbles of the popes with the German emperors were a renewal of the old debates between the Roman republic and the phantoms or monsters called Cesars. It is well known that the Emperor Augustus kept up most of the forms of the ancient republic. It was only on that condition that he was enabled to reign for nearly half a century. As long as there was a Roman empire the Romans wished still to be considered republicans. When any Roman emperor ventured to act as an absolute monarch, the Romans walked into his palace, and stabbed him. They felt themselves to be Romans—children of the old republic, and must be treated as citizens, not as Roman slaves. Now the popes represented, and a weak and wretched Pius the Ninth continues, after his fashion, to represent the Roman democracy, and the debate was not really whether the temporal or spiritual power should prevail, but whether the city, still a grand tradition if not a grand reality, or the empire, a

mere barbarous monstrosity, should be dictator to the nations. The idea of the popedom is most manifestly democratic, but democratic not in the Yankee sense. The Yankee democracy is that egregious absurdity—the British constitution run to seed; it is the British constitution drunk, dropsical, and paying female impostors to call up the spirits of the damned. But the democracy, such as the popedom imagined it, was the combination of the three things which the Eternal City contained, which it sought always to symbolize, if it did not always realize them—the perfect municipal institution, the ideal of the state, and the science and symmetry of law. To one of the grandest principles of democracy the popedom was uniformly faithful—it admitted to the highest spiritual dignities, even to the throne of Saint Peter itself, the humblest in rank and in birth; and however high a man's rank, however noble his birth, the rank and birth were alike forgotten the moment he entered the church. We are pretty fellows, truly, to gabble to the Italians or to the popes about freedom or government. Where less than in England is the merit or the talent of an individual recognised on its own account? Where but in England do you make a fool a prime minister because he happens to be a lord? In Italy, however degenerate we may regard it, a man is still recognised as a man the moment he presents himself, but in England he never has recognition as a man unless he be a rich millionaire or the son of a duke. In spite of Mr. Miall and his spurious puritanism, the Roman-catholic church still continues to be the most democratic church in the universe, and it will so continue till Christianity is dead.

The Roman-catholic church has sometimes been reproached for its cruelty—but here also speaks out its old Roman lineage. The Romans were never wantonly cruel; they were cruel as strong men are sometimes cruel;

they were cruel from time to time also from political considerations. Were the gladiatorial shows one whit more cruel than our boxing-matches, dog-fights, cock-fights, or even our horse-racing? How far such things show strength in a nation, or show what is called pluck in a nation, I am not here now to discuss. But the Roman cruelty had about it a grandeur which English cruelty cannot claim. It was the gathering into an amphitheatre stretching into the skies of the bravest nation to see which of two men was the bravest, with a disposition to condemn nothing but cowardice. The Inquisition—Dr. Cumming's bugbear—was not an Italian instrument; it was unwillingly adopted by the popes, and its worst deeds were not done on the Italian soil. The popes submitted to it as the Romans submitted to the necessity of destroying Carthage and devastating Jerusalem.

One curious form of the old Roman city was the monastery. Each monastery was a Christian Rome in miniature. The Saint Antonies and other persons of that sort could get no further in the way of religious seclusion than a cave or a hut in the desert, and uncooked indigestibilities which invited the nocturnal visits of demons. But the Roman stepped in with his sublime municipal notion, and built the cell into the city—that is to say, substituted for the useless life of the hermit an organized institution of missionary and merciful action.

The only blunder which, in their long career, I can detect the popes in committing is the attempt to acquire territory in Italy. Or, if they made that attempt, they should have tried to erect Italy into a nation. They should have limited themselves to the walls of Rome, or to the coast and Alpine chain of Italy. By trying to acquire territory, they showed that they had been drinking of the barbarian's cup; by stopping short of Italy, they showed that the old idea of the Roman city was stronger

than the barbarian's draught. But, indeed, it required not political discernment, but prophetic intuition, to see that the city had been age after age dwindling into a phantom, and that the nation was not yet born; and the Popes had not prophetic intuition. No human being could less understand what the intuition of the prophet meant than the Roman; and Italy has produced tribunes spiritual and political, but never a prophet.

There is a portion of this subject that would demand longer, fuller illustration, than I can now devote to it. As contrasted with the Protestant churches, the Roman-catholic is still distinguished by its love of works. The Calvinists, the Methodists say, Believe; the Roman-catholic church says, Do something. This is characteristic, for all great fighters are great workers; and the Romans were both. And then as guardians of the Eternal City, they did not like that a man should sit lazily in the sun, at the corner of a street, and wishing that the avowal of his belief that the Eternal City existed should be enough, content himself with doing nothing; whereas the Protestant doctrine of justification by faith requires nothing more from a man than that he should proclaim his belief in the existence of the Eternal City, by sticking his leprous back against one of its pillars.

The most recent, and perhaps the final utterance of the Roman city, was the Emperor Napoleon. He was an Italian; nothing French in him, though he ruled over the French people. Napoleon had two ideas—that of making the whole of France into a Roman city; and that of making, as Alexander the Great dreamt, the world into a city, of which the phalanx—French, Italian, or Greek, as it might be, should be the citadel. Now, these were two very notable ideas, very epic ideas; though a mellifluous and mincing Yankee, called Emerson, has said that all which Napoleon aimed at or did was representing the

middle classes and their tallow candles, as if he had been only a John Bright or a Richard Cobden. Dismissing Emerson, Cobden, and Bright without ceremony, I beg leave to observe that we have been brought into curious complexities through Napoleon's two ideas. With him, and with his two ideas, Rome was drawing majestically its last breath. When a Hudson Lowe and his myrmidons were hovering round this mightiest man since Hannibal, little did they know what was dying. What was dying, my friends? Why, Rome was dying. It had lived three thousand years, and it had come to die on a lonely rock in the Atlantic ocean. And probably George the Fourth, in his idiotic Brighton pavilion, or wherever else he might be at the time, had small suspicion how much grander the death of two great things is than the life of one insignificant thing, even if he chanced to be called king. Two great things expiring amid that wilderness of waters, and the albatross of those waters with more sense, and the shark of those waters with more pity than those who were standing round felt or showed. Terrible Rome, beautiful Rome—terrible Napoleon, beautiful Napoleon! I do not say you were perfect—but you believed in the ideal city; and what other belief remains to us since that belief disappeared? I preach indeed the religion of individualism, the religion of intuitionism, the religion of pantheism; but I cannot point either to the perfect city or to the perfect nation. I can only show the individual and humanity; the city and the nation I cannot show. Hence I seem to be speaking vaguely, when the fault is not in me, but in the absence of the city and the nation. I possess the two extreme points; the two intermediate points I do not possess. They died with Napoleon at Saint Helena. He attempted what is not an impossibility,—to reconcile the Roman city, oriental pantheism, modern commercial en-

terprise, and the yearning of all modern times for the nation. But they struck him down at Moscow, Achilles, and Homer, and Agamemnon, and Alexander, and Cæsar in one; and they struck him down in Spain, and they struck him down at Waterloo, and George the Fourth was king, and Sidmouth and Castlereagh were ministers, and Hudson Lowe was jailer, and we have now to work out the problem for ourselves. Napoleon, the greatest of modern men, died because he had bound himself to an exhausted idea, that of the city; but the individual, the nation, humanity, the universe, are still before us. Giving lavish tears to Rome, the Eternal City, and to Napoleon, its last offspring, its last defender, let us preserve and incarnate whatever was divinest in both, and march on enthusiastically and valiantly to the idealisms of the future.

October 9th, 1853.

LECTURE SIXTH.

ARABIA AND MIRACLE.

LEAPING with one bound from the heart of India to the heart of Arabia, you will find that there is a stronger contrast than that between the gorgeous exuberance of the former and the naked barrenness of the latter: it is the contrast between India's religious pantheism and Arabia's prophetic individuality; and it is prophetic individuality which is the parent of miracle. All miracle has a human, as distinguished from a religious interest; and it is not the product of properly religious elements, though it is usually and ignorantly supposed to be so. Fertile imagination, but an intensity of passion dominating the imagination—go with these into the desert, and miracle will flash round your path, and prophecy burn upon your lips. The Arabians never had, and have not now, a rich religious nature. The mechanical fashion in which all Mahometans observe religious practices, perform religious duties, sufficiently shows that they are destitute of abounding religious phantasy, of deep religious feeling. And much as I appreciate certain aspects of Mahometanism, and greatly as, on the whole, I prefer it to Christianity, I do it no injustice in saying that it is not a religion at all. Religion is either pantheistic ecstasy, as in India, or theocratic government, as in Egypt, or poetic culture, as in Greece, or political organization, as in Rome. Where it is none of these things, the religious faculty must be weak and unfecund, and none of these things has it been among Mahometan nations.

Do I therefore quarrel with Mahometanism? Far from it. In the same degree that it has been religiously feeble and unfruitful, has it been morally grand and bold. If, indeed, we admit pedants to make systems of ethics for us, in which passion is denounced as guilt, then we shall hate and curse Mahometanism as a moral monster, while despising it as a religious dwarf. But if we recognise not only the power, but the nobility, and often the sacredness and sublimity of passion, then will Mahometanism assert an incomparable ascendant for moral elevation, moral truthfulness, and moral energy.

But it is religion, and not morality, which is the primordial conservative and creative force in human communities; and we can easily understand how, from the very necessity of things, so many Mahometan conquests vanished like the melting snow, and left no trace behind. Christianity coming from Judea, from a land peopled by a bastard blackguard Arab tribe, could have no more real religious life in it than Mahometanism: but Mahometanism retained all its native individuality, and scorned to borrow, while the Jewish heresy, picking up the spiritual old clothes of the universe, as the croaking Hebrew now gathers old coats and old hats in London alleys, became the heir of Egyptian theocracy, of Greek culture, of Roman organization, concealing the composite character of the system so formed with a cloud of oriental mysticism, and giving the system an apparent, sometimes a substantial vigour with the fresh, bounding, bounteous blood which the barbarian brought from Sarmatian swamps, from Scythian wilds, from German forests, and from the shores and islands of the West. Though, therefore, as I have repeatedly maintained, Christianity is unmitigated rationalism, yet, wherever it has spread, it has acquired somewhat of conservative and creative empire, by appropriating the pith of new nations, and by crowding its

buccaneering ships with the spoils of the past. An in-harmonious, chaotic, but cunning eclecticism—that is Christianity : from its eclecticism, however, readily lending itself to the complicated relations of modern communities. The most enormous nonsense has been talked alike on Mahometanism and on Christianity, from want of looking straight and clear into the face and into the soul of both, and thus not seeing the distinctive features and the special significance of each. The gospel is always spoken of as the divinest novelty among human affairs, and Mahometanism, as a degenerate offshoot from the gospel. Marvellous impudence and marvellous absurdity here ! Why, of all religions and theologies assuming to be revelations from heaven, Christianity can claim the least of independence and originality, while Mahometanism can claim the most. It suits shallow, bombastic, tedious, tawdry declaimers of the Theodore Parker school to picture Christianity as a stupendous and unrivalled outburst of God's glory and grace. But where are the facts to confirm such extravagant statements of the Yankees and Yahoos, I am willing to learn. Neither from spite, nor wrath, nor revenge do I disparage Christianity. Unworthy I, if I did so, to be a teacher of the people. If, however, looking at this vaunted religion with the same honest eyes which delight in the magnificence of suns, the loveliness of landscapes, the sacrifices of heroic men, the tenderness and the affection of woman, the beauty and the rapture of childhood, I am unable to see the excellences which its admirers ascribe to it, I cannot suppose that the fault is wholly mine. You cannot talk us into the faith that this is a living, or that it ever was a noble religion, by sprawling and bawling round it with your rhapsodical Yankee prolixities. Mahometanism was never like Christianity—morbid, ascetic, subtle, sophistical, self-anatomising, dismembering human nature, and setting one part

thereof to fight with the other. It was potent, healthy, and serene—a thing of action, a thing into which speculation could not enter, and into which it never did enter; for even if you admit that in Mahometanism, as in Christianity, the orthodox sects have been numerous, and the heterodox sects numberless, sect in Christianity and sect in Mahometanism had never the same import and intention. In Christianity, sect was the division and the sub-division of the curious, analysing, merciless intellect; in Mahometanism, sect was a new battle-cry.

Now, Mahometanism was the exact expression of the Arabian character, and was only adopted by nations marked by the same simplicity of genius, and directness of purpose, however otherwise different. In catholicity, then, it was eminently deficient. It could not, like Roman Paganism, admit into its Pantheon a thousand new gods, and last of all the Jew God, Jesus. It could appropriate nothing foreign. It was fiercely intolerant, as complete, valiant, persistent individuality invariably is; but it was not intolerant after the Christian fashion. It was not like the Athanasian and Arian quacks at Alexandria and Constantinople, because it had a crotchet in its brain, which it wished to stick into the brain of some one else, that it forced the vanquished to bow the knee to the Prophet and the Prophet's doctrine. It had neither time nor taste for such pedantic ponderings. But itself was the most earnest, honest fact it knew, and that it stamped with flaming, onward instinct, and the gleam of scimitars, wherever it came. You will find that the Vandals, and other barbarous nations who embraced Christianity, were Arians precisely from the same cause that the Mahometans clung so tenaciously to the strict unity of God. To the Vandal, as to the Mahometan, God was the heroic Individual by excellence; intensely, therefore saliently, flashingly, commandingly One. The

Arab, the Mahometan, seldom had any contest with the true barbarian. When he met the true barbarian, he met a brother. His war was with the semblances that wished to pass themselves off as the representatives of Greek and Roman civilization. The Arab had five things: the cloudless heaven above him, made more cloudless by his long star-worship; the murmur, the howl, and the inspiration of two gulfs and two seas; the breath of all Africa upon him, making him more an African than an Asiatic; the compact sternness, joined with the ferocious angularity and the athletic nudity of his country; and his colossal grasp of himself, the desert, and his horse's mane. When you have these five things, you cannot furnish the great Guizot with materials for a history of civilization, nor the great Grote with texts for interminable but utterly useless dissertations; but you can march forth into the universe with a sublime sense of superiority, which annihilates Niebuhr and the noodles.

That very superiority, however, may be a hindrance to vigorous grasp and to permanent sway, after the most brilliant and wonderful triumphs. Each Arab, even the obscurest and the most insignificant, having an indomitable individuality which in other lands distinguishes only the foremost men, was thereby unfitted to mingle as an obedient and co-operative unit into a social mass. The Roman had pride enough, and a massive energy and a muscular will quite equal to his pride; but his pride was that he was a citizen of the most famous and invincible of cities. How different the Arab! His pride was that he was not a citizen; his tent was what the seven hills, with their garniture of palaces, and temples, and amphitheatres, the majesty of the republic, the spoil and splendour of ten thousand victories were to the Roman. The latter had only to lean his back to the walls and

towers of the Eternal Queen, to feel his strength renewed. But the Arab gave strength; he never deigned to seek strength from any one. He might, as a friend, lend his individuality—he might, as a mercenary, sell his individuality—he might, as an enthusiast, surrender his individuality—yet it could be merely for a time. He who says individuality, says everlasting resurrection, everlasting insurrection. Merge for one brief, fiery, stupendous hour, a crowd of individualities, marked and mighty as those of the Arab breed—merge them into your own individuality, and you have in your hand a whirlwind of demigods with which to sweep the trembling world. But when that hour is past, each demigod aspires to be a whirlwind, and there is no longer either command or submission. Individuality is anarchic, because complete in itself, and never dominated, even transiently, by any social impulse.

In all Arab history, and in all Mahometan history as influenced by the Arab character, you observe these three things—the frequency with which men rise from the obscurest position to the foremost place, the frequency with which men are hurled from thrones when but a moment before everything appeared serene and prosperous, and the incessant, and what seems to us the insane tendency to sedition. Now, none of all these things was the result of a fickle and turbulent disposition, of fierce and reckless passions. That is an obvious mode of explanation, and satisfies the rabble of historians; and perhaps in nothing does commonplace rule so supremely as in the writing of history. But the Arab is not, and never was, fickle, and turbulent, and fierce, and reckless. Government, however, with him can last only so long as there is sufficient power of compression or power of attraction, apart from social impulse and social empire, to gain eminence for an individual. But of necessity this can

never be long. To constitute a community without the social element, this was the problem which the Arabs attempted to solve—the hardest problem ever set before a brave and noble race. The French are really fickle, and turbulent, and fierce, and reckless, but from being the most social of nations, while the Arabs are the most unsocial, they can be more easily blended than any other into a permanent and harmonious unity. And it is this social need so profoundly, so overwhelmingly felt, which makes them submit so tamely to a debasing despotism, and which will always make some kind of despotism indispensable, welcome, even popular in their country. It is evident that the French would never have subdued Abd-el-Kader, in spite of their immense superiority in military tactics and in all material appliances, if he could have enchanted and enchained by social transfusion the whole Mahometan masses of North Africa. In his miraculous career the old Arab individuality showed itself in its utmost grandeur and with its most fatal defects. And his achievements and disasters make much plain to us which we find in early Mahometan records.

Why have the Turks been so often defeated by Russia? Why is it to be feared that, if they were to rush single-handed into the conflict with Russia they would be defeated again? The Russians are as disgusting and despicable as their master is hateful. But they have in as large a degree gregarious adhesiveness as the French have the instinct of social affinity. The Turks, on the other hand, have their own proneness to disjunctive individuality and that of their Arab religion; and thus, while incomparably more valiant, more chivalrous than their opponents, they have ignominiously been cut up in detail whenever they have engaged in war with the swinish herds of serfs whose presence is a pollution and a leprosy in Europe, which she ought not to tolerate one

month, one day longer, unless she is tired of freedom, and health, and heroism, and the richest treasures of civilization that have been transmitted to her from the past. I know not how it is; but whatever subject I treat of seems to lead me by some path or other to place my strangling gripe on this loathsome bestiality among the nations, this, that I so fiercely abhor. Digressing, capriciously or not, and however gravely sinning against artistic completeness, directness, and connectedness, I should not regret this if the more my excursions were erratic, the nearer they brought the thrusts of my lance to the heart of Russia.

Besides, in picturing Arabia, that knight errant, whose history is as marvellous as those tales of Arab origin which our children read, some wild wanderings from the beaten track may well be permitted; all the more to one whose individuality is his only law, whose passions give birth to his phantasies, his phantasies to his ideas. Sons of Ishmael, as ye sweep over the desert like the simoom, ye would scarcely recognise me as a brother; but am I not a son of Ishmael too? One grand thing I want to delineate you, your fatherland, and your divine share in the world's work, as you and they ought to be delineated,—to roam for a few years as ye roam the measureless sands, and lead your daring, dashing, adventurous life. Ancient Egypt, ancient Palestine, ancient Greece, and ancient Rome, are all buried; but Arabia stretches into the remotest past, has an unbroken vitality, and boasts an eternal youth. It is not, therefore, books which can teach us most what she is, though we are obliged to trust mainly to books in summoning those other lands from their sepulchre. They have fulfilled their mission, but I am far from thinking that Arabia has fulfilled her mission. What is to hinder her from playing the same grand part which she played a thousand years ago at the voice of Mahomet and his successors? Arabia is the only country

in the world occupying a historical place, that has never been completely conquered by a foreign foe. The Arabians are the only people in the world whose blood is pure as that of the Arab steed. They are an unmixed race. And this is an immense advantage, though some mixed races, like the English, do mighty things, too. Perhaps never was a race more prodigally gifted than the Arabians, uniting as they do to a most impetuous bravery and an unsurpassed loftiness of character, a most fertile fancy and a most penetrating intellect. Their brain is Asiatic, swarms with Asiatic imaginings, prompt are their hands, lithe yet potent their sinews as those of Europe, and all Africa burns in their veins. A race this surely built by the Almighty for the vanquishment of men. The Romans tried to subdue Arabia, and failed. The subjugation of Arabia was one of Alexander the Macedonian's dreams, when he died at Babylon. Arabia was not to be subdued; her destiny was to be a subduer. Even if she had had no valiant bosoms to defend her, her rich perfumes were breathed, her enchanting Paradise lay in the south, and that was her safeguard. You had to dash yourself against rocks, you had to face the sandy billows and the suffocating winds of the wilderness, before you reached Araby the Blest. What shielded the Paradise added to its charm by contrast; and this contrast became an additional element in Arabic individuality. The Arab joined to temperance and endurance unmatched the rich reverie and the warmth of the voluptuary. This was but the reflex of his country and his clime. Look at the Koran. To say that, directly or indirectly, it teaches or tends toward sensuality, is false. With much more truth might it be said regarding numerous portions of the Bible. But, faithful to Arabia, and to the children thereof, the Koran, after repelling you with its stony ruggedness and arid monotony, bathes you in

voluptuous odours, enraptures you with voluptuous visions.

Mere sensuality, whether arising from boundless appetite, from epicurean indolence, or from the spread of luxurious corruption, must always be fatal to a nation. Much that is good in the English is neutralised, many of their best aspirations are thwarted, their harmonious growth as a united people seems to become more and more an impossibility, through boundless appetite; this more than defective education accounts for the backward condition of the working classes in England. Where there is not in England the insatiate lust for gold, there is the vulgar lust of mere eating and drinking in enormous excess. The existence of the Hindoo is a chronic sensuality, not from the strength of his appetites, but from the feebleness of his will, and from the inrush of nature's exuberance into his unresisting and susceptible soul. In various seasons of French history, in the decline of the Roman empire, and in the long decay of the Greek empire, you have examples of the woe wrought by luxurious corruption. But though sensuality, from whatever cause springing, degrades, exhausts, and kills, voluptuousness, simply as voluptuousness, has the very opposite effect. There was not much of the sensualist, but there was a great deal of the voluptuary in Goethe; this, so far from limiting his range, or hampering his movements, served but to make his genius more abounding and catholic. And perhaps Shakspeare is a more signal confirmation of the same truth. Or rather, I should point to the mighty prophet of the Arabians, Mahomet himself, as best illustrating the point before us. No more complete voluptuary do the records of our race offer, and no more miraculous man. But he was just as little a sensualist as he was an impostor. He was the most miraculous of men, however, because he was the completest

of voluptuaries. To the real voluptuary, labour and battle are pleasure intensified; and pleasure, in the common sense, is a storehouse to which he resorts for a fresh supply of effulgent and victorious imaginings, that are again to become the objects, the motives, the materials, and the instruments of action. It is currently stated by the mob of writers, and universally believed by the mob of readers, that the Arabs, in the first intoxication of the Koran, rushed with such fanatical and irresistible fury into the combat, and achieved such rapid and prodigious successes, from the ardent longing for the Mahometan heaven. Why, the Mahometan heaven had been flashing on the Arabian brain for thousands of years before Mahomet was born. Because from of old, even from the dawn of things, every Arab had been what Mahomet himself was—a voluptuary. As such, he bore in his soul a gladder and more gorgeous Elysium than any that he could conceive of, or expect as a reward for hard fighting.

What was the work which Mahometanism had to do? Was it not that of reviving the conscience of the world which Christianity had strangled? So triumphant had the craven teachings of the Gospel been, that in the centuries immediately preceding the proclamation of the Koran, the descendants of the Greeks and Romans had forgotten how to use a sword, and had to call in barbarians to defend them from other barbarians. The grossest superstition and the most debasing vice shared society between them. Patriotism, and along with it every noble emotion, was dead. Only one virtue survived, if virtue it can be called—indiscriminate almsgiving, and that was supposed to atone for the absence of all other virtues. God sent the Arabians to stamp once more with bloody letters on the heart of mankind those rand primordial moral truths which they had lost, or

which they trampled under foot. And can it for a moment be admitted that these terrible instructors whose lessons were the thunderbolts of the battle crash had no higher inspiration than the gleam of woman's eyes from some palace of the immortals? As religious huckstering has always been one of the prevalent and most potent ideas of Christianity, the followers of Christ have been unable to conceive how the Arabians, in their miraculous deeds, could be influenced by aught but the expectation of an equivalent. Salvation, eternal salvation, is the price which the Christian's God is required to pay for good actions, or for the mere semblance thereof. But as Mahometanism differs totally from Christianity in its essence, it differed immensely from it in its mode of propagation. Christianity, at its very birth, was a confession of the world's weakness. Besides, it was the vaguest of dogmas—a dogma admitting of a thousand various interpretations, according to the caprice, the cowardice, or the selfishness of men. Even to this hour, what is it but this same misty dogma, into which a county court casuist like Frederick Maurice half chokes himself to force all kinds of impossible meanings? When it is complained that the Church of England has no standard of faith, though always boasting of its orthodoxy, it may at once be asked whether it does not therein correspond to what Christianity has from the earliest been. Now, Mahometanism was an outburst of vigour, not a confession of weakness; and, so far from being a miserable ghost of a dogma, taking ten thousand shapes, and ever and anon vanishing in pestilential fogs, it was a nation of true men going forth to teach the nations truth,—a nation of prophetic and miraculous men,—a nation of sane men also, as far as enthusiasm can be sane. Do not compare the Crusades, those picturesque idiocies, with the colossal Arabian explosion. In the dark and confused feudal

ages man was tortured by so many maladies, and entangled by so many inextricabilities, that he was glad to escape from them all in the fury of delirium. And in the midst of much apparent zeal in high quarters, what hurled these millions of wretched lunatics to a grave in Asia? Was it not the cruel and tortuous policy of ambitious and unscrupulous Italian priests? Arabia naturally overflowed all regions near and remote, because it was the one strong and sublime sincerity remaining. Do not weigh in your pedantic scales the comparative excellences of Mahometanism and Christianity as religions. Rather behold all Christian kingdoms paralysed, leprous, depraved, when Arabia came forth to renew and to cleanse them.

When the barbarians were converted to Christianity, it was not fresh and unpolluted nature that they brought to their new faith. This fallacy runs through all modern history, and few fallacies in history have been more greedily accepted—few have been more misleading. How could the most of the barbarians be so long in contact with Roman civilization without absorbing its deadliest poison into their soul. Take the North American Indian as he now is, take the Russian as he now is, blend them together, and you have a type of what the barbarians in the mass were when the Gospel wheedled them into its greasy, dirty, Jewish clutch. Except in mere physical valour, it is doubtful whether they were not in every respect inferior to the more direct representatives of Greece and Rome. Only so far, then, as they had physical valour could they give, or did they give, new life to Christianity. But physical valour by itself is an impellent, not an infusion. The Persians in their origin seem to have had abundance of physical valour; yet the Persians, though making conquests nearly as vast as those of Alexander the Great, did nothing for the renovation

and transformation of the world. The Carthaginians, though generally employing mercenaries in their wars, yet appear to have been in themselves quite as brave as the Romans; but what have they left behind except the memory of their tragic fate and the noble, the unrivalled name of Hannibal? Where, for fourteen hundred years, has more physical valour been squandered than on the Italian soil? The Italian soil drinks in the blood, yet brings forth no crop of manlier men. Courage is divine, even mere physical courage; but it must be the weapon of the eternally right and true, it must be the pioneer of the most harmonious culture, if it is to transform and transfuse humanity. Your barbarian, even when he has the barbarian's most chivalrous and Titanic virtues, creates nothing,—he is puissant only to destroy.

All abiding conquests substitute a living civilization for a dead civilization, or for mere barbarism. As the diffusers of a living civilization, as the heralds of culture, did the Arabians glean out, Godlike and invincible, from their deserts. Follow their course wherever you choose, you perceive that art, and science, and literature,—an art, and science, and literature all their own,—went forward, hallowing their victories. It is silly, then, to speak of them as those who are determined to trace every blessing which the human race enjoys to Christianity; it is silly and false to speak of them as if they had been so many Huns broke loose. They were, in their own way, a civilized people, and had been so long years before the Queen of Sheba came from the south of Arabia to see the glory and to hear the wisdom of Solomon. They gave the best proof of their civilization by their prompt and enlightened appreciation of Aristotle and the other great men of antiquity. Ill would it have fared with many a Greek and Roman genius whose words, stolen from the stars, are now our food and joy, if the gifted mind and the

generous heart of the Arab had not offered hospitality. I never read of rulers who honoured the poet, who rewarded the man of letters, who revered and exalted the sage from the intense honest and abounding recognition of moral and intellectual superiority, except Arab rulers. What did Augustus care for a Virgil or a Horace, except as instruments to swell his renown, and to lessen the indignation of mankind at the foul deeds of his early career? And that melodramatic humbug, Louis the Fourteenth, was he full of love and veneration for that race of bombastic rhetoricians who crawled to the foot of his throne to babble in verse or in prose their abject flatteries? He, in his innermost breast, despised them as heartily as they despised him,—but it was pleasant to him, and helped to keep up a monstrous quackery to hear old Bossuet fulminating his histrionic magniloquences, or to witness old pedantic, conceited, unreadable Boileau picturing the monarch's passing the Rhine, to perpetrate a base and signal injustice, as the most epic event in history. Nothing similar can I discover in Arabian records. Here I behold prince and peasant alike adoring genius, adoring wisdom as sacred facts, as direct revelations from heaven. To the Athenians in their best days we must repair for a parallel promptitude and prodigality of worship given to the sons of God.

And, indeed, the Arabians were the Ancients of the Christian Centuries. Their doings, and the chronicles thereof, have a beautiful simplicity which, the miraculous leaven apart, recalls the time of the Greek republics. Try, if you have any pregnancy of imagination or liveliness of character, to read what historians have to tell you of England, of France, especially of Germany, and do you not at once experience the task to be altogether beyond your ability, your patience. Complication is interwoven into complication, and obscurity merges into obscurity,

till you lose sight of the everlasting sunlight, and you feel as if the Universe had been changed into a lawyer's office, and you had been condemned to peruse forty thousand bales of legal documents. We complain of the way in which modern history is written,—so vapid and so voluminous. But, perhaps, if it is to be faithful, only thus can it be written, which is equivalent to saying that it ought not to be written at all. Modern nations have not, properly, a history, for they have allowed their whole existence to be divided between feudal attorneyism and patristic theology. Biography will never cease to be possible, for great men arise in the most degenerate ages, and sculpture themselves out from the chaos and debasement around them. But history is possible only where are historical unity, harmony, and development. I do not want to be bothered with your babblement about causes and institutions and constitutions. Show me a man, and I think I have enough of manhood in me to see the stamp of the Highest in his face. Show me a puissant nation acting boldly, with the radiant distinctness of individuality, and I think that I can see also the mark of the Highest there. But what can I make of your Hallam constitutionalisms, your origin and growth of French law, your imperial German swindle, and your Maurice maudlinisms? I am no lawyer, I am no priest, —I am merely a man; and whatever does not belong to my race, or to Nature, the Holy Mother, has no interest for me.

Now, with Nature and my race I feel an overwhelming affinity whenever the breath of Arabia blows upon me. What else, in eighteen hundred years, can kindle the sense of such affinity? Remember that I do not hold forth the Arabians as the perfect, triumphant, immortal type of a catholic people. I do not plunge into paradoxes, I do not weave ingenious theories, as if I were a French-

man. I maintain, I reiterate, that the Arabians are the only modern nation with a history; the only modern nation, therefore, we ought to conclude, that can carry us on into the history of the future. Of caliphs at Bagdad, and Moors in Spain, of a grand Haroun Al-Raschid, and a fairy Alhambra, one might say to you enough. That is not my province, that is not my faculty. I am not ambitious to do for Arabia what Guizot has done for Europe and for France. But what is wanted in these days to achieve Humanity's redemption? Is it not that the miraculous of human will should be strenuously and pertinaciously opposed to the supernatural of priestly invention? And herein Arabia, past and present, is a wise teacher and a potent champion. I know not how soon the battle of the world may be fought in the East. It may be fought next year, or twenty years, or a hundred years hence,—there it must be fought. These Eastern squabbles, which the newspapers narrate without understanding, are the prelude to it. Now, you cannot shut out the Arabians from a foremost place in that tremendous conflict. What if Arabia should itself be the battlefield? What, if the Koran and not the Bible, the spirit of the Koran and not the spirit of the Bible, the scimitar and not the bayonet, should decide the destinies of the world? It has lately been found that the scimitar is a far more effective weapon than the bayonet for mortal onslaught. Why should not the Bible be likewise found to be inferior to the Koran, and the spirit of the one inferior to the spirit of the other? I am not speaking of comparative literary merit, for—as the Koran is a whole and homogeneous book, whereas the Bible is a bundle of heterogeneous books—no comparison can, in this respect, be made. But labour to discern which of the two, the Bible or the Koran, is most adapted to the actual requirements of universal society, and you cannot be long puzzled on

the subject. The Koran lives, while the Bible is dead. We are informed that the Mahometan worship is as much, throughout all Mahometan regions, a felt reality as it was a thousand years ago. And Christianity, what is that? A bishop gorged with wealth,—a lecherous, avaricious, beastly bishop,—a bishop who derives the main part of his enormous and infamous income from houses and lands whose horrible and neglected condition is a fertile agent in the production and propagation of cholera, most piously causes prayers to be offered to Almighty God in every pulpit of his diocese for the cessation of cholera. O sweet Pharisee, that is Christianity, and I thank thee for showing us what Christianity is.

The single healthy fact in our Christian life is of Arab origin: that new world beyond the waves which Columbus gave us. But for that new world, we should have been tearing each other's eyes out. Now, was not the love of enterprise, the devotion to commerce and navigation—were not these, which ended in the uprise of America before the astonished eyes of Europe directly of Arab descent? Who can deny that the colonization of that new world is the solitary star that shines in the night of our Christian despair? Industrial achievement in America, Australia, and the Pacific, there see one of Arabia's outstretched arms;—Turkey bearding Russia, and bringing on the final battle of the nations in the East, there see another of Arabia's outstretched arms. Yet these two arms, Industrialism and Spiritualism, instead of working harmoniously together, are dashing each other's knuckles to pieces. They will ultimately meet and clasp each other musically in India, when the British race and the Hindoo race have become one. Arabia links England to the East—that is its proximate destiny. Arabia will hurl itself forth among the nations again with a new

Mahomet, and a new Koran ; but merely this time to be the harbinger of England's triumphs in the East.

What is the perennial meaning of Arabia ? This :— that all false idols are detestable. Mahomet, the Koran, Arabia are an undying proclamation against idolatry. But why was the proclamation so potent when first uttered ? Because Christianity, while pretending to abhor the idolatry of the Greeks and Romans, put a more degrading idolatry in its place. When Mahometanism denounced this sham, every honest heart responded to the denunciation. Mahometanism, in effect, was the natural Protestantism of the human soul, a much diviner Protestantism than Luther's and Calvin's. But Protestantism can only be life in the absence of true catholicity. And this enables us further to understand Arabia. Protest, protest, protest, and unceasingly protest, till a human, a divine catholicism is possible. Woe for the world if Arabia had never been ! Woe for the world if it were to become one vast Arabia ! But we work, like God, for the eternities. It has been thought that some of the orbs which sparkle as points of light before our eye, have been undergoing a process of preparation during thousands of years for the abode of intelligent beings. Whether this be so or not, it is inspired by the phantasy of that fact that I would judge our poor dear Arabia. Never, like Rome, had Arabia a colossal centre from which to cast abroad catholic emanations. In that very circumstance you see how little Arabia could be pre-ordained and panoplied for universal empire. But as long as the world refuses to march as God commanded, the Prophet, the Idol-breaker, and the Miracle-worker are needed. English Puritanism, what was it, at best, but a paltry squabble between pedantic fanatics and a bigoted king about the merest trifles ? And the Scottish Covenanter, what, also, was he fighting for but a figment ?

We do not want what the English Puritan and the Scotch Covenanter did to be undone, but we do not want it to be done again. The Arabian is the English Puritan, the Scottish Covenanter of the East, and it so happens that he, unfortunate devil, is obliged to do his work over again, that is all. The Arabs are not a martyr nation, like Poland or Hungary. Their lot is not so very hard. Their individuality, their nationality, has always survived. No one thought it worth while to force their rocks, their wilderness, and their waves to rob them of their spices and their Paradise. In so far as I merely see, I cling to the Arabs as brethren. I preach individuality, and they practise it. In so far as I foresee, I soar to a sphere far beyond the Arabs.

And here I may remark, that what we see and what we foresee, in these days, often drives us to strange inconsistencies. For instance, I foresee theocracy as the ultimate government of mankind. But I see democracy, in the most unlimited extension, as the indispensable prelude to all further progress. I sometimes, therefore, speak as a pantheistic absolutist, and sometimes as a yearning democrat, according as I foresee or see. Now, if I look to the furthest future, Arabia vanishes to the minutest point; but if I look to the present and to the immediate future, Arabia becomes as conspicuous and important to me as England, perhaps still more conspicuous and important.

It may be well to remind you that I divide the drama of Humanity into five grand phases, on the third of which I consider we are now entering. This phase will be the education and manifestation of the human will, and it is in connexion with it that we must view the further mission of Arabia.

There is one point in connexion with the Arab religion which has never been understood. The Arabians and

Il Mahometans are the strictest fatalists. This has been thought a great obstacle to progress and action; but such a notion is eminently erroneous. Fatalism, wherever there is strong individuality, is the sense of freedom and the sense of power. How stern a fatalist was the Scotch Covenanter! Did fatalism argue weakness in him? The Hindoo and the Arabian are both fatalists; yet how different the fatalism of the one is from the fatalism of the other! In the case of the Hindoo you have an unresisting surrender of all the faculties to the despotism of matter; in the case of the Arab the individuality of the individual is stamped on matter, and on all things. Here, not what matter brings, not even what God decrees,—what the individual wills, that is fate. Without that very fatalism which has been so much condemned, the Arabians would not be what I have represented them,—a prophetic and miraculous people. We cannot do deeds godlike till we feel that we can almost bend and sway even the gods. It was their fatalism, their strong will, which prevented the Arabs from expecting any supernatural interferences in their favour; they did not believe in such, they scorned to lean on such. And thus, while the craven Christians went on praying at the tombs of their saints, the Arabs went on conquering. Indeed, when each child of the desert, by his Titanic will and flashing scimitar, was working miracles, why should he dream of, why should he implore supernatural aid? Let us learn the lesson: instead of bowing down to ask supernatural assistance, let us go forth and work miracles. But while doing grandly what the Arabs did grandly, let us not fail where they failed. While faithful to, and following our individuality, let us yield to those noble instincts which bind and blend us into a social whole.

November 27th, 1853.

LECTURE SEVENTH.

ITALY AND ART.

IN Italy, and in Arabia, whose deserts we have just quitted, we equally behold individuality; but the individuality of the Arab is moral, while that of the Italian is intellectual. It is the intellectual individuality of the Italian which is one main cause of his devotion to art. All artists are solitary men—solitary, that is, as artists; for away from their art they may be as social as their neighbours. The great painter—the great sculptor—what a life of solitude is theirs; alone they with some immortal work, through the agony, the despair, the failures, the triumphs, the hope, the enthusiasm of years. Intellectual individuality is far from having the same interest as moral individuality; and art, by itself, has no very potent claims on the world's attention. As the daughter of beauty, as a force in national unity, as a tone in the national harmony, as the handmaid of religion, it assumes altogether a different aspect. And art nowhere is in these days what it ought to be, simply through assuming a separate empire. In Egypt and in Greece art and artists claimed no independent dominion. They blended themselves with the flow of the nation's being, and were best satisfied when their individuality was the most completely absorbed and effaced by the nation's heart. Unlike moral individuality, intellectual individuality is artificial. In Italy it is eminently so. English society may be said to be artificial, inasmuch as it is a mass of conventional relations; Italian society is artificial, inas-

much as it is a purely mechanical construction. In Italy, therefore, there has never been the art which is based on and guided by nature. Even in the most famous artists that Italy has produced, you have nothing at best but the mechanical idealized. You have that kind of art which may be called the art of art. From the traditional and the mechanical, what other art can we have? I am certain that, from the very necessity of things, Italy's noblest artists were incomparably inferior to the noblest artists of Greece. Much and monstrous nonsense has been talked in these days about Pre-Raphaelism; as if the Pre-Raphaelites were any nearer influences and inspirations to be derived from a united nation, and fresh abounding nature, than their successors. Art in Italy, when it did its highest things, served a sacerdotal corporation—which trampled on nature and the nation both. The Italians never were a nation; and from the remotest times we can trace little of nature in their development. That so early there the urban element became predominant, is a proof that sooner there than elsewhere nature grew a mere traditional idea. What trace of nature can you see in Latin poetry, or in Italian poetry? Yet what ought to be natural if poetry is not?

I am not denying to the Italians the very highest faculties. But, like their country, they want breadth. They have neither social breadth like the French, nor intellectual breadth like the Germans. They are all backbone. They are a people without love, a people therefore not to be loved. The lot of their country has been more tragical than that of Poland; but it has never excited the same sympathy, because their aspirations for freedom have always been frigid dogmatisms, not the outpourings of deep human emotion. What is their most famous living tribune, his private excellences apart but a lean and limited fanatic? And what are the

twenty-four millions of whom he is always talking to us; what are they, when not dancing or fiddling, but lean and limited fanatics too? It is wrong to call the Italians frivolous. They are not frivolous in the same sense that the French are so. They dance and sing and fiddle, not from the exuberance of their spirits, not because they are happy, but because they are loveless and joyless, and eminently unhappy, and try to compensate by noise and excitement for the want of natural sunshine in their bosom. Macchiavelli wrote a book about the conduct that a prince should pursue in governing; and an interminable debate in literature has been whether he composed it as a guide to tyrants or as a satire upon tyranny. Fichte and others have given us able defences of Macchiavelli. But admitting, as we must, the good faith, the intense earnestness of this great writer, we require but a slight glance to see that his champions have done him harm rather than good by the warmth and ingenuity of their pleadings. They have failed altogether to perceive that the fault was not in Macchiavelli's principles, but in his heart—that he had the true Italian heart, which means no heart at all. Behold here the explanation of the mystery. Macchiavelli was an honest man, a truthful man, a man of strong convictions; but he was that thing without love—an Italian. In the wars of the Middle Ages, when the soldiers were chiefly mercenaries, we find that these hired slayers gradually formed an attachment to the banner under which they fought,—everywhere but in Italy. In war, as in everything else, the Italian followed no law except his own intellectual individuality. The troops of the incomparable Hannibal were mostly mercenaries, yet they were as enthusiastically devoted to him, as little prone to desertion, as if they had been his own countrymen. Alexander the Great, in the latter years of his

life, must have trusted much to the valour of men who were not of the Macedonian race. This did not hinder his invincibility from rolling on, a grand unbroken wave. Even the Greeks who sold their services to Darius, in his resistance to Alexander, served their unfortunate master faithfully. The armies which Wallenstein commanded were exclusively mercenaries—was Wallenstein thereby less colossal in attitude and action? Now look at the Italian soldier of the Middle Ages, whether man of the ranks or captain. He was never satisfied except when changing sides. He was thought the most accomplished who had been most frequently a renegade. Was this from greediness, selfishness, fickleness? That was not it. But the Italian had neither affection for persons nor regard for a cause. He saw matters only with the intellectual eye, and decided as coldly as a judge in a court of justice. What were the long quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibelines? What were all kindred factions in Italy? They were simply the squabbles of rival dogmas. There was no patriotic fire, there were no generous passions, no indomitable magnanimities.

If the Popes, who were in general Italians, had been capable of patriotism—if, without speaking of noble self-sacrifice, they had had a few ordinary genial instincts—Italy would have achieved its freedom a thousand years ago. It cannot be said that the Catholic priest, as such, has no country. He is a patriot in Ireland. He was always a patriot in France. Even a Richelieu was as patriotic as he was ambitious. The curse was the icy intellect of the Italian priest. This, however, while fatal to his fatherland, gave him the spiritual empire of the world. Whatever else contributed to the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, to the rapid growth and iron grasp of the Popedom, one primordial aid was the shrewd, subtle, cold Italian genius. The source, the support of papal

infallibility, was its terrible impassibility. Nations were credulous and ignorant, nobles turbulent and ignorant, rulers in the main reckless and ignorant. The Pope was there, with un pitying glance and cunning hand, to turn to his own profit, to the increase of his dominion, the credulity, the turbulence, the recklessness, the ignorance of all. With what supreme disdain the Popes must have looked on the Crusades, at the very moment when they were stirring the flame of the insanity for their own selfish objects! It is amusing to hear the writers of the history that extends from the origin of the Gospel to our own times talking of Ages of Faith and Ages of Scepticism. As far as the mass of the people are concerned, theirs has always been an age of faith; and the scepticism, when there was scepticism, has only extended to a few of the learned. But those who were supposed to be the great bulwarks of faith, the great opponents of scepticism—the Popes—what was their case? Not one of them all cared for faith or scepticism, except as subjects for their consummate diplomatic ability. I do not accuse the Popes of imposture, nor of systematic hypocrisy, in saying that to them the Christian religion was in itself a thing of absolute indifference. They dealt with it as politicians, and no doubt they would have preferred a system simpler, less complicated through Greek sophistry and pedantry. Their difficulty has always been how to harmonise a Greek creed and a Roman organization. The Roman Catholic Church has been called the most corrupt of churches; but I do not see how it could very well be so, seeing that its intention from the beginning has been to administer Roman discipline—the strictest of all discipline—with the Italian genius—a genius unrivalled for political sagacity. Now, all discipline is in itself moral; and we need no other proof that the Church of England is the most immoral of churches, than that it

is the most undisciplined of churches. The Popes were not charlatans—they were simply, in their way, artists. The art of issuing edicts from the Vatican, which astonished and subdued mankind, was their mode of expending their intellectual individuality as Italians.

The Greeks built, entered, dwelt in cities that they might be near their fellow men, their fellow-countrymen; and they did not seek to erect gorgeous villas, remote from cities, that they might, from time to time, fly from all intercourse with their brethren. But the Romans and other Italians crowded into cities, and erected villas, that they might be alone—not from any morbid or melancholy feeling, but because, being loveless, and not experiencing the need of social warmth in addition to their intellectual light, they wished to feed on this in its unalloyed and undisturbed plenitude. Long before Tiberius and others of the Roman Emperors manifested what seems to us so diseased a taste for solitude, the most famous of the Scipios, and Romans as illustrious, had manifested exactly the same taste. This intellectual individuality, with the yearning for solitude which was one of its consequences, was not fatal to the Roman as long as the Roman was brave. It added but the more to his self-reliance; kindled by no social sympathy, trusting to no arm, to no counsel but his own, he hurled himself on the foe as if on *his* blows depended the fate of the battle. When Rome was gorged with wealth, wallowed in luxury, and especially when the Gospel was successful there, as elsewhere, in crying down war and turning men into cravens, intellectual individuality and its result—solitude—became the parents of a monstrous sensuality; for the worst sensuality is not that which is an ebullition of animal fierceness, but that which is a reaction against intellectual monopoly and isolation. Those among the Roman Emperors who weltered in the most loathsome

pollutions were not mere brutes; they were often men of considerable literary culture. Strange as it may sound or seem, it was as an embellishment of the sensuality which was the reaction against intellectual individuality, that Italian art assumed such gigantic proportions. To nourish ourselves with the intellect alone is to nourish ourselves with the air; turning from such an unsubstantial meal, we pounce on the earth and swallow that by handfuls. Not savoury or salutary, to be sure, but in solid contrast to the air. If, however, we have grown tired of the intellect alone, we much sooner grow tired of the senses alone. Who, the purest, has not sometimes attempted to fill the void of the intellect with filth? Who has not sickened with unspeakable disgusts, who has not been crucified with the most tragic remorse, almost ere he had ceased satiating his guilty voraciousness? Here all language fails. The fury of an Orestes, all passion of any kind, all repentance following the outburst of passion, may be described; but the sublimity of anguish that seizes us when we plunge from the height of intellect into the lowest debasements of the senses, that has never been, never can be, delineated. The natural, the noblest refuge from the stain and the despair, is some grand moral effort—some grand moral resolve. That was how the Roman in better days would have risen from the ground to the Empyrean; but valour with him had been virtue, virtue valour, and his valour was no more. He escaped from the intellect into the senses, and from the senses into art. And by-and-bye, as we all know, virtue, from having the sublimest meaning in Latin, came to have the most degenerate meaning in Italian.

Art has had four forms of development in Italy; it was first Industrial; it was then Urban; it was then Imperial; and it was then Ecclesiastical. Religious or poetical, natural or national, it never was—and from the

predominance, as cannot be too often repeated, of intellectual individuality. It has been often enough stated that art is an imitation of nature. This cannot be unconditionally or universally accepted. We may idealize nature; we may war with nature; we may dress up nature; we may penetrate into the riches and secrets of nature; and what we do may still be called art. Unless this were so, I cannot see in what sense the claims of the Italians to art can be admitted at all. In Etruria began the Art Industrial of Italy. Thence it spread to the rest of the peninsula. The early history of Etruria is involved in the deepest obscurity. I do not pretend to any gifts that would help me to dispel the cloud. As, however, Italy is a narrow strip of land, with an immense extent of sea-coast, its first colonists must have come across the waves, and not across the Alps. In the first ages, conquest, in connexion with civilizing agencies, must have travelled by water, and not by land. Civilization unconnected with conquest must first have moved by land from region to region. What may be called land-civilization had its birth in India; what may be called sea-civilization rose up all round the shores of the Mediterranean, and thence diffused itself. All other civilization is derivative, unless we admit in addition an African element. No part of the civilization of Italy can we suppose to have been of native growth; to colonise it was to civilize it. A country exposed to continual maritime assaults cannot, from the necessity of things, civilize itself, as England sufficiently proves, which received all its civilization from abroad. Now, in the first colonization of Italy, Etruria had probably the advantage of a superior race; but it had plainly the advantage of a superior position. It was the best protected portion of Italy. It had not merely mountains behind it, but large islands as bulwarks before it. Glancing at

the map, we at once see that the fury of the sea-rover and of the wandering horde must exhaust itself before reaching Etruria. The Etruscans were thus left to a prosperous repose, which the other Italians were not permitted to enjoy. This enabled them to add to their skill in naval affairs an equal skill in agricultural occupations; and to this hour, in spite of the most stolid political despotism, Tuscany maintains its agricultural superiority among Italian realms. Behold, then, Italian art in its infancy: it rose in Etruria as the ornament of commerce, and especially of agriculture, to become further the ornament of all industrial doings. It had thus an exclusively utilitarian character; and utilitarianism is fatal to divinest art. That is the original sin of which Italian art bears the traces to this hour. Look at the poor savage. Art begins in a far nobler manner with him. On what does he first pour forth his artistic genius? On his war-weapons and on his idols. Both he clothes with his rude dream of beauty before he satisfies his vanity by decorating himself. No art is true art, or can march to the highest things, which does not commence as an offering to War and Religion. And these are so closely connected, that Religion always dies when men become afraid or ashamed of War; while War becomes an invincible potency only when consecrated by religion. A God-fearing nation is but another name for a warlike nation.

After Etruria had made art industrial, or rather had crowned industry with art, cities burst into life all over Italy to appropriate Etruscan industrialism and Etruscan art. It was thus that Italian art entered on its second phase. But here, instead of losing its utilitarianism, it increased it. The cities were built for simply industrial purposes. They were huge guilds. Political action, municipal organization, military undertakings, were all

subordinate and subsidiary to trade. The warm flame of patriotic devotedness burned as little as the full fountain of social sympathy flowed. I have said that Arabia is the ancient in the modern; and with no less truth it may be said that Italy was the modern in the ancient. The cities of Italy were so many Tyres and Carthages—little or large shopocracies. Who cared for the city? Not the citizens. Who yearned to fill it with works of art, in love to the fatherland, in honour of the gods? Not they. As regarded the city, art was tolerated solely for the sake of industrialism. As regarded the citizen, art was cultivated from a motive different but equally selfish, namely, as contributing to domestic comfort and domestic elegance. Art was now set to make the interior of houses as gorgeous and as delightful as possible. It was asked to invent and to finish domestic utensils of the most graceful kind. It might not be a perfect architect, painter, sculptor; but woe to art if it was not a perfect potter. We can understand all this well enough, for we have the same thing in England. The rich merchant here builds a princely house, has it magnificently decorated and furnished, loads the walls of the rooms with costly pictures, turns each spacious hall and each lofty chamber into a complete museum of curiosities, into a complete temple of pagan pomp, but cares not if for a hundred leagues around him there are wretched huts, with still more wretched inmates. We think the home an English glory, an English rapture, an English peculiarity, but in its most selfish sense it had its parallel three thousand years ago in Italy. In that hour, as in this, in that land, as in this, the mansions of the wealthy were in themselves, and were meant to be, little exclusive elysiums, shut out by golden gates from a community despised or hated. Art gained nothing, then, among the Italians by being urban; it rather lost. As the adornment of industrialism

it was more or less the common heritage of all; no heavenly heritage, truly, but still something raising men above the bare, cold, arid earth; when it changed from the industrial into the urban, it grew the monopoly of what we in these days call the millionaires. They alone could afford rich wines, and they alone could afford art.

Why, it may be asked, were the Etruscans and other Italian nations so barren, so impotent in the two grand sources of natural and national art—war and religion? For a reason that is obvious, and for one that is not so obvious. The obvious reason is, that every purely maritime people has a huge disrelish to fighting, except in self-defence, or in order to extend trade. The less obvious reason is, that in early times even religion was to maritime nations only an instrument of industrialism. Except such pedantic, scholastic, dogmatic spiritualisms as that which we are pleased to name Christianity, these are the three primordial divisions of humanity's religious development—hero-worship, elemental worship, and star-worship. Hero-worship arose in the mountains, where strong men dwelt, and where the strongest was revered as a god. Of the three kinds, it is the most moral, the least liable to corruption; but it is not rich, deep, suggestive, or poetical. Elemental worship sprang up in vast and fruitful plains, as vast and fruitful, yet liable to run into a thousand extravagances, but still remaining ever the true catholic religion. Star-worship floated up from the shores and the waters, and was the victory, as it afterwards was the guide, of naval daring. The mariner could not venture far upon the billows till he could read the heavens, and take the stars as the indicators of his perilous march through the foam and the tempest. They were his friends: he made them, from gratitude, his divinities. But here the religious feeling came in for a very small share indeed. All the associa-

tions were with a particular employment, and with profit appertaining thereto. There was bargain with the gods, not homage gladly and gushingly paid to them. Not only star-worship, but astronomy, was of maritime descent, the one being closely connected with the other. Some men write history as if it were a book of arithmetic; others write it as if it were a pastoral poem. The latter always speak of Chaldean shepherds as the inventors of astronomy and the originators of star-worship, though what calling they, looking into the innocent faces of stupid sheep (not usually an inspiring spectacle), had to the one or the other, I am at a loss to determine. It lay, however, in the essential unfolding of things that those who first came into professional contact with the stars should know most about them, should take most interest in them, should be most disposed to group them into constellations, should be promptest to send up their exultant shout and the incense of their prayers to them. I do not need to apply all this at any length to the case of the Etruscans. It must be evident to you at once why they and other naval commercial colonisers of Italy had no warlike propensities, no wealth and warmth of religious emotion.

The growth of Rome did not alter in any important fact or aspect the relations of the Italians to art. Rome was the gathering to a point of Italy's mountaineers. It was the attempt of Italy to be itself without foreign intermixture. It is not necessary to suppose the industrial cities either effeminate or exhausted to explain the rapid and Titanic strides of Rome to supremacy. They yielded just as naturally to her sway as Southern Greece yielded to Northern Greece when a contest between them came. The Romans, however, brought nothing from the mountains but the mountain bravery. They soon perceived that, in conquering, they were themselves the

conquered. They had no original genius—they wanted the most fertile potency in all original genius—imagination. But they had along with their indomitable will the soundest sense, and they did not torture themselves to invent, seeing that nature had refused them the gift of invention. And, in truth, they invented nothing. They appropriated and applied whatever suited them in laws and customs, and they rejected the rest. Whether even in war they invented anything may be questioned. The greatest of their generals did not transcend, as generals, a certain mediocrity; their battles were gained by the valour of their troops, and not by superior strategy; their Pompey was our Wellington—an exaggerated aristocratic commonplace, and the best type we can fix on for their military leaders; and I know not any memorable engagement in which the Romans were victors through a sudden flash of unrivalled skill. Changing nothing, adopting infinitely, the Romans changed nothing in art. What they found it remained in their hands, partly industrial and partly urban. As mountaineers, the Romans might have been expected to furnish the germ, the basis of the natural and the national in art by hero-worship. Two things were opposed thereto; the enormous pride of the Romans, and their want of fresh and fruitful phantasy. Each Roman in the early ages had too haughty a consciousness of his own heroism to bow down to any other man as a hero; and then you can make no hero into a god unless you hang round him a drapery of poetical splendours. A symbolical star-worship, therefore, the worship which had been introduced into Italy by maritime colonization, and modified and organized by Etruscan industrialism, such receiving successive additions and transformations from Greece, Egypt, and ultimately Judea, was the religion of the Romans. The religion of the Romans was the grandest form of law—was the

consecration of law. It typified the majesty of the people, a majesty whose pedestal was order. It was this ideal majesty, and the long contest between the aristocracy and the democracy, which formed a sort of intermediate stage between art urban and art imperial, but not a stage distinct enough to deserve a separate name. The urban and the industrial in art still continued the prevailing forces. The majesty of the people was but an enlarged form of that self-idolatry to which the Romans were always so prone. The combat of the aristocracy and the democracy had a profounder influence on art than appears at the first blush. Who were the patricians at Rome? They were the descendants of Etruscan and other magnates, who, settling in Rome, were from their wealth, their intelligence, their political habits, allowed, without much opposition by the rude mountaineers, to assume a foremost place in the social fabric and in the government. Of what did the second order at Rome consist? They were the descendants of the mercenaries, whom, rather as a kind of military police than anything else, the patricians had gradually brought into the city, ostensibly to assist the administration of public affairs, but really to serve as a check to the people. Who were the plebeians? They, and they alone, were Romans, the descendants of Italy's conquering mountaineers. We see, without any profound study of the subject, why the original patricians were not military leaders, and why an intensely military race should submit with such promptitude to their sway. Analogy is a good thing—a most interesting and suggestive thing—but it is apt to mislead. Look at the conquest of England by the Normans. Here was a strong, bold race, who, exulting, submitted to the control of military leaders. But four things are present which do not appear in the Roman case: the intense personal attachment of the Scandinavian tribes, of the

Teutonic races to all brethren in arms, and especially to their captains; the habit of obedience which equally belonged to them; the ready submission to a head which they inherited from the rovers of the sea, whose children they were—naval discipline being still more inexorable than military discipline; and that unquestioning surrender of the individual will which Christianity had taught, and which so potently assisted the triumph of feudalism. From first to last, on the contrary, the Roman never felt the need of military leaders; and it was indifferent to him whether he who led him belonged to the senatorian, the equestrian, or the plebeian order. But he felt—no one felt more—the need of government; not for his own sake, for no one was less anarchic, but for the sake of the commonwealth. And, magnanimous in his selfishness, he entrusted it to men whom he did not love, and whom he knew to be still more selfish than himself, and not disinclined to circumvent him, but who had what he had not, experience in governing. In surrendering this right of government in the main to the patricians, he reserved his freedom, he reserved himself; and the more he surrendered to the nobles the more he was jealous of them. How did all this affect art? Thus. Needing each other, yet hating each other, both magnanimous in selfishness, both selfish in magnanimity, the aristocracy and the democracy divided Rome between them, cleaving a gulf as wide as possible between their rival pretensions, yet always willing to unite in the presence of a common danger. Dividing everything between them, they also divided art. Industrial art fell to the plebeians, urban art to the patricians. Above them floated the ideal majesty of the people, and strove as a divine unity, a divine reconciler, to realize itself in art. This would have been easy enough in a nation gifted and glowing with imagination. With the Romans, the most unima-

gative of men, it was altogether impossible. With partial modifications, therefore, and still painfully striving towards unity, art remained substantially for five or six hundred years at Rome what it had been for a thousand years before in Etruscan and in all other Italian cities.

What did the Empire do when it came? It did more than destroy the Republic—it destroyed the old industrial and urban art. As long as the Republic lived, it stamped its political and military impress everywhere; when it died, Rome became a recipient of influences still more than a communicator. This, after all, was favourable to a true and wide humanity; for it is by our power of reciprocity, still more than our power of emanation, that we are great, and that we bless our race. The old difficulty, however, remained, the want of imagination. A refuge was therefore, of necessity, sought in the senses. We judge the Romans too much as if they had been Greeks. No two nations could be more unlike—no two nations ought to be more differently estimated. The Romans were the rationalists of the sword. When the sword was wrenched from their grasp, they had no outlet to their energies but through the vilest, vulgarest senses. Our ordinary judgments of them are, therefore, far too harsh. The sensuality of a Greek was ten times more criminal than the sensuality of a Roman, even when the sensuality of the latter was far more extravagant. The man of passion and of will simply should always meet with a readier pardon than the man of imagination and of affection simply. Even the sensuality of the Roman seemed to lead him, as sensuality sometimes does, to a kind of tenderness. The provinces were much more mercifully treated under the Empire than ever they had been under the Republic. It is a sad, a tragical thing this, for individuals or for nations to yearn with a boundless yearning for unity, yet to be incapable of seizing it. To the Greek it came as the most natural

thing; but it ought to be confessed that it came as much through love as through phantasy. Not always doth phantasy bring love; but always, always love begets phantasy. The Roman refused to love, and therefore was his being its own eternal Nemesis; for, as it has been said, wherein we sin, therein are we always punished. A complete man would be he who exhaled incessantly in passion and in will, and who inhaled incessantly in phantasy and in love. But has there ever been a complete man? Was Jesus Christ such? If he had the inhaling, verily he had not the exhaling faculty. The Roman refused to love; but could he love? Was he not a Roman; was he not an Italian, cursed, like every Italian, by the greatness and the littleness of intellectual individuality. Those we pity most who cannot pity, and none habitually do I pity more than the Roman. If others pitied him too, they would understand him better. What are we told of Julius Cæsar? That, with all his faults, he was a man of much clemency. Strange mystery in God's doings! Was it not, perhaps, more because he had clemency than because he had ambition that he upset the Republic? And had he not breathed into his army still more his clemency than his ambition? Was not clemency compelled to take the place of love and of imagination? And, limited as it is in comparison of both, how much did it not do for art as well as for humanity? Augustus, who thought himself obliged to sham a clemency which Julius Cæsar really had, was enabled, through the hypocrisy, to establish universal peace, and to boast that he had found Rome brick, and left it marble. I think that the Roman Republic has been fairly enough delineated by intelligent and honest writers; but I do not think the Roman Empire has been—first, because the Roman character has not been understood; and, secondly, because the downfall of the empire has been too much complicated with the growth of

Christianity, The Roman Empire was more a human fact and a human force than the Roman Republic. It would have been successful, even as an empire, but for the Jewish heresy. Saint Augustine, thou wert a man of genius, and, better still, a man of heart; but, in spite of what thou sayest, when picturing the City of God, Nazarene Noodledom and Galilean Gammon did help to kill Rome. The explosion of sensuality was passing away when the Jerusalem foolery came on the scene. Clemency would have led to love, love to imagination, and imagination not merely to the unity of the Roman people, but to the unity of the human race. I do not need to be told that the everlasting fatalities are stronger and diviner than all these things. So they are, and thereat I rejoice. Over and over again I have to say that I care nothing for the past, except in so far as it impels the present and fructifies the future. I know as well as any one that the past could not be other than it was. But by learning well why the past was the past, we also impel the present and fructify the future. The present is living; it may not be wise to dissect that; but the past is dead, and what is the use of it except to dissect? For I am not vain enough to suppose that I can summon it back to life. Dissect the Roman Empire, then, and must you not confess that it died, not from a chronic, but from an accidental disease—the disease called Christianity. Great things seemed preparing for the nations through Trajan, through Adrian, through the Antonines. The old intellectual individuality had been outgrown; the new sensuality was beginning to be outgrown. Apart from all other efforts in favour of civilization and reform, when was ever so much done for art in the lifetime of an individual as was done in the reign of Adrian—a man who with great qualities was still a cruel coxcomb. Adrian did more for art in twenty years than England has done in her whole

historical existence. And yet, though Adrian and others did deeds of might, how much was wanting to do still mightier deeds? Ever and evermore must I say, nature and the nation. Adrian travelled through the Roman world, scattering everywhere as he went statues and temples, and the glorious, the gigantic, and the godlike in art. All was stupendous, all was colossal, yet all was a tragical confession of a radical weakness and defect.

Imperial Rome fell, and ecclesiastical Rome rose on its ruins; and for long ages art seemed dead, except in memory. Its resurrection in Italy was but a revival of that most notable feature in the Italian character—intellectual individuality. The Popes were politicians, were diplomatists, as has already been stated. They had far less of human sympathy even than the worst of the emperors. The fine arts were for the Popes but instruments of *their* art. As, however, they based their strength on tradition, they were obliged to accept the traditions in the fine arts, as well as the traditions in theology. And what were the traditions in the fine arts? The industrial, the urban, and an imperial and colossal sensuality. I am not aware that the Church added anything new to art, except a varnish of Christianity. The love which Christianity affected to be the first to teach, if that had really taken root in the Roman-catholic Church in Italy, would have led to the national and the natural in art; but it only took root where it already existed under another name—in the Germanic nations. In the absence of true love there was still the old defect of imagination. What, therefore, could ecclesiastical art be in Italy but a simple revival of imperial art? Wherever you find anything vast in Italy, as in the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, there you have an imperial sensuality reacting against intellectual individuality. All else is, as two or three thousand years ago among the Etruscan and other old Italian cities, the urban or the industrial. There is either in Italian art

sensuality without aim, or sensuality with vastness, or some urban and industrial thing in which intellectual individuality predominates. This is the case even with him who is called the prince of painters—Raphael. What in him is called idealism is simply intellectual individuality; and all the fine phrases about the divine Raphael are—fine phrases. As no Italian ever had imagination, and as no Italian ever had love, so no Italian could ever have idealism.

But Italian art, precisely because it has wanted the two grand inspirations of art—love and phantasy—has admirably adapted itself to the European taste. In other lands, through the potency of the Gospel, and other causes, nature and the nation had been as impossible as in Italy. The other nations were glad of an art ready made to their hands, which fed and seemed to justify *their* intellectual individuality. They were glad of an art which, by being urban, flattered their love of ease; which, by being industrial, flattered them with the notion that they were doing something for highest culture, when they were merely taking an additional means of filling their pockets; which flattered them with the dream that they were helping to raise something godlike, when they had merely before them an imperial sensuality. In that perfect correspondence between Europe and Italy as regards art, I find the condemnation of both. The whole thing is a vast imposture, and, like other impostures, is drawing to an end. Art has yet to arise in all European countries as it arose in Greece. And if England is to have art, it must be as much a product of the English soil as English literature is, blending as much with the national life, flowing as much from it. As to the Italian, when all his claims to art are universally denied, we shall still leave him in mercy all the glory that belongs to the opera.

December 4th, 1853.

LECTURE EIGHTH.

FRANCE AND MANNERS.

ALL of us who have diverged from the beaten track of English commonplace, owe a great deal to France for our literary culture, so that we are compelled to speak of her with gratitude when we cannot always speak of her with admiration. No one owes more than myself, and no one more willing to acknowledge the debt. If for long years my native isle has claimed and had my warmest heart—if Germany, the East, and antiquity have corresponded to and fed my deepest thoughts and most religious emotions, France has been the home of my intellect. And as the intellect requires to be stimulated and disciplined, not to be nourished, to no other realm could I more fitly go.

But gymnastics are not godliness, and life is not a gladiatorial show; and the more France helped us to be potent and accomplished athletes, the less it seemed able to do us any service besides. For this I have fewer words of blame than tears of mourning. It seemed sad that a nation so magnificently gifted should have so many radical defects; that a nation so abounding with generous impulses should want the full fountain of a being rich, persistent, and profound. Yet thus it is, and thus perhaps, in reference to France, will it always be. Is France ever destined to undergo such a complete moral revolution as will make her think more about the essence of things than their fashion? The answer to this question is dependent on the further question, and the answer thereto, whether a people so eminently rhetorical can ever awake

to the sense of divinest realities. The French could do grander things than have ever yet been done, if they were not so immensely deluded by their own facility of speech. They mistake *facundity* for *fecundity*,—the glib lip for the exuberant genius ; and therein is the root of all their woes. Till you teach a man to hold his tongue, he cannot begin to learn ; and with forty millions of men it cannot well be otherwise. If the French were eloquent, the case would at once be altered, for all true eloquence is as direct and concentrated as action—indeed, is action. Eloquence is the power of crowding the largest amount of meaning with the most crushing effect into the smallest quantity of words. Demosthenes and the American Indian are eloquent. The burning laconism of an impassioned logic, unconscious of logical technicalities,—that is eloquence. The prophet is often eloquent, and when he is eloquent no eloquence is so sublime as his ;—but the prophet's eloquence is not sustained, for, vanquished by his own volcanic vehemence, he may bewilder you with his confusion, and fatigue you with his diffuseness, after having overwhelmed you with his fiery pith. Whenever a poet is eloquent, he ceases to be a poet ; and much more does he cease to be so when he descends to the tricks of the rhetorician.

Now, every Frenchman is born, cradled, and nurtured in rhetoric ; and every Frenchman is incapable of poetry, of prophecy, and of eloquence. More than half a Frenchman's social feeling is his irresistible propensity to make speeches to somebody or other. Even works of art in France—the productions of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, are simply bits of rhetoric. Were not many of Napoleon's achievements merely the rhetoric of the sword ? And was not this one chief source of his boundless popularity ? The French place their Bossuet and their Mirabeau above all other orators, ancient or modern.

But what were Bossuet and Mirabeau at best but consummate rhetoricians? And as regards Bossuet, what intolerable bombast is much that he has written! The French are often called a vain and theatrical people, but they would seem far less vain, and they would scarcely seem theatrical at all, if we viewed them by the light of their insatiate rhetorical instincts. Michelet mentions that the Romans were early struck with the rhetorical character of the Gauls. Here is one thing at least in which the French have not manifested their proverbial fickleness; for during two thousand years the French have been pertinaciously faithful to their rhetorical vocation. Frank means freeman; and the Franks or freemen, in conquering it, gave their name to France. But the old Gallic element soon showed itself; and frankness, or the being free, came by degrees to signify the speaking freely,—the mode, the privilege, the opportunity of gluttonously indulging the national rhetoric. In Louis the Fourteenth you have French rhetoric personified. Napoleon sometimes acted rhetoric; Louis the Fourteenth never did anything else. In love, in war, in piety, he was only a professor of rhetoric on a throne. You may call him as you call his countrymen, vain and theatrical, if you choose,—and so he was, but like them he was vain and theatrical because his tongue was inadequate to express the whole rhetoric of his nature. How admirably the Frenchman succeeds in fireworks. In nothing does he display such transcendent dexterity and skill. You think he is merely amusing himself and the gaping Parisians. You are mistaken. He is uttering his most brilliant rhetoric to the startled heavens.

Nowhere in the world is there so high a sense of honour as in France. But that sense is itself also a rhetorical phenomenon. There was so keen a sensibility in France to the point of honour, because the word of

honour had been asserted with such prompt and lavish ardour. To whatever variety of causes we may trace the origin of chivalry, the rhetorical tendencies of the French had much to do with the development of chivalry. There was not properly anything lyrical in the poetry of the troubadours; that poetry was an attempt of French rhetoric to gain for itself a distincter literary position, and a more famous field than it had previously acquired. Honour is the heroism of rhetoric, and chivalry is the heroism of honour. What is the chief motive in honour? It is that we may do nothing unworthy of the valour and the nobleness that we have claimed for ourselves in our rhetorical moods. Hitherto the French have been incapable of conceiving any diviner motive;—that is, they have considered themselves bound by no laws but their own rhetoric. What mighty, what beautiful deeds gleamed from scaffold and from dungeon in their first revolution! Now it would be base and false to say, that through that chaos of crime, through those billows of blood, did not march courageous and angelic souls—souls triumphant most when most defeated; and that whatever of heroic was done, sprang but from the excitement of the hour. This would be grossly to misrepresent, not France alone, but universal humanity. Yet this I believe, that exalted as the impulses were that fed those souls celestial, two inspirations of an earthlier kind were stronger than all those impulses,—the idea in each martyr heart that the sufferings borne and the life sacrificed were harangues victoriously spoken to an admiring world, and that France, the rhetorician, would in the coming years breathe another harangue in applauding gratitude at her brave child's grave. You may say, on the one hand, that France can never fall very low as long as she has so quick a sense of honour; but on the other hand, must you not confess that she can never reach the truly godlike and the

truly enduring, till she is habitually incited by something clinging more to, based more on, the essence of Nature, than the sense of honour, however exquisite and energetic! Of that sense I would not rob her; for it is a lovely, nay, an indispensable adjunct of qualities, at once more solid and more miraculous; and I wish that the English in general had it in the same degree as the French. It is those other qualities that I would create in the French breast, leaving the sense of honour in all its fervour and force. But how is this to be done? Can a nation be radically changed, any more than an individual? And if it were radically changed, would not its individuality be destroyed? As I contend so much for the individuality of individuals, I cannot be supposed to be very zealous in warring with the individuality of nations. All the contrary; for why do I write these Discourses on National Missions except to proclaim and to champion national individualities? But as there is no absolute creation, and as from everlasting there has been none—as all creation is the transformation or the unfolding of infinite and undying life—to create in the French character would be but to bring out something that has hitherto been dormant. Now, we have seen that the sense of honour in France is dependent on the word of honour, and that the word of honour is one among the many forms of French rhetoric. No regeneration for the French, then, till they cease to be the fools of their own rhetorical histrionisms.

The gods surely meant a nation so abounding in faculty as the French to do something better than jabber and gesticulate. But how are you to persuade a Frenchman of this? By telling him, in the most downright and unceremonious manner you can, that his literature is a huge mistake, and a huger monstrosity. A Frenchman goes on babbling his rhetoric for ever, because puffed up with

the ridiculous conceit that his is the only literature deserving the name, and that whenever he opens his mouth he is representing his literature. What, says Michelet, are all other prose writers, compared to French prose writers? We grant that they are nothing. But how does it happen that the more a French prose writer is perfect, the more he is unreadable? I know no prose writer in any language equal to Massillon, but I know no prose writer so unreadable. Every sentence, every paragraph, of Massillon is polished to a statuesque perfection. But after having read one page, try to read two, and you find it impossible. Fenelon has a double glory; he is a foremost French saint and a foremost French classic. The saint I have been willing enough to revere; but when I taste what the classic has to offer me, I am always satisfied with the first mouthful. In effect, French literature is a manufactured literature—a literature cooked out of rhetorical scraps gathered from all times, and from the four quarters of the globe. That, however, which makes it so disastrous to France, gives it immense value as a school of exercise for the mind that does not know how to sharpen or to use its weapons. But a literature does not exist for the sake of other nations. What is its worth if it does not express the national being? If, instead of doing this, it suppresses the national being, how it ought to be detested! How still more to be detested if it confuses all moral relations, and eradicates all moral convictions. The French are born rhetoricians—that they cannot help; but they can help being ruled in all their actions, and moulded in all their destiny, by a guild of chattering busybodies, called French writers. What are the thoughts that should influence a bountiful and Titanic bosom in the whole of its career? These four: This I owe to the spirit of nature, because I am a child of nature; this I owe to the human race, because I

am a human brother; this I owe to the land of my fathers, for no other reason than that it is my fatherland; this I owe to my most daring dreams of my ideal self. Now, how are you to reach and grasp these four thoughts through Boileau, Marmontel, Laharpe, Rollin, Thomas, and a whole gang of apes? Even if there was nothing in the way but old, servile, sulky, sour, sophistical Guizot, the unspeakably mean and detestable, that would be obstacle enough. They are not avaricious of musket-shots in France,—how many could they salutarily expend in killing rhetoricians! Perhaps Louis Napoleon's usurpation is a sort of rough commencement of an indispensable process. If literature could be altogether forbidden, annihilated in France for about a century, I do not see that it would harm any one, and it would do France infinite good.

I make no pedantic distinction between saying and doing wherever there is a sincere and earnest existence. If sincere and earnest I, my sayings are deeds, and my deeds eloquence. Then only are my sayings a mockery and a mischief when they disguise my paralytic inaptitude for action. Now, how are the French continually and proudly picturing themselves? As the sole civilizers of mankind. And how do they set about this great work? By chattering like parrots from dawn till midnight. There is a rivalry between France and England for the spiritual conquest of the world. England would Christianize the world by the prodigal distribution of Bibles, while the leprosy of pauperism, while all iniquity and all wretchedness devour her own population. And France would civilize the world while anarchy prevailed through her broad realms from shore to shore, from river to river, from mountain to mountain, while hideous, howling indigence laid waste her cities, and while indigence and superstition alike tortured her rural multitudes. Mar-

vellous impudence in both cases, is there not? Yet less of conscious hypocrisy in France than in England. The Frenchman is, in the main, the dupe of his own rhetoric; but your corpulent English parson, who drinks rich port, who lines his Herculean ribs with two or three pounds of roast beef daily, who clutches benefices still fatter than the beef, who out of five thousand pounds a year subscribes munificently twenty shillings for the conversion of the heathen, and who damns with all the potency of his portly stomach to eternal flames you and me, and every other heretic, verily he is a disgusting and unpardonable quack, too akin to the Devil to be sent to the Devil with the honest prongs of a pitchfork. Of all Pharisees the ugliest, the most hateful is an English clerical Pharisee. And who would be an Anglican dignitary who had the option of being a hangman, a bumbailiff, or the man to whom the degrading duty falls of carrying Thomas Binney's or John Cumming's Bible into the pulpit? Poor, poor France! I have hope of thee after looking at the rotund rascality of an Anglican parson.

France differs from England in this, that being sick and sore, she really wants to be healed. O my God! what tragedies has she not traversed for one single glimpse of light, for one single pulse of breath? Miserable, misguided France, how warmly I love thee for thy many sorrows! But England, eating her pudding, caressing, and caressed by her parsons, and with her haughty, cruel foot upon her paupers, says, with an air of stolid content,—It is all well.

Oh, think not the Frenchman an Indifferentist, an Epicurean. When the holy fury of enthusiasm seizes him, he rushes from his squalid garret to the terrible barricade, and dies. As his glance is growing dim, and the last drops of his blood are heavily falling, he knows that he has been a victim in vain, and that his country is not

redeemed; but he has not one instant, one emotion of regret. But lament, for it is truly deplorable, that this brave heart has been trampled in the mire, not really, though so it seemed, for the sake of country, but to glut some loathsome Guizot crotchet. We Englishmen, with our protuberant paunches, because we are too lazy and lecherous to fight, and tremble at the sight of the policeman's truncheon, let us not sneer at the unfortunate Frenchman for squandering his generous soul for a rhetorical dogma. Better so squandered than buried under aldermanic obesity and obscenity.

An enormous error of all Frenchmen, which is most fruitful in other errors, is the belief that you can give to literature the same perfection of form as is demanded in the fine arts. It is forgotten that in the fine arts perfection of form is the chief, almost the exclusive thing, while in literature it is only a subordinate thing. If the ancients succeeded in attaining as much perfection of form in literature as in the fine arts, this was less from laboriously seeking it than from the irresistible influences of polytheistic existence. If we had polytheistic environments of the most ennobling kind, we also should have, as the ancients had, perfect forms in literature as a natural inheritance. In the absence of polytheistic culture, we must be satisfied if we can give and get substantial and suggestive ideas. We must not despise the form; we must make it as graceful as we can, as long as the effort to do so does not interfere with the outpouring of our fervours and phantasies. But we must not for a moment dream that we can reach a notable perfection of form in literature, without a fatal sacrifice of the essential, the natural, and the true. Half of Goethe's works are cold and uninteresting, from his painful elaboration of form. Who can read that part of our literature in which perfection of form is aimed at?

What honest English heart can really admit it to be a portion of English literature at all? How dull is Milton from following so slavishly scholastic standards! The charm of Shakspeare for us, next to his unrivalled genius, is his magnificent disregard of forms. The English author of our own day who has striven most assiduously and perseveringly after perfection of form is Bulwer. What will the result be? Twenty years hence nobody will read Bulwer. Boldly dashing into a path of his own, Dickens set all forms at defiance, but there was as much of caprice as of real strength in this,—and whenever that is the case, the violation of forms must lead, in the long run, to the most deplorable failures. There are only two primordial national literatures in these days—the German and the English. All the Romanic literatures, such as the Spanish, the Italian, the French, are entirely destitute of originality. They are the echos of an echo. Latin literature was an imitation of Greek, and all those nations whose language and civilization were mainly of Roman origin, have imitated Latin literature. Even in Latin literature the form and the substance were not that absolute harmony which they were in Greek. But in the Romanic literatures there has been such a predominance of form over substance, that but for the sake of our culture in form we should never read those literatures. Italy and Spain, however, have been less unfortunate than France. Both in Italy and in Spain the wild and the wonderful were continually floating down into the plains from mountain peaks. In Italy you had great memories, great monuments; everywhere you could trace the footsteps of Roman gods and of Roman heroes, and the majesty of the Roman people survived in the colossal empire of the church. In Spain, the Moorish conquest, and the subsequent discovery of America were enough immensely to antagonize the Romanic element in

Spanish civilization and development. Now, with one or two sublime exceptions, the history of France has in the main been a prosaic history. And France is, through its largest extent, a prosaic country. And the French are, and have always been a prosaic people. They have not, therefore, been able to vary their Romanic culture by anything but their own rhetoric. They have thus had a double tendency to the perfection of form in literature with nothing to counteract; the echo and the imitation of the Romanic and their own rhetorical extravagance. We may see nearly the same thing in American literature, which echoes and imitates English literature, and hides the theft by ridiculous Yankee rhetoric,—the most vulgar and vapid rhetoric that was ever bawled by mortal lips.

Whatever the good, or whatever the evil of French rhetoric, it is through its rhetoric that France has operated so powerfully on the manners of Europe. All the world affects to despise gasconading, yet all the world is deceived thereby. A cowardly boaster no one is disposed to listen to, but a man may boast as much as he likes if he is known to be brave. In every barrack-room you will always find a crowd gathered round the rhetorician. Now France, scattering her rhetoric on the right hand and on the left, has been in general taken at the value she put upon herself. It was supposed that a nation so clever in speech must be equally excellent in all things. And in matters of the smallest moment, as well as of the largest, France was allowed despotically to set the fashion. This has not been for the benefit of Europe, and as little has it been for the benefit of France. It has induced Europe to attach too much importance to manner altogether; and it has made France proceed only with a fitful and feeble hand to her own regeneration. There have been more serious evils. All the present political complications of Europe are directly traceable to

France. She has set the fashion in revolution as she has set it in so much else. She has bragged of her propagandism as if it were a kind of art peculiarly her own. But what has the effect of her propagandism been? The young in every land of the oppressed have accepted her rhetorical commonplaces as prophetic voices, and have rushed into the most abortive, immature, and inconsiderate movements. Why at this hour is freedom in chains all over the Continent? Solely through French gasconading. A country can be redeemed only through the culmination of its own wants, and the concentration of its own forces, and the ripeness of its own resolves. But what have revolutions in Italy, Germany, and elsewhere been? French rhetoric at second-hand. Read what German, and Italian, and Polish revolutionists publish; and does it not bear far more a French than a German, an Italian, or a Polish stamp? There is not a sentence of Mazzini's which is not more French than Italian. Now, there is not a country in Europe, despotically governed, which deserves to be free till it can be free not merely through its own efforts, but in its own fashion, and in obedience to its own needs. And I do not wish to see nations free till they can thus be free. Germany and Italy have not yet been defeated in their patriotic outbursts,—but fanatical German and Italian dogmatists, drunk with French rhetoric, have been defeated. I care not how France the rhetorical teaches our gentlemen to bow, our ladies to dress, and our children to dance; I care not how many articles of knick-knackery and millinery she sends us. But is it not a tragical thing to see Europe stirred to her centre, heaved from her foundations, every ten years, because the French have been pouring forth a few more than usual of their vapoury phrases. France talks incessantly of civilizing the human race; it would be more correct to say that she is continually betraying

the human race. Not that she is conscious of the treachery, but because she must have her confounded jabber out. O France! I have only one favour to ask of you—Hold your jaw.

There is another evil flowing from French rhetoric. What is that accursed diplomacy which Nicholas and the other despots find to be so potent and successful a weapon in their hands? What is it but French rhetoric in one of its most cunning shapes? It is the pretence of doing something when there is nothing but interminable talk. And when we have a slow and solemn Scotchman, called Aberdeen, at the head of our affairs, God knows to what it does not lead. Here we have, for many months, been allowing some of the smallest creatures in the Universe to gabble infinite French rhetoric to each other in the corners of bureaux, and in the cupboards of ambassadors, when we might at this hour have been smoking a pipe with the Turk in St. Petersburg.

And what is one leading cause why we have so little of commanding and conquering statesmanship in England? Is it not through our nuisance of a Parliament, that is, a talking thing? And that Parliament, or talking thing, is, as its name proves, an invention of French rhetoric. There must be something wrong about the democracy of England, when the extent of its demands is that it may have its share in that French rhetoric which we are pleased to call a Parliament. A true English democracy would strive to place itself at the head of England's puissant deeds, instead of at the tail of imported and naturalized French babblement. All political failures are moral failures,—and the disasters to liberty in Europe spring from the absence of great moral convictions. And here we trace the influence of French rhetoric again. In the French language the same word signifies manners and morals; and what a terrible condemnation of the

French character is that single fact ! There cannot be here any sublime stoical immutabilities soaring far, far above the ordinary motives of the nation. If you are exceedingly well bred, you cannot be so very immoral, and you cannot be moral unless you are tolerably well bred ; how can you avoid these conclusions ? The same French word, also, which signifies honesty signifies civility—the same word which signifies uncivil signifies dishonest. Are there not here some of those striking affinities, those marvellous analogies which explain so much and suggest so much. The French have no word for mind ; they have instead a word which means spirit, or wit, or an indefinite something which nobody is supposed to possess but a Frenchman ; a word which, derived from Latin, means, when I turn to the Latin original in an old Latin dictionary, breathing air, wind, savour, smell, stench, vapour, steam—before I come to life, spirit, soul ; and thus would any but a most rhetorical nation have chosen it as equivalent with, expressive of our divinest attribute—that by which we are gods manifest in the flesh ! We have the word consciousness and the word conscience. The French have the same word for both, causing the utmost moral chaos that it is possible to plunge into ; for it is obvious that their conscience or their consciousness is only a mode of speaking rhetoric to their own hearts, when they can find no other auditor near or willing. Consult a common French dictionary, and you discover that we have the word sentiment, and that the French have it ; but how it flits, in a Frenchman, from his brain to his heart, and from his heart to his senses, and back again through his heart to his brain. The French have only one word to express loving and liking, from which we must conclude that their love is very prompt but not very profound, or that their likings have an ardour to which we are not accustomed. Now, all these things are

not mere curiosities of language. They conduct us into the abyss of a nation's being. They exhibit the deep, perhaps the incurable defects of the French character. The Scotchman is an animal with a morbid conscientiousness: the Frenchman is an animal with no conscientiousness of any kind. Now, as there are animals born without various other organs, I do not see why a Frenchman should be born with conscientiousness. But I see very emphatic and imperious reasons why he should not make the inhabitants of the whole world moral eunuchs like himself. And this is what you have to consider when you glance at the influence of France on the manners of Europe. Such influence is ever and evermore a destruction of that out of which morality grows. Did you ever know an enormous talker who had a conscience? and why should you expect your poor Frenchman to have one? Only keep him at a decent distance from your families, and do not allow him to pollute with his ribaldry and lust your national glory, the sanctities of ten million homes. I should not trust the honour even of my dearest friend, unless I knew that he had moral principles stronger than his honour: still less should I trust honour if it is armed and clothed with rhetoric; for the rhetorician is always carrying on a double process—when he is talking sophistries to you, he is talking still more seductive sophistries to himself. Thrust back the French upon themselves, exclude them from all interference with the affairs of Europe till they learn to obey some higher law than rhetoric and honour. France could say nothing warmer or more applauding of one of its most famous men than that he was without fear and without reproach. It can conceive no more generous praise for any man. But if we are to obey the true, the eternal laws, must we not often be content to be thought cowards by the world? And if we march on from

grandeur to grandeur of heroic and martyr achievement, what is it that we shall be so frequently called on to face as the world's reproach? The Bayard of France and the Bayard of God are never one and the same man. Europe, or rather, I should say, the stern and unchangeable destinies, must teach France, ere France should ever venture again to be the teacher of Europe to the extent even of a shoe-tie, a riband, or a new sauce. I have lived with Frenchmen in my youth, and I have loved them: for, selfishness, sensuality, display, and the glibbest of gabble apart, there is nothing so fascinating as a Frenchman. But I should not like to confess all I saw and knew of my French friends. How the word remorse ever crept into the French language, I am at a loss to discover, for do you suppose that any Frenchman ever felt it?

The Frenchman, however, is not an intellectual machine—an intellectual individuality—like the Italian. He has rapid and resistless sympathies, and in his holier hours he manifests a beautiful, a most delicate, an incomparable tenderness. Take three living writers of France—Lamennais, Michelet, and Madame Dudevant. Is there anything in the whole of our literature approaching in pathos to some of their pages? Perhaps nowhere on the earth is the regard of man to man so strong as in France. Read the book so touching, so noble, and so wise of Degerando's on visiting the poor, and you will understand that whatever other semblances there may be in France, French charity is no semblance. We have had no Vincent de Paul; the French have had not one, but many. Protestantism completely corresponded with the French intellect; France rejected it because it was less loving than Catholicism. There is no poor-law in France, but neither is there any pauperism. When the Frenchman's struggle for bread becomes tragically hard, some angel always comes to his relief. And it ought to be

stated, that however ostentatious in other matters, he is never ostentatious in his charity. There he forgets his rhetoric. He deals in rhetoric even when he offers his prayers to his God; but he ceases to deal when he has to pour balm into his neighbour's wounds. As respects selfishness, also, it ought to be stated that a Frenchman's selfishness always grasps transitory enjoyment, while an Englishman's always goes in the direction of permanent possession, and the latter argues a more really selfish nature than the former.

Like all things very dear to us, we love France and the French more after we have heartily abused them. This alone puzzles us:—that a nation that can do so much should think it necessary to talk so much—that a nation omnipotent in Vincent de Paul bounteousness should aspire to be Empress of Manners in Europe's most trifling affairs. Is it not possible that Christianity has been as fatal to France as it was to Rome, and that with a religion that did not give such prominence to the eternal word the French would be an entirely different people? Religion has hitherto come before them as God's rhetoric; and they might think that they were performing an act of supremest devotion in attempting a rivalry with the rhetoric of the skies. There have been more extraordinary delusions than this. Certainly an element, an indispensable element, in all our judgments of nations or individuals in these days is the Christian theology. Before passing sentence on nations or individuals, we should first ascertain what harm the Christian theology has done them. When the Frenchman, with his rhetorical nature, learns that in the beginning was the Word, that the Word was with God, and that the Word was God—what but the Word, his own chief gift, can he deem the fittest worship of God? To reform France, therefore, some plan of reformation must

be thought of which reforms the whole world. The Frenchman, the most rhetorical of men, as the Greek was the most eloquent of men, must in utmost soberness and honesty think that he is propagating the Gospel when he is giving a new fashion to a wig or a waistcoat, seeing that Christianity from the beginning has been a dispute about parts of speech.

There is a current notion that the French are hypocritical. They have been called hypocritical, as they have been called vain and theatrical, from not understanding their rhetorical character. On the contrary, the French are the sincerest of men. It is your nation, brother Englishman, it is your nation that is eminently the nation of hypocrites. And I know nothing which would be more likely to inspire those moral convictions which are so much needed in France than an example of sincerity on the part of the English. Let us cease to be Pharisees, Tartufes, and perhaps the French will cease to be mere rhetoricians. And unless we cease to be Pharisees, Tartufes, so much heavier will our punishment ultimately be than any that has ever fallen on France. The penalty for inconsiderate speech can never be so great as that for a long and systematic course of hypocrisy. At all events, at this hour France shows far more of a disposition to be earnest and honest than we. But we cannot completely know who is earnest and honest in these days, and who is not, till we have kindled and marched through a general war in Europe. Apart from all temporary questions, from all disputes of Turk and Russian, it is only through a war that we can learn what amount of moral strength, and of moral health, there is remaining in the world. Through a war France may cease to be rhetorical and England to be hypocritical. And in the presence of real nationalities, of nationalities not yet corrupted by a false and over-civilization, both France and

England may gain courage to cast away from them their debasing conventionalities. No French phrasemongering, no English Constitutionmongering, is it that the world wants. Far less does it want worn-out Protestantisms, and worn-out Christianisms. I do not regard the coming war as a war for the establishment of freedom. I regard it as a war to bring about the reign of realities. Not indifferent to me is the liberty of Hungary, of Italy, of Poland, and of other lands. But far more important, far more interesting is it that men should see clear into the face, should once more put their hand on the beating heart of everlasting nature. In the Chinese language, there is only one word to express heaven and God. Would that habitually we all saw God as heaven and heaven as God, and earth and man as parts thereof! Oh to be done with phrases, and traditions, and diplomacies, and constitutionalisms, and all the other rubbish! Strike, holy hour of the world's redemption! And thou God that art heaven, thou heaven that art God, when rousing all men to a sense of thee, forget not the land of the Gaul, the land of the Frank! In the struggle that is approaching, make his deeds mightier than ever his words have been; and, raised on the pedestal of grandest achievements, and with his triumphant right hand grasping thy throne, may he aim henceforth at no other rhetoric than that which speaks through potent actions that bless the fatherland and mankind!

11th December, 1853.

LECTURE NINTH.

SPAIN AND ROMANCE.

WHAT India is to Asia, to the world, Spain is to Europe—a land of marvels; but rather, perhaps, from the physical features of the country, and from certain incidents in Spanish history, than from the character of the people. We see an admirable affinity between the Frenchman and France, between the Hindoo and India, between the Arab and Arabia, but we see no such kindredness between the Spaniard and Spain. It is doubtful whether Spain would have had any interest for us but for the good fortune of having been conquered by the Mahometans. Everything grand or memorable in Spain was either the direct product or the indirect result of the Koran; and if among nations the mission of Spain is romance, it is because upon Spain Arab adventure and Oriental gorgeousness, unstinted, poured themselves at a time when Mahometan civilization was in its most valiant vigour and when Christian civilization had sunk into utter impotence. Spain originated nothing, and the only thing which it ever helped to perfect was the Inquisition, and that seems the only thing to which it has been able to communicate any portion of vitality. Spain is miserable, most miserable, a shrieking squalor in the midst of men. Yet we do not pity her; for when great she had not great qualities, and now she is what, left to herself and without foreign influences, she would always have been.

It is absurd to trace the decline of Spain to the Popish religion. When at the height of her glory she was as

much a Romanist country as now; and other kingdoms have not been hindered from marching mightily by their profession of the Roman-catholic faith. Protestantism is favourable to industrial enterprise, but it would be more correct to say that nations chose Protestantism because they were industrial than that they are industrial because they adopted Protestantism. And likewise it would be more correct to say that Spain clung to an antiquated superstition because she had fallen of her own free will into a craven lethargy than that the antiquated superstition had changed her into the incurable lubber she now is. Spain's was not a slow decay. A century or two sufficed to reduce her from the foremost empire of Europe to a place so subordinate and so degrading, that to mention her now is but to utter the synonym of national infamy. How could a realm fall so low and so rapidly if the children thereof had been clothed with a natural garniture of godlike gifts? When gods die, they die as they have lived—like gods. They do not first touch the stars with their gleaming transcendancy of stature and of force, and then lie down on some putrid straw, to expire like leprous mendicants. But Spain shrank so suddenly from a bragging Brobdignag into a lazy Liliput, as to prove how little divine realities had ever armed and animated her heart. We accept, therefore, her offerings to the culture and the rapture of the world, through romance, without gratitude and without praise. She was merely the channel of communication.

In one respect she was excellently fitted to be such a channel. If Arabia, the worker of miracles, had come into such long and living contact as in Spain with a truly heroic people, that people would have appropriated the miraculous alone, and grown itself a worker of miracles. But the miracles of Arabia, grandly passing before a people constitutionally lazy, were at once transformed

into fables. What in the Arab had been the heroism of miracle, was transmuted by the Spaniard into the wildness of romance; but this, though making the romance the more beautiful and many-coloured, was still a defect in the Spanish character. We always metamorphose miracle into romance the moment we feel our inability to exhibit in our own career the miraculous that astounds us. Hence all romantic natures are in the main weak natures. We admire so ardently what we are aware we cannot perform, and because we are conscious thereof. Whatever delight, then, romance may have given to Europe, in proportion to the delight has been the confession by Europe, however unwillingly made, of most lamentable weakness.

Romance is not only an inferior form of the poetic, but an inferior form of the heroic; and if our literature in late days has gone so much in the direction of romance, this is a sign that both heroism and poetry have become for a season impossible. All of us have had our visions of romance. How gloomy seems this earth when those visions vanish or wax dim! And yet what gave them their most ecstatic enchantment? That we could play with poetic phantasies without the trouble of creating a poetic whole; and that we could perform a thousand imaginary feats which cost us no labour, no real sacrifice. Our romance, then, after all, was only a mode of vanity, a mode of self-worship, a fashion of concealing from ourselves our own incapacity. What is a poem? In the original Greek it means a work, an action, a harmonious, therefore, and completed thing. That is not exactly our modern idea of a poem. What of our life is least a work, least an action, least a harmony, least a Cosmos, we weave from the sluggish twilight of our brain, on which the sun has set and the stars have not yet risen, and call it poetry. Fragmentary, paralytic, chaotic parent—fragmentary

paralytic, chaotic offspring. Poetry and heroism are identical; and not alone in Ossian's case were the bard and the battler one. Homer was as brave as Achilles or Agamemnon; and what conflicts ever thundered so stupendously along the Trojan plains as the Iliad and the Odyssey thunder through the centuries? If therefore, since the advent of Christianity, there have not been heroic ages in Europe, neither can there have been anything deserving the name of poetry. Nor can there again be poetry till again heroism arise. All our modern poetry, to whatever nation it belong, is either an outpouring of romantic eccentricities, audacities, and exuberances, or the wail of stricken souls, or the voice of passion, or the yell of defiance and of hate hurled by Titanic bosoms at a corrupt society, or the wretched imitation of classical models. We deem our Shakspeare incomparable, we are never tired of adding to his renown, we cannot find words to express the fervour of our enthusiasm. But what are his plays but the richest, most splendid of romantic fragments? There may be here more genius than in all previous poets; that I am not denying. And contrasted with the French dramatists, their frigid rhetoric, their pedantic bombast, Shakspeare may merit the most lavish adoration that he has ever received. The point at issue is not affected thereby. I am not attempting to maintain—for that would be silly and false—that poetical minds the most nobly endowed, have not abundantly shone on the Christian world. I simply aver that though there have been poetic flashes, poetic comets, there have been no poetic orbs of flame circling with slow and solemn majesty, and warming, illuminating, fertilizing, with the bounteous regularity of the heavens.

It is a common notion that poetry is only for poets, for students, for literary men, for sentimental youths, for ladies in love, and that it has no relation to our everyday

doings, to our ordinary existence. Pleasant delusion of our fat Franklinisms. We are basely prosaic, and we think ourselves practical. Now, we are never less practical than when we are prosaic, and nothing is so eminently practical as divinest poetry;—I mean that there is nothing so invincibly favourable to congregated national achievement. We boast of being the most practical people on the globe, because we happen to be the most prosaic people on the globe; and then we mix up with the dismal utilitarian mess, and the monstrous anarchy, a dash of romance filched from filthy, lumbering Spain, and take credit to ourselves for counteracting tendencies too exclusively industrial with a generous poetical leaven. What more needful in the presence of such spectacles to proclaim to our countrymen, to proclaim to mankind, than that as the heroic and the poetic are one, so the practical is but a different word for the heroic; while the prosaic and the romantic, though apparently so dissimilar, generate each other, and are but various aspects of the same essential fact. It will not do, then, to war with the prosaic alone, especially to carry on the war with instruments borrowed from the inspirations of romance. The prosaic is plainly the anarchic, hideously, tragically the anarchic; the prosaic is industrial isolation, that longs not for its neighbour: it is industrial egoism, with its insatiate clutch, that cares not for its neighbour. Manifestly, the prosaic is the foe of all government; for government, energetic, wise, comprehensive, is possible only through the unity of the state, and the unity of the state is but another phrase for the unity of the people. But how is the prosaic confirmed in its isolation, hardened in its egoism? Precisely through beholding the utter impotence of the romantic, when the romantic pretends to any patriotic endeavour, to any philanthropic enterprise.

In all heroic, which is equivalent to all poetic ages,

the mind and the character constitute one unmutated individuality; and if either is allowed to predominate, the preference is given to the character. In all prosaic, which is equivalent to all romantic ages, the mind and the character are viewed as severed—indeed, as antagonistic entities; and if sacrifices are to be made, it is always character that is compelled to bear, with bleeding feet, the burden and the loss. My charge against romance is that it has impoverished, that it has starved the character while enriching the mind of Europe. We are all unwieldy dropsies of knowledge. The common complaint is of ignorance; but who of us does not know infinitely too much? We have quite forgotten our manhood in our thirst for information. Oh, the luxury of meeting once, only once, in our pilgrimage a downright blockhead, who was content to expend his plenitude of stalwart limb in the midst of creation without asking any questions. There are no ignorant men at this hour in Europe—there are uncultured and miscultured men in multitudes, but there are no ignorant men. I wish such could be found, for then I should have more hope of my country, of humanity, than now. The coarsest peasant shares what in you is prosaic, shares what in you is romantic, and applies your vast, your wonderful discoveries more quickly, more effectually than you. What is your despised ignorant man in these days but a logician more rapid, more indomitable, more fatal than his fellows? We have babblement enough about national education, and the marvels it would scatter abroad. It is as profitable to talk of this, I suppose, as of some new pugilist, the last poultry show, and Lord Aberdeen's most recent imbecility—but not very profitable, notwithstanding. Can we have national education before we have a nation? And what does national education mean in the mouth of its advocates but that combined romance

and prose which is now our deadliest curse, our most loathsome disease. Oxford Owldoms, Anglican Obscurantisms, are intolerably ugly—be sure that I am not their champion. I abhor them from the depth of my heart. But when the rawest bumpkin, by the light of your boasted sciences, poisons his child to obtain money from his burial club to get drunk every day for a fortnight, is not this a few degrees uglier still? Spain, the land of romance, is in its present state but a type of what our country, what Europe, what the world will become, if, mingling prose and romance together, you dangle ostentatiously in the air your crotchet of national education as a universal remedy for universal wrong and universal woe. It is not education which a nation wants, but nationality; it wants, that is, to be a nation. And if it is a nation, it cannot be uneducated. I am aware that we could not have had Tieck, and Richter, and the Schlegels, and hosts of French, German, and English dramatists, humourists, novelists, historians, and Peter Corneille would have written one tragedy less but for Spain and Romance. The world, I believe, would have contrived to bear this misfortune. At least it has managed somehow or other to survive far more dreadful disasters. A few authors more or less can never be either much of gain or of loss to the human race. An unremembered hero, a poet, that is, a hero of another kind swamped by the heedless, swallowed by the envious years, that would be a calamity.

In speaking as I have spoken, I give the experience of one most grievously led astray by the romantic. I owe Judea a grudge, but I owe Spain a still more furious grudge. In effect, however, Judea and Spain are the same thing. Whether you call the one faith and the other romance, there is still the everlasting, the detestable resolve to make mere words, mere vapour, pass as an

apology for action. This is not so recent in the case either of Judea or of Spain, as is usually thought. Do you think that the Jew turned a trader because he was persecuted in the middle ages? He was a trader long before the birth of Christ—was a trader when he might have achieved distinction in the Roman armies, literary or political distinction in every region subdued by Greek or by Roman. The allusions of Jesus to usury prove that the Jew was always a huckster. But the huckster always likes to give an imaginary value for a real value;—and therefore the Jews, some half dozen centuries ago, invented bills of exchange—that is, useless bits of paper, as the representatives of glittering jewels and heaps of solid gold. That, however, was not the first bill of exchange. Go back to Calvary, and there you will find the first bill of exchange written in blood.

Now, as the Jew invented bills of exchange to bamboozle ninnies, and to conceal the worthlessness of himself and of his goods, the Spaniard, drawn toward the Jew by a sympathy of rapscaillonism, was bolder than the Jew himself, for he introduced bills of exchange into his own history. The whole of Spanish history is purely a bill of exchange. It is to this hour a question whether Spain's most remarkable man, the Cid, ever existed at all. And take Spain at her two most gigantic moments—the expulsion of the Arabs from her territories, and the conquest of America—and were not both nakedly bills of exchange? United, the Arabs could have flogged ten times more Spaniards than they ever met in the battle-shock; obeying their instinct of unlimited individuality, they became so many separate grains of sand, and were their own conquerors, their own destroyers. And in Mexico and Peru the Spaniards fought with men as if they had been fighting with sheep; indeed, an army of old rams would probably have offered a more desperate resistance. The

instant the Spaniards stood face to face with men at once united, brave, and as much acquainted with war as themselves, they were ignominiously vanquished. And how signally does the late war which the United States carried on with Mexico, show that there is no victorious fire in the Spanish blood.

Much nonsense is talked on the influence of climate. We do not find that the Arab, in whatever direction the Koran drove his victorious legions, was through the climate rendered a less valiant and adventurous man. Wherever he has been able to maintain his position, to form settlements, he remains the same as when, fast as the whirlwind, he swept with his horse over the desert. And in all parts of North America, is not the Englishman equally bold, active, persistent, and enterprising. There is considerable variety of climate in France; yet every Frenchman fights well and works well. Nowhere is climate so depressing as in London, yet nowhere is there a more pertinacious and laborious industry. By climate, then, you cannot interpret the career, or apologize for the downfall of Spain. You must admit, if you are honest, a clear inferiority of race.

Nor will Spain ever be very different from what it is now till you introduce another race, a more vigorous and courageous race,—a race, above all, that loves labour. Never will Spain be regenerated through Spaniards. Colonize her with men, instead of leaving her in the hands of sluggish, superstitious slaves. From Gibraltar northward, an empire could easily enough march. If not, France will cross the Pyrenees and claim Spain as her own. When Spain, under Charles the Fifth, had such an imposing attitude in Europe, was it Spain's native forces that had conquered that supremacy? Was it not as Emperor of Germany, still more than as King of Spain, that Charles grasped a glory and a greatness dispropor-

tionate to his own individual merits, which do not seem to have risen much above mediocrity. It is the phantom, however, of that colossal power which has caused so much forbearance to be shown toward the cravens who crawl over the surface of Spain. Yet there Spain lies obstructing the on-rush of England's industrialism to the East; though England in her innermost instincts knows that, unless she can roll her industrialism on the East, she must perish still more disreputably than Spain is now perishing. Indeed, I do not see how England is to disgarnish herself of her prosaic and romantic elements—how she is to ascend to poetry and heroism, and thus panoply herself with unity as a state, till she has in some way or other reduced Spain under her obedience. Spain is the key to the Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean is the key to the East. I habitually view Spain as a branch of the grand English question. England has drunk more largely than any other nation from the cup of Spain's romance. England is Quixotic whenever she is not spinning and weaving cotton. What are her missionary societies, and so many kindred institutions and efforts, but Quixotisms. Every Englishman is regarded as a Quixote on the Continent. You sit beside a staid Englishman in his counting-house; you think that his whole heart is plunged in business; by and by you discover that he has exploded into the most Quixotic absurdities. Is this accounted for by the caprices of English humour alone? Far from it. But when Don Quixote died, his spirit passed into the English breast, and strange antics and devilries has the world been invited to behold in consequence. Now, Quixotism, whether in individuals or in nations, never achieves anything beneficent or enduring. It is a useless expenditure of labour and of combat. And to the extent that England has been Quixotic, has she been hampered in the development of her industry, while she has brought

no redemption to the world. How can she rid herself of her Quixotism, but by going to the fountain of Quixotism, Spain, and seating herself as on a throne upon the mountains that look down on those haughty idlers, who shake their rage and chains to the sound of the guitar,—declare that henceforth there must be work done in Spain; that both in England and in Spain he who labours shall alone be recognised as conqueror, and as worshipper, and that he who prefers dancing must dance in the air.

It is curious enough that the seizure and the colonization of Spain by England has already been contemplated by the Spaniards themselves as a possibility. It is natural that the most Catholic nation in Europe should be jealous of the most Protestant, and that the laziest nation should hate the most industrious. And thus the antipathy to Protestantism in Spain is the antipathy to England; the loathing of England is the horror of Protestantism. In a work by a Spanish ecclesiastic, called Balmez, on the comparative merits of Protestantism and Catholicism, in reference to civilization, which has been translated into French, Italian, and English—which is vaunted by Catholic priests as the ablest defence of the Catholic system that modern times have produced, but which is too often declamatory, commonplace, seasoned with transparent Jesuitism and awkward lying, though in parts most shrewd and excellent—England and Protestantism are spoken of as one and the same evil; and it is represented that if either were to obtain a firm footing in Spain, the other would soon be master. I most devoutly believe it. I need not disclaim all regard for Protestantism as a pretended religion; I need not repeat that when I say a word in favour of Protestantism, I view it solely as a political and industrial principle. But considering all religions throughout the Christian world to be dead, though having the form of life, I take no in-

terest in them as religions. What of vitality they have in other aspects, in other directions, that I am bound to give heed to. And this is why, among other reasons, in treating of Spain and romance, and though the romantic in idea and undertaking is my own supremest impulse, I am, as it may seem to you, so singularly unromantic. If I had the first freshness, the first odour of youth upon me, and if I had to write a college exercise on Spain, pictures warm, living, various, full of beauty, full of charm, would troop before me in abundance. But I have to grapple at this hour with the coming destinies of earth—I am in the midst of the contest; I have not time or disposition to paint—I must strike, and denounce, and prophesy; I must so understand Spain as to make it available for the future. Long enough has Spain cumbered the ground as a monument of the things that have been, but which ought no longer to be, which can no longer be. I build the city of God—I look round for materials—if Spain can be made to form part of a palace, a temple, or a wall, I use Spain, but it must be in my own way. Those who want to find what the French call castles in Spain, are welcome to go to Spain for that purpose; I decline to accompany them. Not castles in the air or in Spain, not the fairy-land of the bygone, do I go forth to conquer. The fates drag me, unwilling as I may be, away from all that, and tell me sternly to teach by working, to teach by battle, and to work and to battle by teaching.

Furthermore, perhaps no country is so familiar to every one as Spain. Its romantic history has attracted those who never read any other history. As its romance has been intimately woven with the romance of Europe, has been the primal and perennial source of this romance, there is not a child to whose brain romance has come with a purple glow, who has not been fascinated to study the

physical aspects, the geographical peculiarities, the architectural remains of Spain while remaining indifferent to his own land. How often in those early years have we dwelt in the Alhambra, and wandered through the paradise of Andalusia! How often have we kept our Atlas from growing mouldy by faithfully following the footsteps of Gil Blas and Don Quixote. I knew every city in Spain, and had tabernacled there, and had encountered a thousand delightful or terrible adventures in each of them, ten years before I had patience to search for the latitude and the longitude of any other cities of the earth.

In addition, the Peninsular war excited an interest in Spain, a sympathy for Spain, which has not yet had time to die.

Presuming from my own case, I believe that Spain, like Palestine, through a crowd of circumstances, is better known to most men than their own country. It cannot, then, be needful to glance at what is most romantic in Spain's romance. Every English traveller writes his first work on Spain; every French novelist places the scene of his first fiction in Spain; every German translates or comments on Calderon, when he has no new theories to offer on Greek versification or the Being of God. I could merely tell you something which probably you know already, or which somebody else could tell you in a more vivid and pictorial fashion.

But what they cannot tell you, or are not willing to tell you, is what is to be done with Spain. That it is which as earnest men concerns you most, and that it is which I venture to tell you. And, as Englishmen, you cannot be offended at that which points to the aggrandizement of England, though I have said harsh enough things both of England and the English to free me from the charge of flattering either.

Here, however, two points occur for decision—the

right of Protestant England to Spain, the right of England to extinguish a national literature almost equal to her own, to extinguish a national language in some respects superior to her own,—a language so grandly sonorous, so miraculously majestic, that Charles the Fifth declared it to be a language fit for the gods. Heaven forbid that I should urge on England to be simply an executioner among the nations; Heaven still more forbid that I should offend by one minutest tittle what is eternally just. I have sufficiently given breath to my notions on Might and Right, and I never like to go over the same ground twice. So far I am a lover of romance. But as I have been supposed to uphold the unsorapaleus gripe of the strongest, I may be allowed to vindicate myself in a single word from an accusation so injurious. A man of genius, Thomas Carlyle, may certainly be chargeable with teaching some such doctrine. He is stalwart enough—sound enough in lung and in limb—to defend himself, if he thinks it worth while; I would not insult him by defending him. But I do not teach his doctrine. I do not so much maintain that might is right as that right is might, and that might and right are equivalent terms only when everlasting justice is honoured and realized. A Louis Napoleon at the head of France, a Czar Nicholas at the head of Russia, surely I am not the man to praise. The right of England to Spain is not the right of might—it is a representative right. England represents, not the two highest things that are possible in the world, but the two highest things that exist in our actual civilization—labour and truthfulness. To me the labour of an Englishman is something more than respectable—it is sublime; and notwithstanding the disgusting and cowardly conventional hypocrisy of the Englishman, there shines through all his doings and dealings an immense yearning for the truth. Now the Englishman,

having these two things in an incomparable degree, this constitutes not alone his right to Spain, but his right to every place kindredly conditioned.

Besides, it is absurd to speak of Spain as if she were a living body and a living soul. Like Christianity, Spain is dead. Spain is an enormous corpse, with thirteen millions of odious, slimy, voracious insects creeping over the festering mass. What must you do? You must walk in and bury Spain, and the insects too, and see what can be accomplished by docks, by spinning-jennies, and by what the Protectionists are pleased to call high farming. As to the Spanish literature and the Spanish language, grander things than either have perished. But the literature would not perish, even if the language did. And if the language perished, the literature would still keep itself afloat, if it had enough of internal vitality, and if it had not, no matter if it were devoured by the abyesses. The Latin language ceased to be spoken; but that has not hindered Rome and the Romans from leaving their magnificent impress on all time. Something not differing much from the Greek language has survived. But to hear the Greek language spoken by the most tricky, dishonest, beggarly knaves in the world does not add to our admiration or increase our appreciation of Greece. We need not, however, bother ourselves with these niceties and pedantries. Is or is not Spain dead? If she is alive, she will soon show that I have been talking balderdash. If she is dead, what Christian would refuse her becoming Christian burial? And after she is buried, why should her mountains not be alive with men, and her fields not laugh and flow with plenty? One of about a score of fanaticisms which I have is the burying dead things as soon as possible. I am not ashamed of my fanaticisms, and I am not ashamed of this particular fanaticism. I worship life. I know no other God; and though it is

true enough that death is only a form of life, I do not like to watch the demonstration. Spain annoys me. She is a stench in my nostrils; she prevents me from comfortably dreaming. And fain would I dream through another of my fanaticisms, that of occidental and oriental reciprocity, of which Spain would be the most effective instrument, if Spain were alive. But think not that when Spain is buried, Spain will be buried alone. The tomb that swallows Spain will swallow popery too, in spite of Balmez, and Joseph de Maistre, and Montalembert, and Father Newman, and all the Ultramontanists. The Pope is now but the dead baby that is to be buried with the dead Spanish mother. The Pope is no longer Italian, much less European; he is simply a rag doll in a Spanish wax-work exhibition. Do I rejoice over these things? I mourn with tears of blood, with sweat of blood. For Protestantism is Sectarianism, and Sectarianism I abominate. O that, instead of dead Catholicities, we had a real and living Catholicity! But, in the absence of this what can you do but cling to that which, however small, has most of life? In passing through a forest you are appalled by the sight of a dead lion. You shudder, partly at the sombre shadow of the over-arching branches, partly at the closed eye of that king of the woods. You approach, you touch the thunderous mane; you weep, for here verily is a royal glory before which no knee is bowing. You leave the forest, you leave that mighty thing, no longer mighty: you emerge into the spacious sunniness of the smiling fields. What is it you hear first? The chirp of the grasshopper, and the grasshopper is more to you than the lion you have just left, for it is alive, alive;—yes alive, even as you are, a link between you and universal life. And this, so far from being a morbid, is a most healthy feeling. We are committing a crime whenever we are no longer than we can

help; but we are committing a still greater crime when we pretend that death is life, and refuse to bury the dead.

With Walter Scott we had the last, honest breath of romance. As Shakspeare was romance's richest, Scott was romance's healthiest utterance. All else since Scott's death has been simply a refusal to bury the dead—to bury dead Spain and dead romance. Scott was not a poet; but he was as much a poet as it was possible for any man in our modern circumstances to be. He was a good deal more a poet than Carlyle's vaunted Goethe. At once the most prosaic and the most romantic of men, he typified the whole of our contemporary civilization. He had a substantial and unselfish belief in Toryism to the last. Toryism is not poetic, it is not heroic; but it is romantic. Out of Spain, nothing so romantic. If the Tories could keep their hands out of the public purse, Toryism would be really beautiful, and if they did so, I would almost turn Tory myself out of my hatred to Whiggery; but it has an ugly Judas look, this mean liking for hard cash.

But I am forgetting that the romantic is not the poetic or the heroic; for that more than Spain is the real text of my present address. To know that Spain is not forgotten of God is something: to know that we shall again have a poetic and heroic humanity is a far more important thing. Yet we cannot have this unless a beginning is made with each individual; and as a beginning must be made somewhere, I commence with myself. I spent twenty years of my life in the elysium of romance; I spent twenty years of my life in the hell of romance. I am now painfully striving to achieve the poetic and the heroic. And it is not one among my least pangs that I am compelled to confess that I have given forty years of my life to the purple glow of a nonentity. I am neither poet nor hero: now I first truly perceive that Spain the

romantic has led me astray, and that I have been sacrificing all those precious years for an unburied corpse. But am I alone to blame? If I had been a Greek or Roman, would this have happened? If I had been a Greek, Greece would have given me arts and arms, and the unity of the state from my tenderest years. Rome would not have given me arts, but it would have given me arms, and it would have given me the unity of the state in a still higher degree than Greece. Now, that is the whole secret of our modern malaise. We have not arts, we have not arms, we have not the unity of the state, we do not learn to be citizens, and we fall back upon ourselves and dream romantic, and, in the end, most fatal dreams. Why should I be condemned to be either a drudge or a Quixote? Why should I be condemned perhaps to be both? And I for one am aware that I am both, and probably that I shall go down as both worn and despairing to the grave. If you had taken me when I was a boy, and given me arts and arms, and the unity of the state, I should have been a brave citizen, a cultured citizen, I should have had no foolish, no tragical dreams. Now, good God! what is my condition, what is my outlook for the immediate future? And in so far as you have had neither arts, nor arms, nor the unity of the state, what is *your* outlook? O verily, my friends, corpses spread pestilence even when we affect to believe them alive: all the more, perhaps, that we indulge this affection; for in that case we come too near and dwell too long beside the dead.

One of the many romances in these days that leads us all most grievously astray is the Romance of Freedom. It is strange that that romance should have come, like other romances, from a land now sunk in the most hopeless despotism. That it is the first of many romances that must utterly perish. What is stirring and crazing all the

democracies of Europe but this romance of freedom? I do not say that it is a light thing, or that it would not be a welcome thing to crush the autocracies that strangle us. But what would the overthrow of tyranny as the outburst of political romance be? It would be worse than the worst of our present evils. Of all our social and political romancists, who has an ideal of the state? And how can we expect their followers to have such an ideal? The basis of the state's greatness, that poetry which is heroism, that heroism which is poetry, teacher and disciple alike are ignorant of. I have frequently condemned the efforts of the democracies in these days, because they are the attempts to realize dogmatisms; but perhaps they should be still more emphatically condemned because they are attempts to realize a romance. Of course, to see all the democracies rising, one after another, each with its own ideal of the state, each determining to incarnate that ideal by Titanic deeds, that would be a spectacle truly divine. My only hope of the world is through the democracies; but to conquer grandly they must throw their dogmatism and their romance alike away. They require far other leaders than they have now; but they will not obtain other leaders till they show that they are worthy of being better led. When the democracies have thrown away the romance of freedom, romance in other things will also die. Out of the ruins of political romance, other literatures and other religions than we have now will emerge. As far as Spain has influenced civilization, the history of the world may be divided into three grand developments—the Classical, the Romantic, and the Human. The classical was perfect in form, but limited in idea. The romantic is rich enough in idea, but most chaotic in form. What awaits us in the human will have classical perfection of form and romantic wealth of idea. Do not think, then, that Spain has been in the midst of

our Europe in vain. If it is as dead as Christianity, it has been as needful as Christianity. Both in their best days were nothing for a brave and true man to dwell on with delight. But both led to a boundless diversity, which will make the future unity the more complete; and both, by the very excess of their defects, will carry man on the waves of reaction to heights and glories that he dreams not of now. They have turned up every soil, though they have ripened no crop. To us may it be allotted to sow the seed, if we cannot reap the harvest.

December 18th, 1853.

LECTURE TENTH.

GERMANY AND THOUGHT.

THERE are two kinds of thought—that which is the result of action, and as such is itself action, and that which, as a substitute for action, dwells in a region of its own, whereunto common mortals approach not. It is the last wherein the Germans grandly excel, and wherein perhaps they surpass all ancient, all contemporary nations. To assert this is to condemn as well as to praise: for nature, as the primordial unity, abhors as a disease that severance of the individual from himself, which pure thought implies. The Germans are not a people—they are the colossal materials for a people. They will always remain such, even if Prussia succeed in absorbing Germany, and in making one united fatherland. Chaos, though uncomfortable enough for men with the mark and mettle of manhood, is the chosen abode of those ghosts and phantoms with whom the German so gladly seeks companionship. The pure thought of the German is half the exuberance of his being, and half a melancholy confession of his sluggishness, inaptitude, and incapacity. He builds systems of the universe, mainly because he fails in building himself up to the full stature of a god. It has been the custom with Madame de Stael, and other glib French folks, to ascribe to the Germans the most fecund faculties in the domain of literature, of speculation, of philosophy, in the degree that they have deemed them deficient in practical qualities. But this is merely a pleasant French antithesis, and like every French antithesis, it is false.

Beyond the sphere of pure thought, the German is consummately commonplace; no one so commonplace as he. But pure thought, though allied to the profoundest kind of religious emotion, is remote from strong human sympathies, and from rich, valiant, truly poetic imagination. To pure thought, all objects and all persons are alike indifferent. It is good to have the infinite as kingdom—but it is not good to have it as Only Home. There must be something dearer to us than the fixed stars, or else, as far as the earth and our brethren are concerned, we might as well be fixed stars ourselves. Nothing so selfish as the pure thinker; and can the warmest admirer of the Germans free them from the charge of gross selfishness? The Germans are loud in their own laudation, as if they had been through all history a martyr people. The joke is exquisite. Where does knave Nicholas of the Russias find his most willing tools? Where are despots surrounded by the most obedient slaves? In Germany. And when did Germany ever take a martyr attitude, achieve a martyr work? The Swiss, who are mainly of the German race, sell themselves with the greediest alacrity to the basest tyrants in Europe. The German is cold and passionless; but had you ever great virtues, or even great genius, without powerful passions? I deny the Germans great virtues; it may seem bold also to deny them great genius. But without paradox and without injustice, it would not be difficult to establish this. They have boundless invention and unrivalled synthetic co-ordination. These may or may not accompany genius, but they do not constitute it. Richter has allotted to the French the dominion of the land, to the English the dominion of the sea, and to the Germans the dominion of the air. Yet even in the air the Germans are more distinguished for width of sweep than loftiness of flight. They never cleave through the clouds into the empyrean.

They have prodigious depth, prodigious breadth, but no elevation. Hence they are encyclopædic rather than catholic. They are Titanic, that I grant; they are merely, however, Titanic hodmen. As such, how enormous and how inestimable is their labour! How they are heaping up with indomitable industry wherewith to raise the city of the future! The most admirable thing about the Germans is their creative tendency. In them, as in everlasting nature, even destruction is creation. Everywhere they feel the need of an organic whole, however unfitted they may be to construct it, for their creative ability falls far short of their creative inclination. What, in these days, has created so much as the comprehensive criticism of the Germans? Though criticism is usually identical with the most barren negation. Destitute of prompt and abounding love, of potent passion, of artistic idealism, and of artistic skill, the Germans cannot be creators in the sublimest sense. But in the midst of our remorseless radicalisms, and revolutionary crotchets, it is a needful and an inspiring spectacle, that of so many million minds each busy with its own scheme of an organic completeness.

I am not one of those who think the system-making to which the Germans are so prone, useless. Of course, in metaphysics or in anything else, one system may have no more value than another; but the appetite for making systems accustoms a nation, accustoms the world, to the idea of new and nobler creation in society. We must not then be too hard upon our poor Germans. They are not Greeks, they are not Romans; they have no commanding individuality; indeed, their individuality consists in having none. But there they plod on unfatigued, unexhausted at the erection of ten thousand systems; and each system, though a failure and a falsehood, is a step onward to the regeneration of the community. Quite

otherwise is it with the Utopias that swarm in France ; these neither aid the redemption of France nor the march of humanity. They are hindrances to both, because the French intellect is not a metaphysical but a mathematical intellect ; and the mathematical intellect has a thirst insatiate for symmetry, for method, for new arrangements, but it has no creative power. But new methods, as substitutes for new systems, are simply new delusions. And how easy the delusion is, you may see from the effort just now made in this country by a gang of small Pyrrhonists, small literary hacks, and small scientific quacks, to raise Comte, a poor, thin, dull, arid pedant, to a pinnacle of glory unreachd, undreamt of by Aristotle, Bacon, and the foremost men. What has Comte done ? He has, like every Frenchman, tried his hand at a new method, and his admirers are silly enough and ignorant enough to call the method a system. He has cooked up for us again the old, degrading, sensational philosophy, given it the affected name of positivism, and Cockney charlatans and Socinian blue-stockings are in ecstasies. Try your teeth on this positivism. Try if you can carry away one minutest morsel of nutriment. Your mouth is filled with sand when you had been looking for food. And will you fare better with Fourier, with the modern French visionaries, with the modern French philosophers of every kind ? It is evermore the same farce—Method, spiced and disguised with endless ingenuities. Now the French themselves, all mankind ensnared by French rhetoric, draw near to this immense army of new methods pretending to be systems, draw near with unutterable longing and hope. It requires but small time and experience to discern the futility of the method, the impudence of the method-mongers. These you assail with a fierce yell of wrath. That, however, quickly melts into one long and melancholy wail of disenchantment. And what is disen-

chantment? It is the paralysis of our right arm—it is to despair of ourselves, of our country, of our race—it is to live as if the universe were a swindle, and God an impostor who mocks us with gilded bubbles that entice us to ruin, while the earth is left free for wild beasts to tear, and for monsters to trample. Woe to him, then, whom French methods, assuming to be systems, have disenchanted, for the disenchantment is incurable. The French mind is as exclusively and intensely analytic as the German mind is synthetic; and all analysis is opposed to creation, and without creation there cannot be system.

What the world most imperiously wants in these days is culture, preparatory to those grand theocratic organizations which must ultimately prevail in every land. It is in this aspect chiefly that Germany, as pure thought, as the most fruitful of system-makers, interests us. Read Kante's, Fichte's, Hegel's, Schelling's books. Do not say that it is all a mad maze. No: these are the gigantic outlines of coming theocracies. Such men were prophets, without knowing it, of the most stupendous changes in the constitution of society. You never rise disenchanted and despairing from a transcendently metaphysical German work; you may confess that you have not understood one word of it, and that is likely enough. Nevertheless, however little you understand, you cannot fail to perceive the marvellous travail of the hugest mental force in grasping immensity as an organic fact, the fecund mother and the divine archetype of all other organisms. Now these daring Ontologies, accumulating on each other like wave on abyss, and abyss on wave, cannot be dispensed with in the theocratic education even of the most prosaic and most practical people. Ancient civilization was from heroic deeds, and polytheistic harmony and gorgeousness, up to the science of Being. Between the downfall of that civilization and our own time Christianity

reigned, and in that tedious and tragical interval there cannot be said to have been civilization. Before us, therefore, civilization lies as a fresh enterprise, into which all our energies are to be poured. And it is of unspeakable importance for us to know that the civilization that awaits our race must begin where that of antiquity ended, in the science of Being. Meanwhile, our globe must traverse that which in some respects is the consummation of Christianity—Industrialism. And during this phase of human development, Germany will go on piling up system on system; directly or indirectly telling men that till they are possessed in bosom phantasy and conquering pith with the vast vision of the heavenly city, there cannot be for them any noble city upon the earth.

That is the significance of Germany, or it has no significance. If Germany offers me legends from the middle ages, erudition from all ages, I am not much affected thereby. The legends of one land seem to be very much like the legends of every other land, and erudition at the best is nothing but a kind of dropsical memory. I delight in legends, but the Irish soil is as rich in legends as the Germanic, if not richer. As to learning, I do not see why I should bow down to a man and worship him, merely because he happens to know nearly as much as a lexicon. I regard it as among the few fortunate things of my life, that I immediately forget whatever I have read, unless it assimilates itself at once to my nature—becomes immediately and indestructibly an integral portion of my individuality. Not in such directions, therefore, can Germany ever grow venerable to me.

Yet it is truly venerable to me—more venerable than any other land in the world, except India. I sometimes think that there are only three countries worth a moment's attention and regard: England, India, and Germany;—

England as the finisher of the faith, and the completer of the work in such things as we now have, and which alone as yet are possible; India as the living and eternal model of a community where nature, and God, nature and man, are one, as in all communities they ought to be; and Germany as the pioneer of the theocratic future. He who can put his strong hand on these three regions, has the key to more mysteries than any man of his age. And indeed England, India, and Germany, are so closely connected, that they cannot be considered apart. England's next mission is, that she should expend her energies in and on the East, especially India. But while England, as representing and embodying Europe, is best fitted to accomplish this European labour, she is not best fitted to bring back Indian, oriental influences to Europe. For that you need the most oriental people in Europe—and this is unquestionably the Germans.

In effect, the Germans are the Hindoos of our Western climes. They would never act unless goaded on by irresistible circumstances. How long it took to rouse them effectually against Napoleon, and how glad they were of the Holy Alliance as an apology for once more going to sleep. We must regard what Tacitus tells us about the Germans as in the main most fanciful, for the simple reason that it contradicts all that we now know respecting them. Guizot claims for the Germans the merit of having first planted the standard of freedom as based on individuality among modern nations. The statement is surprisingly absurd, when we reflect how little the German now cares for freedom, and how utterly denuded he is of individuality. It is with such crazy trash that this old pedant humbugs us all, and is called for his pains a great statesman and a great philosopher. You may kill a man, but you cannot essentially change him; and you may kill a nation, too, but neither can you essentially

change that nation's character. It were singular, truly, that at one time the Germans had so much love of freedom that it exhaled at every pore, so much individuality that it insanely exploded in their every deed; and that now their slavery, their apathy, their absolute abnegation of selfhood, are a universal byeword and scorn. No, Guizot, thou odious Sophist, thou prince of Jesuits, thou Belial of every bad cause, thou hast calculated rather too much on our credulity in propounding a notion rejected by all history, rejected by all living fact. No, Guizot, thou unbeloved, the Germans are what they have always been, the Germans are what they will always be.

But thereat I rejoice, not for Germany's sake, but for Europe's, for the world's sake. It is well that we should have a permanent interpreter, apostle, diffuser of the East so close to our homes, so near to our hearts! It has always been the distinction of Germany that alone in Europe it never forced the East to bend to Western ideas. The other European nations, whether Protestant or Catholic, were all equally guilty of this immense injustice.

I am not of those who suppose that the books of the Bible contain a very strong oriental leaven. For the Jews, who wrote one portion of those books, had as much of Europe as of Asia in their character and doings; and the Greeks, who wrote the remainder of those books, had nothing of Asia except what they got at second-hand at Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, Cesarea, or wherever in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean they had built cities and planted colonies. Nevertheless, deeper or fainter, there is an oriental tinge in most of the books in the Bible. If that tinge had been habitually perceived by readers of the Bible, it is certain that the Bible would never have been such a fruitful source of the most monstrous mischiefs. But there has been the perverse, the

obstinate determination on the part of every one to make the Bible speak our Western language, and conform to our Western notions: and can it be wondered at that the Bible has always been begetting superstitions when not employed to justify wrongs? There is no difference between the Protestant and the Catholic in this respect, except that the Catholic is less influenced by the Bible altogether, and is less affected therefore by a faulty mode of approaching and appropriating its contents. Now the Germans, faithful to their oriental origin and oriental instincts, have brought more of the oriental to the Bible than the Bible itself could give them. Appreciating to the utmost this oriental element in the Bible, and bringing, besides, to all the books that mysticism which is found only in a few of them, the Germans have infinitely added to the Bible's beauty, value, and suggestiveness. There is no book of the Bible, however insignificant in itself, which does not become as it passes through a gifted and adoring German hand a poem and a revelation. I should be ready to respond to the most lavish praise that has ever been given to the Scriptures, if I had always a German worshipper by my side. In reference to the Bible, no contrast can be more striking than that between the Germans and the English. While the Germans make the Bible oriental where it is not, the English, who have no more orientalism than a steam-engine, effectually strip it of its oriental garniture, and treat it as if it were a volume of Hansard's Parliamentary Reports, or of Blackstone's Commentaries. It is the fault of the English, and of them alone, that the Bible has fallen into such signal and irretrievable disrepute. They think it is God's newspaper written thousands of years ago; and beyond an assumed sanctity, they do not peruse it differently than if it emanated from Printing-house Square, and told lies for the Czar Nicholas.

There is one part of the Bible, however, which the Germans are unable to comprehend: it appals, it rebukes, it perplexes them. It is that where the godlike forms of the Hebrew prophets appear,—Isaiah and his brethren. Here their orientalism, their mysticism, serve them not, rather lead them astray. And why? Because the grandeur of the prophets is the grandeur of individuality, and in individuality, as I reiterate, the Germans are deplorably deficient. None ever felt the Hebrew prophets like the Scottish Covenanters on their bleak hill-sides and in their lonely glens, because they themselves were clothed and armed to such a miraculous degree with prophetic individuality. But to the same degree were they remote in feeling and in deed from German orientalism and mysticism.

What hinders the Germans from discerning and admiring the nobleness of the Hebrew prophets, hinders them in a still more overwhelming measure from entering into the spirit of the Koran. An outburst of Arab individuality, such when speaking of Arabia I described the Koran to be. Reason sufficient for the Germans shrinking from it as from a puzzle and a reproach. I have said that the Germans are not catholic, and here you have the confirmation. For unless we can sympathize with and understand that which is narrower than we, as well as that which is wider, vain are our claims to catholicity; and it is often much more difficult to do the first than the last. And thus German comprehensiveness of appreciation is often but another name for German indifference.

Yet German indifference is not Pyrrhonism, neither is it a sleek contentedness. It is the indifference which ever exists where there is no passionate attachment to persons. Where there is passionate attachment to persons along with a spacious, a divine glance into the infinite,

there, and there only, is true catholicity. The Germans occupy themselves with many, many things, interest themselves about many things, but then, prophet or potate, they are all alike things. The Germans often wonder that they cannot write history or biography. The reason lies so close to them that they cannot see it. They cannot write history because they have no overpowering affection for individuals.

This feature of the German character is curiously shown in the tales and fables that so abound in German literature. Old *Æsop* made the beasts speak; yet he never dreamt of making pins, needles, straws, and sausages speak and act like rational beings. Yet it is not at all uncommon for these and similar personages to appear in German fairy stories. At the first glance you would say that this shows the width of German sympathies; examine, and you will find that it simply shows their weakness. The German is so little impressed by the spectacle of life where life visibly is, that he can indiscriminately ascribe it to a cabbage or a cow, and perhaps the cabbage is the dearer of the two, for the cow is in its harmless fashion that which he most hates—an individual.

Even here, however, you may see a trace of orientalism. All Orientalism is pantheistic—that is, the glory of forms and the outpouring of life press on it at every step, till life is the only fact of which it is perpetually conscious. It is natural in such circumstances not to make any distinctions between the animal and the vegetable worlds. The tree, the flower, the river, are as living to our eyes as the tiger or the snake. We are drunk with life—we are drowned in life; the more or the less we care not to mark, to measure, to delineate with logical precision. But carry your Orientalism, carry your pantheism to a colder clime, and your tendency will be not to consider the vegetable as living as the animal, but the animal as

lifeless as the vegetable. Now here you have the whole secret of the German character. They are oriental without oriental environments. Place them once more in the East, and they would not gain in individuality, but they would gain in the transfusing, omnipotent sense of life. My deduction is that you may bring oriental ideas, oriental phantasies, as many as you like, to our Western regions, but that you ought never to bring oriental tribes. The occidental can adapt himself to the East; but the oriental cannot adapt himself to the West. The wise exchange would be that we send ever and ever to the East fresh hosts of colonists, and that they send us ever and ever fresh images and inspirations.

It may be thought, after what I have been stating, that pantheism is fitted only for the East. A word will vanquish that notion. Pantheism is the natural religion of the whole human race. But the more life abounds in a land, the less there is need there of any polytheistic expression. Man feels what he wants to express more grandly expressed by what is around him, and therefore he refrains from any attempt at expressing it. The less life abounds in a land, the more its inhabitants are driven to a polytheistic expression, and, therefore, to what we call art. It thus happens that art in connexion with religion can never flourish in those lands where Nature is herself the grand polytheistic expression. The Greek was as much a pantheist as the Hindoo; but his art uttered what is uttered in India by bursting, boundless floods of life. The German cannot utter his pantheism like either the Greek or the Hindoo, for he is in exile. He utters it, however, in a manner of his own, which, in the present condition of the world, is quite as profitable and pleasing. Few who are acquainted with German literature can be ignorant of its magnificent contributions to the elucidation of symbolism and mythology, and to

the history of the gods of all climes and of all times. Yet into whatever clime or into whatever time the German pierces, he carries his constitutional orientalism, and he is successful in his symbolical and mythological interpretations only in the degree that the religions he interprets are of an oriental character. Hence he is perfectly successful only when he arrives in India. Unfortunately, being himself oriental, he is apt to make things oriental which are as remote as possible therefrom. Thus he is prone to communicate an oriental colouring to Scandinavian, to Greek, to Roman, and to Egyptian mythologies indiscriminately.

One opulent service which the German is continually rendering to mankind is, that he will not allow any notable thing in the past to die without endeavouring to see what there was of good in it. To be sure, he sees a great deal more therein than there was, but this is a pardonable excess in an age which is apt to forget the soil and the roots out of which it has grown. On the whole, the Germans might not unfitly be described as a nation of archæologists. They can always understand and explain the thing that has been, better than the thing that is. They are conservatives in the best sense; and but for such conservatism as theirs, politically it might fare well, but in all other respects it would fare ill with the world. At all events, we should enormously err if we judged them chiefly by a political standard. They contrive to do great things in a thousand directions, in spite of their political degradation. And they might with justice boast that few so politically enthralled could achieve such marvellous results. Their history and their condition show to us, who so over-estimate political freedom, that political progress should not be viewed as the all in all of human hope, and that there may be things far more important than the ballot. In any case, the

more that England can appropriate from Germany, the better. England is the bigot of bigots, while in Germany bigotry in the English sense is impossible. Compare English universities with German universities, English scholarship with German scholarship, and you will blush for your country. You cannot puff a mediocrity into fame in Germany. How easy is that in England! From low aims Germany cannot deliver England. To noble aims England must attain through her own purpose and potency. But from narrowness, from sectarianism, from partial views, from pride of purse, and a host of similar evils, Germany will be to England a willing and a sure emancipator.

There is one tendency of the English at present which I have often lamented—the tendency, along with the growth of a national education, to teach analytical science to the people. If that tendency have unlimited sway, it will destroy all that is sacred in a land where not much is really sacred. To antagonise it—if possible, to extinguish it, we should accustom ourselves to contemplate the marvellous effects of synthetic science in Germany. I do not know that England would be much benefitted by a larger importation than she now carries on of German literature, in the popular sense. England has many a better man than Germany's two literary giants, Goethe and Schiller. Goethe was a courtier and a coxcomb—it would be wrong to call him a charlatan. It is not much real light or food we can get from him. Schiller over elaborated; none of his works can we read without the conviction that they were most painful efforts, sucking the life-blood out of the author. In all that is best in him, Schiller is too like our best English authors to be of much use to England. There are only here and there passages of Richter that come pregnant with meaning to us; he is very dreary in the mass. The German writer who would

minister most to our wants, and whom I am most desirous of seeing in an English garb, is Herder. He is eminently catholic; his style is simple, though occasionally pretentious, and too ornate; he has much to tell us which no Englishman, however gifted or learned, would have the courage to communicate. Lessing, also, with his manliness, so like English manliness, and his style, so like an English style, would be most welcome. The German mystics, Boehme, Hamann, and so many more, could not be otherwise than most profitable. The German pietists, moreover, such as Tersteegen, though resembling our English evangelicals in opinion, were far, far different from them in spirit. Is it not disgraceful to us, too, that France should have made its own Creuzer's unrivalled work on Symbolism and Mythology, while there are perhaps not a dozen persons in England acquainted with the name of the author? Of German metaphysical books, of German histories of philosophy, we cannot have too many. In truth, we must rejoice to take Germany in her most various significance into our bosoms, unless we are resigned to let our country sink into a wretched compound of China and Carthage; and there is one voice, however feeble, which will always be lifted to warn against a fate so horrible—there is one arm which will always strike in this brave cause while it has one pulse left.

A peculiarity about foreign literature is, that we often accept ideas coming to us through it when we would reject them at once if they were presented to us by our own countrymen. What a silent, yet what a salutary revolution has been produced in some parts of English theology by the perusal of Neander's *Life of Christ*! And how much was admitted on the authority of Niebuhr which would at once have been scouted if coming from the lips of any English critic. It is strange that there should be such an exceeding dread in England of German thought

and speculation, when we consider the superstitiously cautious and conservative character of the Germans. These never innovate for innovation's sake. That the most timid of us may be assured of. It is worth while taking some trouble to disabuse the mind of the English on this point; for if they knew how little Germany is inclined to play the idolbreaker in anything whatever, they would open wide their souls to receive with generous hospitality this Great Teacher. But though so much afraid of Germany, there is no new French novel, however obscene—no new French play, however seductive—no new French book of any kind which they are not willing greedily to devour. Has not German music tended to raise English music? Has it not tended to improve the musical taste of the English? Has not English scholarship been saved from utter ruin by what it has borrowed from German scholarship? And why should we suppose that there is so much danger in other things, even where opinions are not concerned at all? How much spiritual food could England import from Germany without the smallest risk of contamination to her unyielding orthodoxy?

If Germany is to do for England all that she can do, there should not be any direct propagandism. The Germans are not themselves propagandists; and he would be serving them ill in England who attempted to be so for them. No nation ever benefited another through propagandism. Nations benefit each other through mental and moral interchange. The Germans confess their obligations to the English. They take gratefully all the spiritual food that England offers them. They are the most enlightened critics of English authors, as Shakspeare abundantly shows. Besides, England, by taking all the spiritual food that Germany presents to her, is fulfilling

a part of her own mission. England, I have said, is to give herself to India, to the East, as Industrialism. India and the East are to pour themselves through Germany on Europe. But it is only to the extent that England appropriates Germany that those orientalisms can have European currency.

Though I have spoken slightly of Germany in a political point of view, yet it may be interesting to speculate on the destinies of Germany as affected by the coming war in Europe. That war will not leave Europe as it finds it. But perhaps nowhere will it work such momentous changes as in Germany. Some of the most patriotic among the Germans have earnestly desired a central, a capital city for the whole of Germany. At present Germany is a great hulking thing, without a head, or rather with a great many little heads, which look more like tails than heads. The creation of a metropolis would have the profoundest influence on German developments,—probably at first for evil, but ultimately for great good. The existence of so many little states in Germany, and of so many universities, has certainly aided the growth of German learning, but to the same extent that it has aided this has it been fatal to German literature. The patronage given by so many princes, and the leisure for study afforded by so many scholars of the first class have enabled thousands of minds to accumulate immense stores of erudition. But from the want of a metropolis there has been no standard, no ideal of literary taste. Hence the Germans have yet to become proficient in the art of writing. The great superiority of the French in prose composition must be ascribed in a considerable measure to the fact, that Paris has always been not only the political and social, but the literary metropolis of France. The university of Paris was one of the oldest

in Europe; and all the great French scholastic institutions had from an early time their seat in the capital. It has been a serious hindrance to our literature that we in this respect have not enjoyed the advantages of France. London has been the political and social, but it has not been the literary metropolis of England. The glory of leading, or rather misleading, England in literary affairs has been reserved for two old barns called Cambridge and Oxford. Burn those two old barns, make London the literary metropolis of our country by the erection there of a university worthy of England's greatness and aspirations, and you will not merely thereby potently promote national education, national culture generally, but you will also bring essential and most salutary changes into our literature and our language. Our prose style is often chargeable with the clumsiness and heaviness which have so generally been found objectionable in German works, and from the same cause. Two of my favourite dreams for the future are the dominance over Germany of a metropolis, and the creation in England of a truly national university.

I have said that the tendency of the German mind is mainly creative, and in homage to that fact I have wished to make this address as creative as possible. And I am afraid that in writing of Germany, I have grown almost as clumsy and awkward as a German. At all events I think I was clearer when attacking Spain than when endeavouring to teach you to appreciate Germany. But, as I have asserted, Germany is a chaos, and it is just the country about which to speak imperfectly. And if I have spoken imperfectly, I would strongly urge you to go to the heart of Germany yourselves, and to study its vast literature for yourselves. If I took you into a palace, I should endeavour to describe to you the articles which that palace contained; and this I endeavour to do when

I treat of a country like Greece. But when I take you to the entrance of a wild and vast valley, where all fruits, and flowers, and trees are growing, I can only say—Enter in, and delectate yourselves as you may.

1st January, 1854.

LECTURE ELEVENTH.

ENGLAND AND SCIENCE.

IN France science is honoured on its own account, while its practical results are but tardily adopted; in England it receives no honour for its own sake at all, while its vastest or minutest application to the material wants of the world are immediately seized by the colossal grasp of English industry. This is the grand distinction of England—at once hateful and noble—hateful, since it shows the tragical indifference of our countrymen to what is not directly utilitarian—noble, inasmuch as it manifests their disposition and their power to elevate utilitarianism to a sort of epic might and majesty. It is doubtful whether anything can ever essentially change the English as regards their utilitarian tendencies; yet what we may justly demand of them is, that while obeying these they should not pretend to motives of a diviner kind, or parade their philanthropy when they are only pushing their goods. It is enough for England that she has this unrivalled faculty of shaping science into industrial enterprise, that she can take science from the closet of the student, and send it in the grandeur of commerce to march victorious over the wave. I have never seen the temptation which England had to play the hypocrite. She deceives no one by her Pharisaical ostentations. It cannot be believed that a country which would allow unlimited despotism to spread unlimited misery over the continent of Europe, can be much in earnest about the bodies of negro slaves or the souls of South Sea Islanders.

England gains nothing by her hypocrisy, even if it were a question of gain. She is simply hindered from being greater than she is in her own peculiar field, and she is scorned and loathed as a Mawworm in all things because she is a Mawworm in so many. There are lyrical moods in which we feel impelled to speak as poets to our country—there are enthusiastic moods in which we feel inspired to speak as prophets to our country. But in calmer hours we are forced to confess that it is not through our fiery emotions and gorgeous phantasies that our country can be in any marked degree moulded in its development, that through faithfulness to its own stubborn individuality alone can it rise to its true and commanding place among the nations of the earth. In vain the poet sings, in vain the prophet thunders, England listens to neither. England goes on her way—England pursues her work. Except in poetic or prophetic moments, I say to England heartily:—Go on thy way—pursue thy work—but, in the name of that common sense of which thou so much boastest, cease to act those useless lies which harmonize so little with thy work and with thy way.

We egregiously ensnare and mislead ourselves with our idealisms when applying them to a land where no idealism exists. If the Englishman ever dreams, it is of so adding comfort to comfort that the accumulated mass may look gigantic. His warehouse is the solid on which he piles himself with swollen pockets as the stolid, and that is his vision of the future. And if he has no idealisms, neither can he be said to have ideas. He has his purse, and he has his habits, and he has what he comically calls his opinions, meaning thereby the last number of his newspaper. This is not said as contemptuous dispraise. But a people without ideas and idealisms must present a curious spectacle to him to whom a prodigality of both

are at once a glory and a bane ; more than a curious spectacle—an insuperable difficulty. He to them is a maniac, and they to him are mere machines which repel by being so, yet attract by their enormous strength. In other regions of the globe you change the material through appealing to the spiritual: in England you must change the spiritual through appealing to the material. In other regions of the globe you have in your hand these valiant potencies—thought, passion, imagination; in England you have them not—but you have instead immense mechanical forces, through which if you are not vigorous or courageous enough to dash yourself, those forces crush you. I sometimes think that England is like the tortoise, whose head is equal in size to that of a calf, but whose brain is not much larger than a pea; for there is verily all that difference between the outward and inward being of the nation. It is not solely or even chiefly through moral incapacity that the English are so slow in appreciating great heroic deeds, great heroic men: it is far more through intellectual incapacity. Your model Englishman is a model stupidity. Balaam's ass was a more brilliant animal. For one man of gifts in England you have twenty in France. But then how massive is the Englishman, and how he reveres what is massive! And if you can pierce a meaning to his pea of a brain, the sluggish pea will retain the meaning the more tenaciously the more trouble you have had in hammering the meaning home. But for God's sake do not attempt the impossible feat of thrusting two meanings into the pea. You have done, perhaps, what no other man could in making it hold one, and with that be contented. For the pea is already possessed by a dearer and more delightful notion than any that you can establish there—namely, that every one should mind his own business, and the owner of the pea opines that if he minds his it is all that he is required to do.

And what is minding his own business? It is having as imperial command as possible of physical appliances. The English are sneered at by foreigners for their sordid love of money. But among no people is the love of money less sordid than among the English. Money to the Englishman is the representative of empire. Money exalts him to a potentate, but a potentate not over organic energies, but over inorganic ponderosities; the more inorganic the better he is gratified. Make the Englishman the proprietor of a cotton-mill, where, perhaps, a thousand persons are employed. It does not flatter his vanity to be king of this little army, but he is exceedingly proud of the red, ugly, gigantic brick building that blackens with its thick smoke the blue sky, and sends forth its tons of yarn to the uttermost ends of the earth. Nothing disturbs his happiness except that those men, women, and children are not as lifeless as a steam-engine or a spinning-jenny.

One reason why there is so little political ambition in England among any but the aristocratic classes is, that the merchants, the traders generally are unable to conceive of any power but that which matter in its largest dimensions gives them. Raise them to an exalted political position, they would miss all that array of tangibilities divorced from which they feel as if the world had little to confer or to withhold. Why do so many millionaires in England entertain such a decided liking for the Emperor Nicholas? It is not because he rules over sixty millions of our race. If he ruled over sixty millions of bears their reverence for him would be the same. But they find from the map that his territories are miraculous in extent, and the agencies at his control miraculous in number. He is simply to them a mill-owner or a ship-owner on an exaggerated scale. Poverty is despised amongst us because poverty is impotence. Neither in weight nor in

measure has it any dominion. A lean Englishman is disdained by his fatter brethren, because it is supposed that he who has not the skill to increase his own material bulk cannot have the skill to increase that kind of material bulk which, in shop or in dock, is viewed as the equivalent of prosperity. Henry the Eighth would have been far more odious to the English nation if he had not been so preposterously obese. George the Fourth contrived to die a popular king from having the merits of a prize pig or a prize ox at a cattle-show. Hudson snaps his fingers at the British public, not because he has a brazen face, but because he has a protuberant paunch. If he had been a lath or a shrimp, like some of us, he could not have survived an hour the yell of wrath that assailed his railroad abominations. As long as he can keep his body in aldermanic perfection, he will be venerated as a sacred English institution. Our countrymen cram themselves with indigestibilities, plum-pudding, and other things, for no other reason that I can discover than that they fill the gaze as well as satisfy the appetite. What renders French dishes so obnoxious to a pure English cook is that they look so small to the eye. The triumph of English art is to feed a swine till it can neither see, stir, nor wheeze. Would porter, stout, and ale have such an exquisite taste to the Londoner, if draymen, dray-horses, and breweries did not all verge on the fabulous for size? No Englishman who has had the sublime pleasure of beholding a butt that would hold a score or two of Little Bethels who is not prouder thereof than of all the cathedrals in the land. If there is one evening in the year when one of our countrymen is at the summit of bliss, it is the evening when he goes to a pantomime. Why? Because he finds everything so ridiculously out of proportion, and he shrieks with rapture when a troop of faces, a yard broad and half long, gleams

before him in the gas-light: these suggest to him what he might himself be if he had fair play. As in Turkey there are pachas of so many tails, so an Englishman would not be sorry if there were titles of honour arising from the number of chins, and a man of three chins would be his synonym for a god.

It is no doubt from a desire to increase the relish of the huge and the fat by contrast that the English allow so liberal an amount of the most squalid indigence to prevail around them. What is the use of your pauper if he does not sweeten your sense of growing and glowing rotundity?

Is my verdict on the Englishman, then, that he is an unmitigated animal? Certainly not. But it constitutes now, and will ever constitute, his fame and his shame, that he confounds the materially vast with the spiritually grand. Yet, when there is perhaps at this hour no recognition of the spiritually grand in the world, has not the Englishman an indisputable superiority through his unrivalled recognition of the materially vast? Do not compare the Americans with the English. The most pervading element in the American, as in the Englishman, is the yearning for material vastness. But as yet the American can conceive of material vastness only as a more and more insatiate grasping of the Earth's surface. Now he would steal Cuba, and now Mexico, and now some portion of the continent which is twin to his own. This gluttony for a fresh meal of square miles is by itself ignoble enough. The Englishman, however, has a comprehension of depth as well as of breadth in that material vastness which alone has charms for him, and he is still more attracted by the depth than the breadth. Through this, though he may not have nobler aims than the American, yet he is brought nearer the eternal reality of things. The English are in the material what the Germans are in the spiritual:

they dwell in depth and in breadth, but elevation is beyond not only their efforts but their thoughts.

We are driven to the humiliating confession that no nation, any more than any man in these days, rises above mediocrity. What are the causes of this I do not now inquire. I have stated them often enough. Sufficeth it for my present purpose if I assert that I do not set England forth as my ideal of a country, or the English as my ideal of a people. Without much cost of imagination, I can easily conceive a nation far more abounding in intellectual gifts, far more thoroughly panoplied with the divinest moral faculties. But it is in vain I look for any such nation at present. In the remote future such nation, and many such nations, must arise. Meanwhile, we must console ourselves for the tragical penury of all that is noble around us and in the world, with the luxury of predicting. As the proverb says that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed men are kings, so on the same principle is it that I give whatever praise I honestly can to the English. In few points do they satisfy my ideal as a people; yet, at the same time, they are the best people I know. That I shall always manfully protest.

O friends, brothers, children of this English soil, which so much combines to make dear to you, wot ye what it is to be a godlike nation? Look within, and look without, look at your own habitual motives, look at the habitual aspirations and inspirations of your neighbours, and then confess whether this godlike nation dwells in the British isles. Oh no, not there nor anywhere. But that dwells in the British isles which is still light and hope to mankind. When supremest Jupiter is dethroned, we must be satisfied with Vulcan, though Vulcan be lame, ugly, and begrimed. We do worship Vulcan in England, and are not ashamed of our religion. Other nations worship the phantom of the vanished Jupiter, except the Yankees,

who have borrowed some of Vulcan's workmen, and worship them. It is the mission of England to make the worship of Vulcan universal, till a new Jupiter, more majestic and beautiful than the first, emerge effulgent from the Chaos, slowly growing into the lineaments of a radiant and harmonious universe. The high priests of our day are the navvies, with their shovel and their pick-axe. When England sends forth a host of these to create a railroad in Australia or in India, she is accomplishing an honourable labour, strangely in contrast with her attempts to propagate her damnable Puseyisms and Maurice quackeries. He in these days who says that he cares for Cross or for Crescent is either a fanatical idiot, incapable of receiving one single ray of light from heaven, or a lumbering lubber, who makes his pretended orthodoxy an excuse for lying by the wayside as a representative of King Log. And it is an article of my faith that this world was not intended as a home and a temple for idiots and skulkers. As long as you suppose that Cross or Crescent, or any other creed or symbol of a creed the broad earth over, signifies aught but idiocy or indolence, so long are you unfitted to comprehend and to fulfil your own destination and that of your country. Yes, idiocy and indolence on the one hand, and the worship of Vulcan on the other, these are the foes that stand face to face in irreconcilable antagonism. Choose ye which banner ye will serve under; but if with brave brow and strong hand ye stand by the worship of Vulcan, and help his mighty bellows to blow, and bring down the thunder of your ponderous hammers on his mighty anvil, think not that ye can war with the indolence so prevalent among the nations under the garb of religion, without warring with the idiocy which, assuming the same guise, is so prevalent too. Idiots and skulkers keep each other afloat, and if you tolerate the idiots, the skulkers will

always reappear, however signally vanquished for the moment.

England, then, as applied science, must fight a deadly fight with those superstitions everywhere which are unmistakeably the cretinisms of the human race. The first of these is the Popedom. I care not what the Popedom has been, I care not what bygone nobleness it represents. The idiocy of idiocies, that is what it is now; a loathsomeness to be swept away before Vulcan can make his furnace thoroughly hot. To colonise illimitably, spread her industry and her commerce illimitably, that is not work enough for England. This is only the half of England's work. The other half would be her fierce onslaught on worn-out priestcrafts everywhere. Not as if she had any religion of her own to put in their place except the religion of labour. She has no religion of her own, and therefore she cannot teach a religion to mankind. It is not her province to teach the highest truths in any form; and her missionary societies are as anile as they are absurd. What she has to do is to expend—to expand herself ceaselessly, boundlessly as commerce and colonization, and whenever she hears of an indolence or an idiocy, especially of the theological sort, to go straight in without ceremony and slay it.

As to all the talk about tolerance and intolerance, I do not profess to understand it. You say that you have a right to oppose tyranny; that I grant. You say that it is your duty to strangle falsehood; that I applaud. But when told to go and attack idiocy and indolence, you raise a silly whine about interference with human liberty. May your neighbour who is lazy not be a worse member of society than your neighbour who is a tyrant? May your neighbour who is credulous, even to the extent of being crazy and a craven, not be a more fatal foe to his immediate circle, and to the community in general, than

the most mendacious rogue of your acquaintance? All vice begins in laziness, and one credulous man makes a thousand liars possible. I conceive, therefore, that they have been setting forth a very imperfect gospel who have insisted on nothing but truth, freedom, and progress. A far better gospel have they set forth who have insisted on work and wisdom, meaning by wisdom not the speculatively profound or the practically sagacious, but our attitude toward Creation when we have performed our work with utmost energy; and when we look clear and bold into all natural relations, not uninfluenced by prejudices, for no man can be—but if we must have prejudices, having prejudices of our own.

That is the gospel for England to be the apostle of. It would be a stupendous thing amid the turmoil of revolutionisms, and democratic insanities, and autocratic cruelties, and diplomatic swindlings, for England to march boldly out and proclaim her gospel of work and wisdom. What crowds of disciples she would find! For if papal Jesuitisms and Russian despotisms are exhausted, men are not on that account more disposed to accept the crotchets of Socialist dreamers and Republican theorists. They want a wisdom which will be work, and a work which will be wisdom. I am no utilitarian, as you well know, neither can you suspect me of being an apologist for the arbitrary in government. Nevertheless, it is the most utilitarian country in the world that I would appoint to the chief place in the regeneration of the world, and it is with a considerable indifference to politics that I would wish that country to accomplish that regeneration. A real Franklin is better than imaginary Hannibals, Alexanders, Mahometes, or Christs.

There are weak and wretched Whiglings who think that England's main duty and destiny are to indoctrinate Europe with that water-gruel figment called Constitu-

tionalism. Now, what is constitutionalism? At the head of a nation an ornamental pauper, male or female, begetting ornamental paupers; the old clothes of feudalism, politely called an aristocracy; a congregation of parrots and monkeys, chattering, jabbering, and screeching, politely called a Parliament; corpulent Anglicanism rivalling with corpulent beadledom; Oxford and Cambridge trying to compress darkness into substantial cakes for home use and exportation; needlewomen starving; frail sisters driven to suicide because Christian England, the merciful, refuses them a path back to virtue; beasts half murdering their wives, to prove that an Englishman's house is his castle;—and last of all, and the only good thing of all, an excellent police, for which God be praised.

Now, it is paying England no very extravagant compliment to suppose that the Highest has chosen it as the chief agent for propagating such a manifold nuisance as that which I have just pictured—Constitutionalism! Why, constitutionalism is such a combination of fraud and imbecility as I cannot find words ferocious enough to curse. As England has no religious mission, neither has she any political mission; and for the very sufficient reason that England, so far from being the best governed, has always been and is now the worst governed of countries. Her foreign policy has been base; her colonial policy haphazard; and her domestic policy the unwilling movement of the sluggard. Here government has either been the truce of rival anarchies or the voice of industrialism, long-suffering but finally triumphant. Who has betrayed the nations? England. Who has goaded her colonies to madness? England. Who is the prime architect of indigence? England. Foreigners call England perfidious Albion. They forget that it is not from perverse determination, but from sheer inability to govern, that the English have been so signally treacherous.

While the English are the easiest of people to govern, they are the people the least endowed with the genius of governing; the contrary of the French, who are so largely endowed with the genius of governing, that no one is willing to be governed.

If the English had any genius for governing, would they be so completely paralysed by those two portentous facts—strikes and pauperism? I care not to flatter the working man; he has plenty of flatterers—that is, he has plenty of deceivers. I shall tell him the truth, and he may crucify me afterwards if he think fit. But what is a strike? An outburst of active anarchy. And what is pauperism? The outflow of passive anarchy. The first is the crime of the working classes, and the second is the crime of the middle classes: the latter the least pardonable, since it is so deliberately committed; for a working man is in most cases a passionate child, with the child's inordinate generosity and trustingness, and the child's recklessness of consequences. But your middle-class man generally knows what he is about—or if he does not, he should not boast so much as he does of his knowingness. Now, what is a strike? The petulance, the greed, and the lawlessness of the best paid among the working men. I should say the lawlessness still more than the petulance or the greed. A working man with the most superstitious dread of law likes to set all moral, all social, all political law at defiance, and to take credit for martyrdom while running no risk whatever. In strikes I do not represent the masters as blameless; they are usually purse-proud, vulgar persons, who have come from the ranks, and who have a most magnificent idea of themselves, of their wives, who are a few degrees more purse-proud and vulgar than themselves, and of their marriageable daughters, who are purse-proud and vulgar too, but who have learned how to mispronounce French and to

murder Rossini at the boarding-school. If the masters knew how to govern and to love—if they knew how to blend authority with affection—there would be no strikes. But does that exonerate the working man? The masters are anarchic, know not how to govern, and therefore the working men have the ambition of going a few degrees beyond them in anarchy. A most laudable ambition, truly. And anarchy for what? That they may add sixpence three-farthings to two guineas a week. If they were such chivalrous fellows as they pretend, why do they not get up an unlimited amount of anarchy for the poor handloom weavers in Lancashire, who have a chronic starvation of four shillings a week? To rebel for a fraction of a fraction in our own personal interests may be the way to make agitators prosper, but is not the way to make the working man the type of whatever is noble, the last beacon and the last beatitude in our infinite degeneracy.

Yet still, poor working man, knowing thee from early and close and long intercourse with thee, I accuse thee of nothing but unthinking anarchy. I cannot let your portly citizen off so easily. He wants to have the credit of being both excessively just and excessively charitable, and therefore pauperism is viewed by him as the grand bulwark of the British constitution, though a poor-law is a combat alike with justice and charity. It is not just and it is not charitable. It is not just, for it treats the man the ablest to work and the man the least able—the man the most disposed to work, and him the most unwilling, exactly alike. It is not charitable, for it substitutes a compulsory gift for an impulsive offering. In a very poor country we can easily conceive why the poor should be an enormous difficulty. But in the richest of all countries—in a country proverbially wealthy, we cannot conceive of any such difficulty, except from an innate

tendency to the anarchic. Government has nothing to do with the poor at all. The poor are the heritage of God, are the privilege of the saints. Of all taxes, a poor-rate is the most impolitic and the most irreligious. It makes you believe that your country is governed when it is not governed, and it freezes the fountain of pity; and whence but from pity is religion to find food? In my native district, in the west of Scotland, I never heard of absolute distress till a poor-law was introduced, and I never heard till then of the decline of industry in that district.

Observe that I am not siding with one sect of political economists against another; I detest political economy altogether. Of many dogmatisms, it is the ugliest and the harshest. I neither agree with the political economists who advocate a poor-law, nor with those who condemn it. While I think that Government has nothing at all to do with the poor except to relieve them in such extraordinary cases as a famine or a pestilence, I think it has a great deal to do with the unemployed labourer. I think that it is bound to find for him suitable and remunerative employment, and to prevent him by all the means in its power from sinking into the regular and degraded pauper. In true government, the noblest, the best, and the wisest governs. But what follows therefrom? That the next noble, the next good, the next wise, should have recognition and work, and so on, step by step, till you arrive at the ignoblest, worst, and most foolish man in the community. The poor-law, then, of which the English always prate as a masterpiece of statesmanship, is really the most abject confession of an utter inability to govern.

I could fill, not one but a dozen lectures, with examples of the deplorable palsy with which the English are struck whenever they attempt to govern. And if they cannot govern themselves, if they cannot govern their country, how can they teach the art of government to others, the

most arduous, delicate, and complicated of all arts? No, good Englishman, obey thy maxim: stick to thy business, and government clearly is not thy business. Neither to govern nor to teach government is thy business, but to accumulate materials for future states everywhere. If thou art not satisfied with that work, thou hadst better abandon work altogether, for thou canst never have any other.

In justice to England, it ought to be admitted that industrial and commercial countries have always been wretchedly governed. The Phœnicians and the Phœnician colonies could never ascend to any lofty idea of a government. Carthage fell, and Hannibal, its noble general, was sacrificed because it was worse governed than Rome. The Italian republics were from first to last a fever of anarchy. You are all acquainted with the fate of John de Witt, in Holland, because he happened to be too enlightened a statesman for his country. In truth, the spirit of commerce is a spirit of individual enterprise, and it is directly opposed to that comprehensive and harmonious unity which constitutes the beauty as it constitutes the strength of a realm. Suppose Frederick the Great had had a simply commercial or industrial people to deal with, could he have been Frederick the Great? And did not Louis the Fourteenth, a commonplace enough man in himself, rise to a sort of theatrical greatness solely through the fact that his country was not mainly an industrial or commercial country?

But the spirit of individual enterprise, so hostile to government, is not that exactly what you want to kindle in every land? If you anywhere saw a Government or a State, you would not desire to kindle that spirit, but you nowhere see either. You confer almost a kind of benefit in these days in promoting a real anarchy, where at present there is only an apparent one; and commerce

and industrialism, contagious and conquering, are omnipotent for that purpose. Yet even in utmost anarchy there is always some retreat for governmental necessity; for while commerce is so anarchical, still the only perfect form of government remaining is that on board a ship.

There is one aspect of commercial and industrial growth in England that should not be overlooked in our conjectures, calculations, and prophecies touching the future of our country—the north is rapidly encroaching on the south. In fifty years Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and the other great northern towns, will give the law to England—or rather the lawlessness,—for the metropolis of England and the government of England will alike become absolute ciphers. And yet, the more lawlessness at home increases, the more will England's influence be felt abroad, for the more will examples of individual enterprise throughout the world be given and followed. Not till England, as science, has made anarchy universal, can government again be possible, and not till government is again possible can religion again be possible:—for as in the formation of society religion precedes government, in the reformation of society government precedes religion. It is in some measure because she is so anarchic, that England has succeeded so well as a colonist. Everything has been left free to individual enterprise, and individual enterprise has worked miracles. The French will probably fail as colonists in Northern Africa, from employing a mechanism of administration too cumbersome and too elaborate. If the English were to seize on Morocco and other portions of Northern Africa, their proceedings would probably appear chaotic and anarchic when compared to those of the French: but how much sooner they would develop the resources of the country! How much sooner they would plant themselves in the heart of it as permanent and stalwart possessors!

England's work abroad makes certain changes at home, which are strenuously and noisily advocated, of far less importance than is usually supposed. New Reform bills and schemes of national education have really interest only for pedants. England is industrial and commercial, and that solely. She is not religious or political; she cannot excel in art. The more her people are machines, the better they perform the work they have to do. As sailors, soldiers, colliers, excavators—as spinners, as ship-carpenters, as foundrymen, what they need and what they have is unequalled pith and pluck. Their intemperance and their other vices would be truly lamentable if the men were capable of honouring Government, capable of appreciating the State. But no amount of education, of culture, would give them that capability. The English working man does not live; he is expended. He knows this; he bows to his fate, but he resolves that his fate shall not be complicated with your crotchets. If he is to be squandered, he wants to have his share in the squandering. It is singular that while the English middle classes are superstitiously careful of themselves, the English working classes are utterly careless how they live or how they die, or how short their career may be. This perhaps arises partly from the exhausting nature of their toil, requiring continual stimulants; it may also arise from their knowledge of what it is to be at once poor and old in England; but it no doubt principally arises from the feeling that they are as soldiers, and that like soldiers, the more frequently and rashly they face danger, the more intense will be their sense of pleasure. I doubt whether a more staid and sober population would achieve what the English working men accomplish in such various directions. If you force them to the work of elephants, marvel not if they are insatiate in eating and drinking. Altogether, prodigious nonsense is talked on

all these things. You oil the steam-engine and other dead machines: why refuse oil, that is, strong drink, to human machines? I feel that in speaking thus I am touching on tragedies; but do you suppose there ever was such a tragedy on earth as England? It is a blind Samson, driven to the most degrading drudgery. It is Hercules, a slave, and forced to labour too mean for a slave. The motto of every man in England, who at the outset of his career is not fortunate, is, Despair. But so strong is the love of labour in England, that the more a man despairs the harder he toils, and he toils, and toils, and toils till he dies. I have banqueted on that despair, and now I banquet on that toil. I know what it is to toil, and toil only that despair and toil, and with them life, may be the sooner ended. Ye toiling millions of England, in me behold a brother; and if mine is a martyr attitude, are ye less martyrs because ye so readily plunge into vices from which, perhaps, I am free, only through the absence of the same potent temptations which ye were unable to resist? O earth! thou knowest not at what cost of tears, and sweat, and blood, thy redemption and thy happiness are bought! Here is this England of ours, clothed with wealth and plenty, so overwhelmed with luxuries that it knows not of which the first to taste; and yet you and I, and all who belong to the vast family of the unfortunate, know that England is a Golgotha through those very superiorities which constitute it England. On those very social contrasts, which to you and me are so hateful, England feeds fat; and I verily believe that if those contrasts were to cease, England's mission as Science would likewise cease. Raise England's working men from the condition of machines, and England, as the supreme machine, would no longer roll from land to land.

But as individuals perish and the nation remains, so

nations perish and humanity remains; and the death of a nation is as little to be accounted of as the death of an individual. England, as science, will not perish, we may be assured, till she has finished that grand precursory work which, though not in itself divine, is indispensable to the coming of the divinest. And in whatever is best of her she cannot perish. Her language is immortal, her literature is immortal. She cannot perish till she has planted a thousand Englands in every quarter of the globe. In my visions by day and by night, I see her as an enormous wheel, vast as the skies, rushing, crushing for ever on. No poetry here, no sunniness, no music, no growth, but tremendous motion—motion not itself life, but the herald and the generator of life. If we can, let us look beyond the nation to the life; and though compelled to spend all that is noblest, tenderest, most beautiful amid overwhelming materialisms, let us not lose our faith in spiritual realities or in the Great Spirit.

January 8th, 1854.

LECTURE TWELFTH.

RUSSIA AND DESTINY.

THE banner which we wave over men in these days is the banner of the living God. It is in vain that we strive to limit political affairs to the political arena. In spite of us the political spreads into the social, and beyond the social into the religious. Hence more perhaps than from any other cause is our statesmanship struck with such utter incapacity. While shrivelling all politics into diplomacy, with the social it refuses to deal, and the religious it takes no trouble to understand. And can we marvel that the nations should feel it to be a consummate charlatanism which at their first uprising they will hurl into the abyss? Sneer as the shallow may at the divine right of kings, every ruler is the vicegerent of deity. To the extent that he demeans himself not as such, the people owe him no allegiance. A chief impostor, strike him down; a gilded vulgarity, sweep him away. Your country must be governed, and he is not governing.

What prolongs the direst mischief from which nations now suffer, is that men persist in confounding priestcraft and religion. They say that the priest and the despot are allies, which is true; they therefore denounce religion as a nuisance and a foe, which is absurd and criminal. Whom do they aid, whom do they arm by such denunciations, but exactly the despot and the priest? What foremost enemy of the human race do they strengthen and exalt? Russia. Over all her opponents Russia has the incomparable advantage of representing supremely,

even in the midst of the most monstrous superstitions, the religious sentiment. On this she bases her national unity, with it she feeds her national ambition. The Emperor Nicholas, who has neither nobleness of character nor grandeur of genius, is at least sagacious enough to see what an enormous force even the sham of a theocracy is. We may view his whole career as an odious swindle, and so in my heart I believe it. If not the most colossal worker, he is the cleverest actor in this generation. Admirably can he feign a fanaticism as fierce as that of his meanest, most ignorant subject. But his feigned fanaticism represents the real fanaticism of wide regions and of the countless millions who inhabit them. We shudder as we read his blasphemous proclamations and his insolent decrees, and our fingers tingle with the yearning to strangle this Cagliostro of the barbarians. Yet what, after all, is the Imperial harlequin doing, Tartufe of the Tartars, Nero of the North? He is playing a part, to be sure: that everybody can see who has not the horrible degradation of being a member of the British Cabinet. But how is he enabled to play a part? What does playing a part mean? Does not he who plays a part count on the boundless credulity of mankind?

No one can doubt that as regards the official, the administrative, the military existence of Russia, it is the corruptest of empires. Never before has there been such a Golgotha of godlessness in the world. Never before were the Mawworm, the Merryandrew, the Murderer, the Poltroon, and the Pickpocket so tragically combined. Behind all this, however, what breathes? The soul of slaves it may be—but the soul of slaves with a faith. To dignify this faith with the name of religion would be ridiculous. Religions die, though religion cannot die; and at this woful hour of earth's history every religion is dead. And it is not in Russia that we must expect to

find one alive. Yet fanatical faith, if it is not religion, and if it has not the creative power of religion, is a mighty weapon in the hand of a tyrant, when the tyrant affects a madder ardour of conviction than flames under the humblest roof. Superstition in other parts of Christendom is more a ceremonial enchantment than anything else. In Russia it is a ceremonial enchantment in the highest degree, and a ferocious dogmatism in addition. And round what do both the enchantment and the dogmatism circle as a sacred centre? Round the Emperor. He is to the multitude who crouch like beaten hounds at his feet God manifest in the flesh.

The external civilization of Russia, as far as it can be said to have any civilization, is borrowed from Germany and France; but its inner life is eminently its own. Even the Greek theology has had the very smallest influence on this. And what was the Greece that poured itself into Russia? The degenerate Greece of Constantinople, not the glorious Greece of Athens. Greek theology merely supplied the Russians with a common symbol—a symbol which was the bond of union in peace and a war-cry in conquest. Into the interior being of Russia the essence of Christianity penetrated less than into the heart of any other land. But there, as elsewhere, the Gospel exerted that unitive dominion which I have formerly acknowledged to be the only point in which it can claim superiority over Mahometanism. The Gospel never pierced into the Russian bosom: it merely stamped itself on the surface of Russian manners; but where a miscellaneous and squabbling rabblement of idolatries had prevailed, the Cross was something to gather round, something to swear by, something to fight for, and without the Cross the Russians could never have been compacted into a nation.

It is certain also that Russia has been immensely aided

in her vast though unscrupulous and iniquitous schemes thereby, that she has been the sole primordial realm in which the Greek Church has attained stable and distinguished sway. She thus attracts to her the sympathies of all that Church's disciples in Europe and in Asia, and we can easily understand what this is worth when we consider how much of her greatness England has derived from being loved or dreaded from sea to sea and from continent to continent as pre-eminently the Protestant kingdom.

There are, however, two things very closely connected which much more than the Cross have helped the march of Russia—her orientalism and her fatalism. Through many other channels the orientalism of the South reaches and has reached us; through her the orientalism of the North reaches us. But what has the orientalism of the North everlastingly been? Not like that of the South—poetry, ideas, troops of gorgeous radiances and harmonies, but simply theft on a scale so extravagant as to approach the sublime. In the North man works, and when needful he battles. In the oriental North he has never conceived any other occupation, and he has never pursued any other than stealing. In the immeasurable steppes, where there was no fixed habitation, and no regular cultivation, where horses and cattle were the chief wealth, it was very natural that he should take to thieving. All poor countries are addicted to thieving till industry steps in. Previously to those industrial achievements, which now do them so much honour, the Scotch were a nation of thieves, and in trade it is possible that some of the old instinct still breaks forth. All wandering hordes are thieves; they cannot comprehend the value of property unless it be kept in motion like themselves. The wars recorded in early parts of the Hebrew Scriptures were simply the contests between rival gangs of robbers. In

the Mahometan conquests the thieving element always mingled, or they would not have been truly Arabian. Now, why in Northern Asia robbery has from earliest times burst out in such uncontrollable and stupendous dimensions has been from the temptations offered by an endless sweep of plains unbroken by mountains. Spoil seemed stretching before the eye unbounded as the ocean, and the appetite for spoil grew infinite as the ocean. All outbursts of nations from the North-east of Asia, or from countries bordering thereon, have had little to do with war and much to do with spoil. New abodes could never be what they were seeking, for in their conflicts with the Romans they returned with alacrity to their ancient homes after they had rioted in plunder.

Is the Russian a Tartar, or does he belong to the Slavonic race? With huge contempt for what is called ethnology, I incline to think that out of the two races, as a bastard and blackguard compound, the Russian has resulted. No savoury result, we are disposed to confess, in spite of godlike Aberdeen. For what is the Slavonic race, notwithstanding superfine French gabble about Panslavism, but a predestined serf? And who is ever a servant of servants that does not deserve to be so? We abdicate our manhood; no one can tear our manhood from us; and we abdicate our manhood because we are weak in will; and weakness of will is fatalism. What is the grand peculiarity of the Slavonic race? Abject submission to the will of another. In vain you adduce the example of Poland. The Poles are far from being pure Slavonians; and even if they were, their attempts at deliverance have been partly French galvanisms, and partly the explosions of despair. In the Russian, however, Slavonian blood so overwhelmingly flows, that he is always willing to be trampled on, though he now and then grumbles when, having his hands very deep in his neigh-

bour's pocket, he is forced to abandon pilfering for a moment to fawn on the Czar.

I have frequently spoken of weakness of will in connexion both with nations and individuals; for instance, I have more than once alluded to it when treating of the Germans. But in general weakness of will arises as much from the exuberance, the preponderance of the other faculties, especially the imagination, as from any positive defect. Indeed, for the most part, men of weak will are singularly rich in imagination; and I have often presented Hamlet, with his wealth of phantasy and depth of contemplation, as their eternal type. In the Russian, however, weakness of will has no beautiful compensations, is not the product of any lavish fertilities in the soul. It always goes in the path of a base servility, or a baser resignation. It never gives place to imaginative daring, but when some enormous theft is to be committed. In all other cases it consoles itself with strong waters, and snores when it is not sneaking.

The Turks have passed into a proverb for yielding without murmur and without effort to destiny. But Turkish predestination and Russian predestination are two altogether different things. The Turks and the Mahometans generally bow to that which they cannot remedy or resist. Herein I would commend them, herein I would imitate them. Here it is not weakness of will, but strength of will, which operates. We simply say that if we have been brave to do we are no less brave to suffer. In truth, from the heroic individuality which Mahometanism has uniformly taught, it is impossible for true Mahometans to be weak in will. The ancient stoics, and the first Christians who chose for themselves homes in the desert, accepted with equal gladness the supreme decrees of the Invisible; but the former did so because they surpassed incomparably the rest of men in energy,

and the latter because they were inferior to the rest of men therein. Let us not hear, then, any more about Turkish fatalism, as if thereby the Turk were a fool or a feebleness when contrasted with the Russian, since the Russian is the most degraded of all fatalists of whom we have any record. What was the burning of Moscow but an act of fatalism? It is easy to praise it as patriotic, and so forth. If the Russians had been brave men, they would have taken care that the French did not come within many a league of Moscow. If the Russian territory was a sacred territory, why was the invader not hurled back the moment he put his audacious, polluting foot upon it? But no; destiny was to have her ample swing, and if destiny had not sent premature frosts and snows, where would the Russians have been?

Well for the Russian that he is the greediest of thieves, or else would he not lie coiled up like a sleeping bear for evermore? He is more Slavonian than Tartar; he has just enough of the Tartar to make destiny his fellow-robber. The vivacity, the ingenuity, the subtlety which their admirers ascribe to the Russians, are qualities which peculiarly distinguish thieves. You will find no accomplished thief without them. Does not the wild beast advance with a stealthy step on his prey? And why should you give such fine names to the dodges of the Russian thief? The Russians are said to excel all other men in diplomacy. This is not wonderful, for diplomacy is either thieving or a preparation to thieve, or an attempt to conceal theft; and if the Russian excels in one kind of thieving, why should he not in another?

Keep always before you these three things in judging the Russian—that he is Slavonian, and Tartar, and Christian; that his Slavonic nature drives him to predestination, and that his Christianity confirms it; that his Tartar nature drives him to boundless, blushless steal-

ing, and that his Christianity aids that tendency too, for with its unitive force it gathers those into a brotherhood of marauders who would otherwise rob each on his own account.

And it is this community of thieves, without one single virtue, that is treated now and is farther to be treated with such silly forbearance. And why? Because in every European land there are other thieves, some called stock-jobbers, and others newspaper editors, and others more honourable names. Yes; Europe is ruled at this hour by its thieves, and they are all afraid lest the chief highwayman should be checked in his career. And what is amusing, but terribly tragical, too, is that the nations have no suspicion that they are so ruled. Poor nations, when will ye awake? When will honesty, valour, and other noble words that once had meaning in them, have meaning in them once more? When will countries, themselves growing heroic, choose heroes to govern them? I have no fear that robbers will ever ascend to undisputed and permanent supremacy over mankind, and therefore I have no fear that Russia will swallow up Europe. Even if those at the head of affairs in the chief European realms continued to manifest the same apathy or villany which they are now manifesting, I should not be alarmed even in the smallest fibre of my breast; for I know, apart from the question of thieving altogether, that as through destiny and not through any strength of her own Russia rose, through destiny and not through any fault of her own Russia must fall. In less than half a century there will be no Russia. Turkey is doomed to destruction; nothing can save her; but before Turkey perishes, Russia will perish.

Without looking at that eternal right which Rome, which Alexander the Great, which all real and great conquerors represent, what is there in Russia to keep Russia

alive? Is it energy of character? She has not that. Is it more indomitable valour? Compared to the French, the English, and even the Germans, the Russians are the most pitiful cravens. Is it more fertile and commanding genius? But Russia has genius, only as the thief has genius. Is it a vaster opulence of material resources, a wiser and more masterly grasp thereof? But the material resources of Russia are small when compared to the extent of the country; nothing can be more slovenly than Russian administration, and to rapid and concentrated action everything is opposed. Is it a more enthusiastic and devoted patriotism? The patriotism of the Russian is one of those fictions with which journalists, credulous or bribed, keep afloat a huge imposture. The character of the Russian—the history, the growth, the physical features, the constitution of Russia, are all alike hostile to patriotism. Respecting the character of the Russian, I have only to repeat, that we trace in it no germ of any noble sentiment; and what sentiment is nobler than patriotism? For patriotism also to be ardent and profound, a long and illustrious history is required. But can Russia be said to have a history at all? Would it not be as correct to call the Newgate Calendar a history? How, likewise, has Russia grown? Without dwelling on her burglaries, has not her whole development been forced and artificial, a hideous violence done to Nature? And is it in the midst of the horribly unnatural that patriotism can flourish? Besides, in a country consisting mainly of a wilderness of plains, with few large cities, and few notable peculiarities of any kind, the heart seeks in vain for a beloved fatherland, which has all the hallowed distinctness of an individual. Consisting, moreover, of such numerous and various tribes, how can the Russian empire be aught but a chaotic conglomeration to its voracious gangs of serfs?

There is this of strange in the police report which we are pleased to call Russian history, that for a hundred and fifty years Russia, in all her dealings with other nations, has paralyzed them into that same fatalism which has been the chief feature and law of her own unfolding. No people, and the ruler of no people, seemed to see how wise as well as how generous it would have been to aid Charles the Twelfth in his struggle with Peter called the Great, because he built a city in a swamp, liable every year to be drowned with its half million of inhabitants. Even Turkey looked on the struggle as a kind of sport with which it would be a pity to interfere. All the ambitious schemes of Russia, during the last century, were looked on with indifference by England, almost with applause. Beyond some flashes of Chatham's soul, it could scarcely be said that till toward the close of the century England had a foreign policy at all. When an unparalleled imbecility was to be committed, when despicable Bourbons were to be thrust on loathing France, then England was glad to spend her money and shed her blood to have the chief share in the disgrace. But when a lecherous, disgusting Catherine was satiating the Russian appetite for plunder, and her own appetite for vice, England preferred the endeavour to strangle freedom in her own colonies to any attempt at stopping the brutalities and the robberies of Russia. To his own eternal ignominy, and to the curse of France, Louis the Fifteenth reigned for sixty years. A true, a sagacious, a patriotic, a warlike monarch, would at once have seen the interest which France had—nor France alone, but the world—in mitigating Russia's atrocities, and in hindering Russia's aggrandizement. Louis preferred filling up a cup of guilt already too full among his mistresses. Those sixty years of French infamy did more to enlarge and to confirm the power of Russia, than all that she ever achieved for her-

self. There was only one man in the last century who saw what Russia was, who saw to what she was tending, and who would have been willing to chastise her insolent pretensions, and to arrest her burglarious schemes—Frederick the Great. Yet who is ignorant that *they* were most his foes who, for his sake as well as for their own, should have been most his friends, and that it was his puissant arm alone that saved him from utter ruin? Napoleon could have done what Frederick was compelled to leave undone; but though he had more fertility of idea than Frederick, more grandeur of imagination, more daring, more altogether of what we denominate genius, yet he had not the same political sagacity, and he saw only when too late that he must choke the Russian brigand in the midst of his morasses. The history of Napoleon's disastrous expedition, who does not know? Now, as ever, Russia seems to benumb the whole of Europe with her fatalism. Free enough, bold enough in their other actions, the nations sink into completest lethargy and stupidity the moment they touch her. A rustic at a country fair, in the hands of a charlatan, could not exhibit more preposterous credulity than they display with regard to her. To be sure, the Emperor of Russia is unimpeachably orthodox, and what would become of the Holy Trinity if he were overthrown? And the Emperor of Russia has a hearty hatred of the democracy, and there are old women in England who believe that if the democracy were to triumph, God would not be able to maintain order in the universe. And the Emperor of Russia puts out his huge protecting paw over the small German animals who sell themselves to hinder royal races from dying out; and John Bull, as the father of a family and a lover of worn-out dynasties, cannot help viewing him as a visible Providence on that account. And the Emperor of Russia has subjects who send us hemp and

tallow, and it is a serious question to the stolid Englishman whence hemp and tallow are to come if the Emperor of Russia is drowned in the Neva. Therefore, for the sake of the Holy Trinity of God's order in the universe, of small German animals, and of hemp and tallow, long live the Emperor of Russia !

A serious question for every honest man to ask himself at this hour is, whether English rulers, or French rulers, or any other rulers in Europe, dare face the consequences of a successful war with Russia. They dare not, they dare not. Hence lies black enough to make devils blush ; hence delays enough to turn patience into madness ; hence chicanery heaped on cowardice, and cowardice on chicanery. The same blow that kills Russia will kill ten thousand humbugs and enormities in Europe. If our enemies know this, and try to postpone the blow, it is well that we should know it too, and try to hasten the blow. Yet, perhaps, by one of those awful retributions which come direct from the hand of the Omnipotent, we may not need to hasten it. Perhaps Russia, having transfused the governments of Europe with her own predestinarian tendencies, they may drift into conflict with her in spite of themselves ; and in that case, the result to them and the result to Russia will be so much the more calamitous that they had not the courage to take a prompt and energetic resolve. Confess it or not as we like, all government throughout Europe, and even in England, has become Russian government ; that is, partly compression, and partly a surrender to inevitable circumstances ; there has been nothing initiatory, frank, creative, and valiant. Hence the unwillingness to act against Russia, against the teacher of a diabolical art. All government, however, that is predestinarian is anarchic ; and even the most rampant conservatives must avow that a rebellion against

anarchy ought to be applauded as a virtue, not condemned as a vice.

There are few, and those only the wise and brave, who see that the coming war—for come it will and come it must, in the teeth of Russian admirers and Russian imitators—is a war for the restoration not of the political, but of the moral liberties of mankind. It is a war to enable men once more to will and to declare their will—to declare it in word and in deed—to enable those governing to do this as well as those governed. Political liberty is only valuable to the extent that it embodies moral liberty, and politics altogether are interesting only in so far as they are an aspect of morality; and the basis and bulwark of morality is heroism of will. While there are a thousand complaints against government, my complaint is simply that it wants moral determination. I know that to be truly divine it must be a theocracy, that it must be religious as well as moral; but it must first be grandly moral before it can be religious. Russia and destiny! What do you think that I care for Russia, and Turkey, and all the nations in Europe, compared to the moral liberties of the human race? You deem me a hot politician, perhaps. Such I have been in the bygone years; such I am no longer. My yearning is to see the godlike transfiguration of the nations. Oh, to baptize young souls with that yearning, and thus myself be young again! Politics make us prematurely old; morality makes us cease to take note of time; and religion gives us perpetual youth. To restore the exulting sense of perpetual youth to humanity, is that a small thing? Yet it is for this that we are longing and striving. We walk in gloom, we clothe ourselves with gloom, that we may bring to the breast of the earth perennial joy. Russia and destiny furnish a melancholy text, but to the pregnant fancy the text is suggestive of the richest poetry

and the gladdest hope. I do not preach the infinite perfectibility of mankind—I do not chatter of infinite progress; but as long as I laugh, and as long as I see waves, and sunshine, and the sky, and children laugh, I must believe in infinite joy. That is my creed, and I have no other, whether melted by human love or transfused by the religious life. Constitutionalism, Despotism, Autocracy, Democracy, what are they to me? I read a book of the *Odyssey*, or the *Iliad*, or a description by Walter Scott, or a narrative by Michael Scott, or a gorgeous athletic inspiration by John Wilson, and forget them all. Make the earth a truth, an honesty, a poem, a rapture, a worship, and I am supremely indifferent to the faith and the government which may happen for the time to prevail. If I wish Russia to be down, it is because I am tired of moping. Russia is a sham theocracy, hindering governments from being moral. Till governments are moral they cannot be religious; till governments are religious, earth cannot sing as the stars sing, with a great rejoicing.

But the Russia and the destiny on the borders of Northern Asia and in Northern Asia, are not the worst Russia and the worst destiny to conquer. Every existing nation typifies some aspect of our condition as individuals. And Russia and destiny, what a hideous thing do they typify in us! And could they be there unless we corresponded to them? Yes, the Slavonic element, what in us does that mean? Our base slavery to external circumstances. And the Tartar element, what does that mean? Our disposition to appropriate ideas and motives, to save ourselves the trouble of expending our own individuality. And the Christian element, what does that mean? It signifies our proneness to use religion only in so far as it may give a surface of harmony, not a reality of music to our souls. Expel the Russia and destiny from the individual, and it is marvellous how quickly that

other Russia and destiny will vanish. I speak not in parables ; I am not ambitious of being an utterer of dark sayings. But I maintain that all reform, which is to be a world's reform, must begin with the individual. If the age is ripe for reform, the transformation electric sweeps, contagious spreads from soul to soul, till it bursts into a general blaze. If the age is not ripe for reform, the soul leaves the age behind, and rises, rises, rises to the translucency of the empyrean, and there, serene and ecstatic, dwells. Not Elijah alone was borne in a chariot of fire to heaven. Every godlike soul is so borne when the prophets of Baal are so numerous that it is vain contending against them. This is a chief doctrine to be taught in these days, that we change the world by our example, or that we soar to a region where, not from indifference, but from the face of the divine shining on us, we can forget that the world has so much need to be changed. If we can neither change the world morally and religiously, nor fly far above its turmoil, and if we wear and fever ourselves out by mingling incessantly in the world's political conflicts, most woful is our condition. There must be a joy of which nothing can rob us, or else why do we live? If we would not allow any personal foe to rob us of this, why should we allow any political tragedy to do so? We are befooled in these days with what is called the worship of sorrow, as if he who is immortally illustrious as the Man of Sorrows had not been clothed and armed with a transcendent joy known to him alone.

On the other hand, let me not be understood as preaching political indifference, for that is very far from my meaning. I think that politics keep up a healthy glow, a generous movement in our nature. But let not our political sympathies be our exclusive, or even our predominant sympathies. More have turned from the path of the brave in this generation through political disenchant-

ment than through any other kind of disenchantment. Happy he whose political disenchantment is only the entrance into a higher order of spiritual life. If it is not this, it is a deplorable calamity indeed.

It is a faith which has especially forced itself upon the world since the invention of printing, that the church of the invisible, with its noble army of martyrs and of priests, is always marching and increasing, the more triumphantly the more the political aspect of humanity or of a nation is dark and troubled. It was in the decline of Athens that its divinest philosophy shone. It was in the political torpor of the Roman empire that a new religious light broke forth upon our race. It was when a monarch, by uniting so many kingdoms under his sway, threatened the universal liberties of Europe, that Luther's Reformation asserted its invincibility. It was in the infamous reign of Charles the Second that religion and philosophy uttered deeper truths than they have ever since uttered in England. It was when our country had much political insignificance and much social apathy, that Methodism came to illuminate the faces and to cheer the hearts of the poor. It was when for Napoleon to conquer or to be conquered seemed equally fatal to mankind, that German philosophy pierced so profoundly into the secrets of the infinite. And now, even at this hour, when we are filled with political alarms, when Russia and destiny wear an aspect so menacing, what is it which, if we are members of the Invisible Church, we behold? That never since the dawn of things was there such a yearning for the religious life, such an outpouring of the religious life. This cheers, this sustains, this ennobles, command who may in the Black Sea, the Baltic, or the Mediterranean.

And in the grand debate which has commenced between various systems and sects of materialism, and those who

believe in the eternal reality of the religious sentiment, and that God furnishes it at all times with suitable and sufficient food, this may confidently be set forth as a signal advantage of religious convictions, that however appalling the catastrophes in his own external lot or in that of nations, the believer in religion can still turn to triumphs and joys in the region of the unseen, which materialism denies because it is unable or unwilling to behold them. The encyclopedists in the last century uttered magnificent prophecies regarding human fate, nearly all of which remain unfulfilled. What could they say to those who had believed the predictions of encyclopedism, and had been so woefully disappointed? They could only be silent, or blaspheme and curse.

It is singular that in the downfall of traditions in England, the only gospel preached to the masses who are rushing so rapidly into unbelief, should be that very gospel which has brought Russia to such a depth of degradation. I do not mean the gospel of thieving, but the gospel of base surrender to an external destiny. We should have supposed that Russia would serve as an everlasting warning to nations and individuals, and that a country without a will, without a morality, without a heroism, would have been spoken of only as an example to be avoided. If this has not been so, it shows what different teachers the people need from those that they at present have, and that we have to fight not only with a Russia and destiny on the verge of polar snows, and with a Russia and destiny close to the polar snows of our own heart, but with a Russia and destiny among the prophets of the multitude. This I suspect will prove the most formidable Russia and destiny. War will come, and there will be an end of Nicholas and his kingdom, and St. Petersburg will sink into the swamps from which it rose. War will come into our own souls, and we shall go

through great tribulation, till at last we reach the serene heights to which no Russia and no destiny can approach. But who is to save the millions of our countrymen from that Russia and destiny which they are at present welcoming as a deliverance? Who is to save them from fatalism, from materialism, from sensationalism? Who is to teach them that unless they have the valiant consciousness of moral freedom they cease to be men? Who but those who abhor Russia and destiny in whatever shape they may show themselves? Who but ourselves, if we cherish that abhorrence, a handful among millions as we may be? It is a marvellous spectacle, a sorrowful spectacle, that of the working men all through Europe clamouring for political freedom, yet denying, casting from them moral freedom, and applauding those very principles through which alone their political foes have strength and victory. Cross not the seas, then, ye who are panting for the fight, the enemy is at the gates. If I cannot be a leader, I can be a soldier in this great warfare; and, whether at the head of troops or in the ranks, I do not despair of finding recruits. I care not, every earnest man cares less and less for speculative differences the older he grows; but the less he cares for these the more he cares for the essential things that divide and the essential things that unite. Where there is clearly division, let there be battle; where there is clearly union, let the union be the closer. Though, therefore, I shall rejoice if anything I have this day said may have given energy to your loathing for Russia, I shall much more rejoice if I have armed you and incited you against those fatal Russianizing tendencies that are spreading in our moral life. And when you have fought that fight, nobler conquests will await you.

January 22nd, 1854.

LECTURE THIRTEENTH.

CHINA AND CUSTOM.

WE associate supereminently poetry with the East, and yet, perhaps, of all the nations in the world, the Chinese are the most prosaic. Precisely for that reason, however, are they to such a superstitious degree under the sway of custom; for we are satisfied with what we are and with what is around us to the exact extent that we have not imagination to carry us up and away into ideal regions. There are various things making the English such pertinacious conservatives; not the least is their inability to dream of a brighter beyond in the ultimate development of humanity. Conservatism may be admirable in itself, and may produce excellent results; yet mainly it has its root and nurture in a people's defects rather than in a people's gifts. Of all the countries, therefore, which I have had to treat of as agents of civilization, China is perhaps that which has smallest interest for me. And unless I detested Yankeedom and its nauseous gabble about progress with my whole heart, I should seek in vain for aught attractive in China whatever. As a contrast to mushroom growth, as a rebuke to false notions about growth, can I alone find China worth a brief glimpse of attention. The character of the people is commonplace in the extreme. Apart a certain industrial activity and a certain ingenuity in minute imitation, they have nothing to mark them out among the mob of tribes swarming over Asia. And what has their history been? Is it not somewhat of a joke to speak of their history? To have

been conquered by Tartars, to have built a wall so long and strong that it is still among earth's wonders, and to have had their somnolency roused and their sauciness rebuked by English grapeshot, I cannot, after marching through a wilderness of fable, discover almost any authentic facts except these. To be sure, the Chinese are said to have had wise men and legislators, and after reading the sayings of Confucius and Mencius, we cannot refuse these a seat among the sages. But a judicial gravity and a judicious moderation are the chief qualities distinguishing the sayings of Mencius and Confucius, and of whatsoever passes among the Chinese as a book of wisdom. There are no grand outbursts of phantasy, there is nothing profound, nothing divine which mankind may rejoice over as an everlasting gain.

To be stolid and commonplace like the English is not such a provoking phenomenon to behold as to be intelligent and commonplace like the Chinese. Out of stolidity strange flashes of humour come, and the duller the eye we know that all the heavier is the tread of the giant. I maintain, therefore, that the English would be far more commonplace if they were not so incomparably stolid. The Chinese is a sort of natural Unitarian. He has the same pedantic instinct for what is clear, and the same immortal affinity with the dead level. Who, listening to the arrant insipidities of a Unitarian, has not sighed for the good old genuine stolidity of our countrymen? Now the Chinese in their predestined Socinianism are so coldly clever, that we wish to heaven they were greater fools.

Pray that the new revolution, in the turmoil of which they now are, may make them so. To that revolution other than a political importance attaches. It is all one to me who is on the throne of China, whether Bumpus Bother Bang or Slinky Slogam Slang. And it is all one

to the Chinese themselves, and to everybody else, except, perhaps, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which expects to make a few conversions now, there where it never made any before after the most incredible exertions. For long ages to come, revolutions, political changes will affect nothing in China but its industrial achievements and relations. To that extent, and to that extent only, will it be stirred by the tempestuous breath of Europe and by the movements of North America. China will be the most powerful agent for diffusing European industry, American commerce, to the remotest corners of Asia ; yet sorely would those be misled who imagined that thereby China would be socially transformed. To the last, China will continue to be the home of custom, even if it were to adopt through its vast realms some semblance of the Christian faith, some slight tincture of European manners.

Those things which are most like to each other, and those things which are most unlike to each other, are always brought by the everlasting harmonies into contact. In fifty years the Pacific Ocean will be the grandest possession of the United States. In fifty years the United States and China will be more closely connected than those States and England are now. In fifty years, perhaps the English language will have commenced slowly to displace that jargon which grins on us from tea-chests, which nobody seems ever to have been able to learn, and which does not seem to be worth learning. Now, Europe does not need reproof and example from China, as to the significance and majesty of custom. But when the Americans have made the Southern continent as much their own as the northern—when they have covered all the islands of the Pacific with the English race—when their insatiate ambition and their feverish rapidities of action are stimulated into insanest excess by rivalry with

the new and growing Australian republics—how salutary as an example, how mighty as a reproof, will China and custom be! America will never learn anything from Europe—it will be the slavish imitator of Europe, imitating most that which is least worthy of imitation. This can only, however, be for a time—to the hour, perhaps, when the democracies of Europe have trampled the dynasties of Europe under foot. America will at last awaken to the significance of her own individuality, and will scorn Europe as much as at present she dreads its judgment and its satire. Haughty and domineering, she will correspond still less to our ideal of a state than she does now: for to imitate, even in a bad thing, holds in low minds the place of reverence. To be delivered from imitation, yet not to ascend to noblest reverence, what more dreadful curse can befall a nation or a man!

Much ridicule is poured, and justly, on those who pretend to predict the destinies of the world from passages of the Bible. Such vagabonds are fit only for the treadmill or the hulks, whether their names happen to be Binney the Base or Cumming the Canter, or anything equally offensive to the ears of the brave. But assuredly, on the other hand, the offence is equally condemnable of not daring to prophesy when the prophetic spirit is upon us. Prophecy has two powers, a power to foretell and a power to forthtell. Now perhaps earlier ages, and warmer climes, and more susceptible imaginations than our own, are demanded to give the prophet, as forthteller, his fullest empire and most fulminating victories. Obey the prophetic mood in these days as a flaming outspeaker, would not even the most earnest denounce you, and would not every simpering Socinian muzzle you as a maniac? More colossal centuries than our own may arise, in which earth may yearn with an immense yearning for the trumpet-clang of the prophet's words. At present earth has

merely sneers for the accents that would have shaken kingdoms of old, and hurled millions of men to battle. This is a tragedy, weep over it; yet for a moment only, since, is there not work before you? And if you have the prophetic gifts, prophetic utterance is your fittest work. And ever has it been, that when prophecy as forthtelling was the most unheeded, prophecy as foretelling is the more listened to. A pregnant hint to him who knoweth how to profit therefrom. I for one have determined that if my brethren will not listen to my dithyrambic denunciations, my fierce forthtellings, they shall attend to my foretellings, and that I shall not leave a business of such mighty moment in the hands of charlatans. Prediction is an instinct; it is also an art; an art, however, which cannot be acquired except where the instinct exists. It is an art, moreover, which is the more easy to practise the larger are the developments of history, and the more comprehensive is the growth of civilization. I therefore am abler to predict than Isaiah through living some three thousand years after him, supposing that I have to the same extent the instinct of prediction.

And this is my apology, if any apology is needed for speaking so confidently of China's and America's future. I believe that I have the instinct of prediction, and all history and all humanity are before me to teach me the art. It is known to such as believe, that, if indiscreetly vehement, I yet speak from the deep breast of a man, how much I connect the destinies of mankind with England. Not because I wish to flatter, for no one has said harsher things of England, harder things to Englishmen. But the fates are there with their tremendous menaces, and I must obey them; and sometimes I feel as if I loved England the less for all the good the fates compel me to say regarding her. Now, England does not represent

man to live in, the Americans must learn conservatism in its very lowest form, Custom, and their schoolmasters must be the Chinese. Is not this confessing that the Americans are inferior to their future schoolmasters? And so in my heart I believe them to be. They have defects peculiarly their own; they have all the vices of the Chinese in their ugliest shape, and they want the only decent thing the Chinese have—their worship of custom.

Manners and customs are too often confounded. They are so far from being the same, that they have no necessary connexion. Where manners are strongest, customs are often weakest, and the contrary. Manners are strong in France; customs are weak. Nothing so subject to change as manners, nothing less subject than customs. All manners have moral relations, if only through the grace they seek to express, for the graceful is a younger sister of the beautiful, and the beautiful draws its eternal substance from the good and the true. Customs have never any moral relations, though they may sometimes seek religious sanctions; they simply arise and reign from a general notion of convenience. Higher than manners and the moral relations thereof is the sense of duty,—a sense which characterizes the English in so eminent a degree, and which as marking the English, the more generous of the French have very warmly praised. Still diviner than the sense of duty is that instinctive heroism which always bursts forth irresistibly and redeemingly in great men and in great ages.

Now see how many steps you have to go down before you get to the Yankees—from instinctive heroism to the sense of duty, from the sense of duty to manners half moral, from manners to customs which have never any moral impulse or moral object, but are a conservative energy, from custom to sheer anarchy, with its Maelstrom mouth, its ferocious greed, ready to swallow everything,

from a rapping spirit to half a continent. We have to reflect that North and South America are destined to be the abode of four or five hundred millions. It is a pleasant prospect for the world that those millions must live in sheer anarchy before they can ascend to what is sufficiently low in itself—Chinese custom. You may imagine what of time, of toil, of torture it will cost them to ascend from custom to manners, from manners to the sense of duty, and ultimately from the sense of duty to heroism.

The Yankees talk enough of going a-head, but they never talk of climbing to a loftier eminence, except in Longfellow's maudlin poems, with their milliner sentimentalities and their Cockney rhymes. It is, however, climbing, not marching, which makes a nation great. And a country which boasts of nothing, which aims at nothing but going a-head, will at last not be able to go at all. And even a despised China, consenting to receive an unlimited number of pupils across the Pacific, will be able to rejoice that, if not fit to achieve anything else, it has at least the power through custom to stand still, a feat which Yankeeland will never be potent to perform till China teach it. It used to be thought that people must learn to stand before they learn to walk, learn to walk before they learn to run. Yankeeland reverses the order, and asserts that you learn to walk by learning to run, and learn to stand by learning to walk.

And yet America is the hope of the European democracy! How strangely ignorant the European democracy must be! It also requires to be taught as well as America how omnipotent is the empire of custom. And if it cannot be taught in any other fashion, we must send it to China, as we have sent Yankeeland. Even the grandest form of human government—the theocracy—must have custom for a basis. It was custom which gave strength, completeness, and beauty to the government

and religion of ancient Egypt. Nearly all our modern reformers fail in achieving anything substantial and abiding from their contempt of custom. When Oliver Cromwell died, his rule was as popular as it was powerful. Only a year or two sufficed to make a despicable Charles the Second no less popular. Did this argue any fickleness in the English character? Far from it. But the Civil War and the Commonwealth had produced scarcely any change in the customs of the people. Cromwell was for a season in harmony with their ideas; Charles the Second was permanently in harmony with their customs. Merely to diffuse ideas must ever form but a small part of a reformer's work. Till he has changed the customs of men he has done nothing. Therefore, for every reformer may China, the primordial representative of custom, be a profitable subject of study. There is a common notion in these days that we have merely to cast forth our conviction into the bosom of society, and let it spread and grow as best it can. But no foremost reformer has ever been satisfied with doing this. Jesus Christ did more than travel through Judea preaching his doctrines. He gathered around him twelve disciples, less to help him in preaching than to be a model organization, and by the new customs which he gave them to contribute toward a revolution in the customs of mankind. The legislation which the Jews adopted, whether it was created by Moses or not, had principally for its object to confirm them in a religious faith through the force of customs. Now, as the English are more attached to custom than any other nation in the world except the Chinese, as besides they have a thorough dislike and disdain for ideas, as it is doubtful whether an Englishman can comprehend an idea, must not any large, lasting, and radical change in England be accomplished mainly through custom? One of England's woes is that many of its most beautiful

customs have fallen or are falling into desuetude, while no new and beautiful customs are rising to take their place. Here, therefore, is field wide enough for the best reformers amongst us. Yet you would try in vain to ameliorate the condition of France in the same way. The more in a country manners, as distinguished from customs, have sway, the more that country is led by ideas. Lamennais, consequently, and other illustrious and patriotic Frenchmen, were not wrong in attempting to redeem their native land through ideas. They did what most accords with the character of the French; for in France every idea at last becomes an institution. Among the ancients, the Romans were more influenced by custom, the Greeks more by manners. Hence the Romans adopted Christianity as a new custom or mass of customs, and the Greeks as a new idea or system of ideas. England cannot in any overwhelming degree set forth by precept or by example the value of custom to the nations, since there are things in England stronger than custom, among others that sense of duty of which I have spoken. China is and will remain the high priest of this, since in China, custom being the one grand energy, the substitute for law, for government, for morality, for religion, for literature, triumphantly proves how naturally the current of social action flows where custom is present, even though every noble motive and agency may be absent.

If I have stated that China is peculiarly a teacher for Yankeeland, it is because we have all in these days got something of the Yankee in us. We would rather go ahead than climb ourselves, or urge and aid others to climb. We need, like the Yankees, to be instructed in the smaller matters before we can aspire to any divine endeavours. Perhaps, what most of us require as a first step is, after having seen into the significance of custom, to accumulate around us the poetry of custom whenever

we behold the exhausted prose of custom. He will prove the best reformer of us all who can do this the most effectually. And if the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts were to send me as a missionary to China, I should leave the customs of the Chinese unharmed, but I should clothe them with as much poetry as the customs themselves were capable of receiving, or the Chinese capable of appreciating.

In effect, the thing of which I am always dreaming and always speaking—the theocracy, is merely the poetry of custom in its sublimest manifestation. Were the despots and the priests of our day wise, how long could they extend their reign over both the bodies and the souls of men, if, instead of brutal compression and base deception, they nourished men with an ever fresh and ever faithful poetry of custom. The downfall of Roman heathenism and of the Roman Republic is in a main measure to be attributed to a decline in the poetry of custom. The introduction of Egyptian gods, so ill adapted to the simplicity of the Roman character, did as much to prepare the way for Christianity as the prevalence of scepticism and the spread of moral corruption. But, indeed, when custom remains, and the poetry of custom dies, this is itself a source of moral corruption and a sign of scepticism. It is not enough to look at most of our English customs with an æsthetical eye, and say that they are horribly prosaic. This is to be deplored, to be sure, and I lament it as much as any one, but I lament all the more because I see the darkness of vice and of doubt behind.

And yet it would be a monstrous blunder attempting to revive the poetry of custom artificially. The misfortune in these days is that you have no sooner indicated a social, a national want than dilettanteism steps eagerly forth to supply it. Why make the people dance round

maypoles, if they no longer care for maypoles: why drive them to games which no longer accord with the English national life? We cannot shut our eyes to the effects of the great Protestant heresy. It has distorted many of men's views, it has deadened many of their perceptions; it was a dislocation and a dismemberment. It shattered the nation's unity, it divorced it at a thousand points from nature, and, but for some sudden and prodigious movement of which as yet we see no herald, we cannot overlook the havoc which Protestant rationalism has caused. Perhaps a poet like Shakspeare would simplify what is complicated and conquer what is difficult in the matter for us. But it would be almost as mad to look for the advent of a great poet as for the advent of a great statesman at this hour in England.

Something, however, may be done by showing, wherever we have opportunity, the eternal import and the eternal mission both of poetry and of custom; the first the most spontaneous as the second is the most tenacious of all things among men. The best way to innovate in these degenerate times, is to defend everlasting realities against innovators. They say that statesmanship is dead, because pitiful Whigs can still be got to listen to the platitudes of Lord John Russell. They say that criticism is dead, because George Gilfillan is allowed to gabble, unrebuked, gammon and grossness. They say that eloquence is dead, because a Yankee called Gough is paid fifty pounds a week for sputtering teetotal trash. They say that religion is dead, because Anglican bishops are allowed to exist unblasted by the thunderbolts of heaven. They say that poetry is dead, because the conceits and insipidities of Tennyson pass for the quintessence of beauty. They say that honesty is dead, because that which boasts itself the most chivalrous party in England follows the prime charlatan in England. They say that

literature is dead, because Macaulay is considered a great historian and Bulwer a chief novelist and consummate artist. They say that common sense and common decency are dead, because Binney gets English men and English women to crowd his chapel, and Cumming English men and English women to buy his books. But all these things and their kindred do not so easily die. Strangle the quack wherever you find him, but assert all the more bravely the fact in which the quack has endeavoured to strike root.

I was about to forget, when speaking to you of China and Custom, to mention that we have a China and Custom in our own blessed isle, still more the slave of custom than China itself—the University of Oxford: the most surprising absurdity at this instant tolerated by the stupidities of mankind. Oh that we could make a present of the University of Oxford to the Yankees; they would not need in that case to go to school to the Chinese. A sale of Oxford University to the Yankees might much lessen the bother connected with being Chancellor of the Exchequer. Oxford is at once the most persistent idiocy and the baldest prose: it is custom with everything that can make custom disgusting. Is it so easy to speak to a people, some of whose institutions were created yesterday, while others go back to the time of the Crusades? What can we utter to such a people but incoherences, and, if they cry out against us therefor, we aver that we are speaking the only language which their condition and conduct justify.

Indeed, in discoursing of China and Custom, I get confused, and do not very clearly know whether my text is China, or England, or Oxford. Would not Oxford be China if anybody did any work there? And would not England be China if it were not also Carthage? For it is doubtful whether its martial ardour at any time arises

from a nobler motive than that which animated the Carthaginians.

Not alone in England is there confusion as to the best modes of teaching and regenerating society, caused by the power of custom. It exists everywhere in Europe, except in France. Not merely has France the advantage of being readily instructed in ideas, from the great dominion which manners as compared to customs have there, but in her first Revolution she threw everything remaining of feudalism to the winds. On the other hand, all European nations besides retained and retain feudalism in their institutions, and especially in their laws. The Code Napoleon is perhaps the grandest monument of France's deliverance from feudal thralldom. In the rest of Europe you have custom in a fourfold shape; in religion, in social existence, in political institutions, and in law. Now, though it is less striking to the eye, yet the despotism of custom in law is far more formidable in fact than its despotism in religion, in social existence, and in political institutions. Reformers in these days, however, never glance at this. In Germany, in England, and elsewhere, they say, Regenerate religion, regenerate social existence, regenerate political institutions, and the work is done. Not indeed that they do not speak of improvement in law, but they do not see how much it is the feudal character of our law that prolongs and strengthens all our other feudalisms. Give us a Code Napoleon, or something like it, and I should hold Oxford and kindred idiocies cheap enough. Get rid of China and custom in Westminster Hall, and it would soon disappear from Westminster Abbey.

There would seem from what precedes to be an easy rule for the guidance of reformers at present—by making poetical what is prosaic to gain power for the destruction of what is irretrievably bad. Add to majestic ceremonial

in religious worship, add to beauty in social relations, and what is wrong in law and political institutions will vanish of itself. But what our reformers want is not so much earnestness as imagination. They are incapable of soaring above the most beggarly utilitarianism. It is a common mistake to suppose that the people, meaning by that word the whole nation, are willing only to adopt, are capable only of appreciating slow and insignificant changes. No change, if there is to be change at all, can be too comprehensive for the people. But what the people complain of is, that reformers in general forget China and Custom. Rob not the people of the eternal poetry that floats round them, and you may alter and destroy to what extent you choose. Jesus, Mahomet, Luther, were all most opulently gifted with imagination. George Fox, in his mystical broodings, had imagination; and John Wesley had imagination, though he could not be called a man of genius. And was it not through imagination that these reformers conquered so grand a position among mankind? Even Oliver Cromwell, though he did not write verses, was a man of powerful imagination; it was by imagination that he had such living sympathy with the persons around him and the movements of his times.

One thing is most certain, that it is only through custom, whether we have imagination or not, that we can have contact with our age and influence on our age. We may have a most fertile and imperial imagination, and yet it may rush too impetuously toward glorious visions of the remotest future. If I were to speak of myself and of others that I know, I should say that we fail not from want of imagination, but from plunging into reveries that have no relation to the present hour and the present work. I above all men that I know need to be instructed in China and custom, both in its

poetry and in its prose. I have despised its prose till I have been rendered incapable of applying the poetry of custom as a vital force to the things that environ me.

I have no faith, if ever I had faith, in individual reformers, that is, that one man culminates and achieves what no other man could have achieved. I believe that the divinest reformer is the expression of his age, not its leader. I believe in an ever-living God, and in an ever-living humanity. But in preparing the way for one of those outbursts of human enthusiasm which we call a reformation, I believe that much may be accomplished by a brotherhood of reformers, that is, a union as far as possible of earnest souls. Where this union is difficult, one reformer can yet give to another light and strength. It is for that brotherhood far more than for the people as a whole, that what I say can have any value. Having popular affections, but no popular aptitudes, it is best for me to confess to myself as to others that if I am to teach at all, I can only be a teacher of teachers. Now I have noticed that those who are younger than myself, and who yearned as I yearned, and still yearn, to promote the growth of England and the emancipation of the world, are prone to that contempt for China and custom in its bare and literal prose that has been the bane of my own existence. My counsel to them would be—First interest yourselves in that custom which is prose; and then in that custom which is poetry; and then, and not till then, pour forth troops of ideas and radiate rainbow visions. If I had had some kind, good friend to give me this advice at the outset of my career, that career would have had a far director and more potent influence. I do not think that it is wise to check the impulse to join the glorious army of prophets and apostles and martyrs. It is silly to tell us to love money when we do not care for money—to aspire to a high worldly position when we care nothing

for worldly position, to seek the world's goods when we care for none of them. If we feel our destination to be that of reformers, reformers let us be. I have heard some worthy friends of mine say that they do not consider any one bound to be a martyr; they might as well say that they do not consider any one bound to be a poet. If we are born poets, we cannot help being poets; and if we are born martyrs, we cannot help being martyrs. The only thing for us to consider is, how we can be martyrs the most effectually. We are not really martyrs unless there are witnesses of our martyrdom. Earth is crowded at this hour with martyrs who are not martyrs, and I am one of them. We have the anguish of martyrdom;—we suffer in silence, but the world is none the better for our silent sorrows. Now, in certain moods we think and say that this is the world's fault, but in calmer and wiser moments we are compelled to confess that the fault is our own. The world always appreciates what manifests itself as visible power. Can we blame it for not appreciating our invisible genius, whether that genius be for poetry or martyrdom. Please, therefore, my friends to consider this address of mine, if you cannot make anything else of it, as a lesson in the alphabet of martyrdom. Be martyrs if God has made you martyrs; but be martyrs with a victorious potency, whether your doom be to live or to die for a divine cause. In addition, how is the martyr to know of another martyr's existence, unless he energetically manifests himself. How can there be an army of martyrs if each martyr spends his sweat and blood in the solitary spot which he himself in a morbid mood has chosen? If there is to be a battle, let there be a battle array, trumpets sounding, banners flying, arms gleaming in the sun. It is not strength alone we derive from association; it is that cheerful spirit which counts no sacrifice dear. If, then, any young reformer, any young

martyr, comes to me, I would send him as I have sent Yankeeland to school in China. The knights in the middle ages had a long and severe apprenticeship. Why should not the reformer have the same? The Jesuits have been able to accomplish such memorable things by the hard and even disgusting discipline which they undergo in their youth. We have nobler objects,—why should we shrink from an education as painful? To learn the value of the ordinary is the first step toward doing the extraordinary, and he who has begun with China and custom may at last reach a truly Celestial Empire.

19th March 1854.

LECTURE FOURTEENTH.

INDIA AND IMAGINATION.

BELONGING to the remotest past and to the remotest future, India seems to have but small place in the present; yet precisely because she belongs to the remotest past and the remotest future has she so much to utter in the devout and poetic ear of the present. The land of wonders and of dreams, she will never be less mysterious than she is, and her lot will always be to form the heritage and the home, not of the present, but of the future and the past. In that marriage of the East and of the West which awaits the world, India will be the bridal chamber, as of old she was the birth-place of all mythologies and symbolisms. But though the industrialism of England is destined to girdle and clasp her with railroads and all mechanical miracles she will remain evermore the unknown, the unconquerable, the impenetrable, as she was to the Greeks and the Romans.

It is the mission of India to enrich the imagination of humanity—that she may continue to enrich it now, as in long-vanished centuries, she must be viewed through the morning red of each man's phantasy as if she had no geographical position, and as if she still lay among those fabulous regions of which early bards loved to sing; consoling thus the sorrows and lightening thus the labours of their brethren. Everything in India is colossal,—colossal, however, not in contest, but in fertility; and that is the secret and the source of her influence on mankind. In India it is not human beings that ruled

or can rule—it is nature; and man is simply there a natural production, and incapable of being aught else or more. Woe for the earth if every country were an India! Woe for the earth if India were not! It would be wrong to say that India possesses, or has possessed, religion, poetry, culture, in the more restricted sense. But to the extent that religion, poetry, culture, can travel from people to people, and are not the spontaneous growth of a nation's soul, they are almost exclusively of Indian origin. The Pantheism nourished on the plains of India rushed like a deluge against those mountain walls on which Persia built her enormous monarchy. There the wealth of nature no longer sufficed for man. He had to work, to struggle, to battle. To picture that unceasing conflict, he gradually and unconsciously modified the Pantheism of India into that famous Dualism which has occupied the profoundest researches of the most famous Orientalists, and even a transitory glimpse at which is pregnant with interest and suggestion. A mingling of Indian Pantheism and Persian Dualism received theocratic organization in Egypt; and whatever in religion Judea, Greece, and Rome had which was not their own bore the stamp, and was stirred by the leaven of India, of Persia, and of Egypt.

Now, I am far from maintaining—for I do not believe—that wherever we find the same religious ideas, the same religious ceremonies, there must necessarily have been communication and appropriation. And the ingenuity of France, and the erudition of Germany, instead of torturing themselves to discover whence this theological conception or that sacerdotal institution first came, would have been nearer the truth if they had admitted that it was the indigenous outflow of the soil. For instance, it has been conjectured that the civilization which the Spaniards found in some parts of America,

and which they took care very speedily to drown in blood to prove what good Catholics they were, must have journeyed from Asia because it bore Asiatic lineaments. But why not conclude as the more likely that from the action of the same energies, from the concurrence of the same circumstances, the same developments would be inevitable, and that America had a civilization of her own? It has likewise been said that the Druidism of Gaul and of Britain had been manifestly impregnated and moulded by that Mithraic worship, which metamorphosed where it did not create so many other worships, and which was the main root of the chief Christian heresies, excepting those of a directly rationalistic kind. But might not the human heart have its needs and utterances, the human genius inventive power, a human priesthood skill to harmonize, to embellish, to rule, to construct, to complete, without any inspiration from those mountain scenes where the Mithraic worship held its mighty empire? As a people's whole fate, so their religion is determined principally by their character, in a lesser degree by the climate and conformation of their country, and in a still less degree by what other peoples impart to them. In speaking, then, of what India bestowed on other lands, let me not be supposed to share that blunder of the erudite that religious organizations and systems have radiated from a few central points. The Roman's political religion was his own; the Greek's religion, partly heroic, partly artistic, was his own; and the Jew's pertinacious monotheism was the perfect expression of his individuality. What, then, is offered? What is received? Less idea and institution than life. The culture of a country depends on its poetry—its poetry on its religion. Now everywhere religion would have been coldly dogmatical if the Indian life had not overflowed it.

In a rough sort of way religion may be said to have had six grand phases in its unfolding—elemental, astronomical, heroic, ethical, metaphysical, and logical.

Elemental religion is the adoration of nature the potent and the prolific. In its sublimest form it is Pantheism, in its lowest, Fetichism. It is religion as yet without distinctions, classifications, and contrasts. A child on the bosom of the universal mother, Man prays when he but breathes his joy. There is such nonsense talked in these days about idolatry, that it is difficult to speak of religion without giving grand offence and being grossly misunderstood. Surely, however, there can be no idolatry except where that which a man adores is incapable of giving or receiving life. And so there were idolators unquestionably among the Jews, and Greeks, and Romans; and are there not many among Christians? It is not what we bow down to, but the spirit in which we bow down, that constitutes the idolatry. You must not harshly declare, then, that elemental religion and idolatry are identical. There may be idolatry in elemental religion, but not necessarily so. Find one doing homage to the elements when the elements to him are dumb, there you find an idolator. A dead thing drawing near to a dead thing, and muttering meaningless orisons, and performing gorgeous rites, into which no holy heat of the human soul is thrown, that is idolatry. From such idolatry heaven save us all and ever!

To elemental religion succeeds astronomical religion. This supposes some scientific knowledge, some scientific progress. It is true that the sun, the moon, the stars, the everlasting sky, with its bounteousness of blue, would of themselves, and without reference to human wants and human discoveries, attract the mystic gaze, kindle the reverent ecstasy of our race. They do so even now, when we have learned to view them as the garment and the

crown of an Infinite and Almighty One. Nevertheless, while losing nothing of their magnificent poetry—for this they cannot lose—they became beautifully associated with the earliest occupations of mankind. In the changes and chances which the seasons brought, astronomy was the nurse and servant of agriculture, and agriculture poured forth its boundless gratitude in devotion. The two nations that first carried agriculture to a high perfection were also the first to give religion an almost exclusively astronomical character. To the Egyptians agriculture was less an employment than the very essence of their being, and when Ormuzd, a chief god of the ancient Persians, is asked what is the purest and most important point of the law, he says that the purest and most important point of the law is to sow corn in the ground.

To astronomical religions belong what are called incarnations. Agriculture was a blessing so immense, a step so mighty in the march of the world, that the primæval fathers were driven to believe that it was only through special interventions that it had arisen and could continue to improve. But they could not imagine any such intervention without endowing it with personality. In picturing, however, to themselves a person, they could not suppose simply a human being. They built up in their brain something partly elemental, partly astronomical, and partly human. It will always remain impossible for us, even with the profoundest mythological or symbolical genius, clearly to determine these various constituents. As what advanced agriculture demanded incarnate deities, what retarded or ruined it demanded them no less. Hence to every power of light, bringing joy and increase to the agriculturist, there was opposed a power of darkness to blight his hopes and to lay his fields, waving with the golden harvest, waste. Human types of this wrathful god in his incessant incarnation were hunters, fishers, and,

in a minor measure, shepherds. Where agriculture was revered as the equivalent of civilization, the shepherd was considered as a sinner against social existence. We are told that every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians; these, therefore, in detesting the Hebrews, were not influenced by religious bigotry, but by a regard to the safety of the realm, inasmuch as the Hebrews, solely through being shepherds, were regarded as anarchists.

It may be observed, by the way, that astronomical religion received some of its most peculiar, some of its sublimest features from maritime nations, to whom the stars were guides in the storm, and friends and poets in the calm; but such nations could not and did not enrich it with symbolical breadth and variety, could not and did not pile it up into organic completeness; for, while the land has a thousand tongues, sea and sky seldom speak more than one grand monotonous language.

Astronomical religion is followed by heroic religion: you never hear of apotheosis till long after you have heard of incarnation. But what was the hero in those olden times? Not a mere fighting man, a man thirsting for blood, but the defender of the fatherland in its industrial, and chiefly its agricultural activities. The first fierce wars must have been, not between one tribe of savages and another, but between nations civilized by agriculture and roving barbarians seeking spoil. He who hurled himself on such assailants, and drove them from the sacred boundaries where the plough was as an altar, which had been illuminated and blessed by incarnations of astronomical deities, was more than a man, was in stupendous verity a god. Though *we* shrink from war as the most terrible of calamities, and are inclined somewhat to exaggerate its horrors, much more overwhelming must the dread have been which it inspired at the incipient

formation of human communities. The mere germs of settled social existence had been bought at such an enormous expenditure of effort, the occupations, as almost exclusively agricultural, so imperatively demanded peace, each agricultural pursuit was so intimately interwoven with religious ceremonies and religious festivals, that the land which was desolated by war was robbed for a season not of its tranquil and regular labours alone, and the fruits thereof, but of those pious practices, as tranquil and as regular, which were dearer still. And if in the hour of supremest need and supremest danger, a champion emerged effulgent, marvel ye that, when cleaving enemy after enemy down, and setting up the plough as the divinest of altars once more, he should gradually have assumed to millions of gladdened and grateful eyes dimensions so gigantic as to make Fame in the twilight of gathering years deify him and his deeds. It has been said that the poet is born, not made; it is still more true that religion, any religion, is not made, but born. You cannot manufacture a religion, and religions artificially created very speedily disappear. In speaking to you of heroic religion, do not for a moment imagine that I wish you to believe in the conscious determination on the part of a delivered people to exalt the deliverer to godhead. No; neither must any utilitarianism be introduced on the scene, either to vindicate or explain. The whole thing was the most natural possible, as natural as sunshine, and in the young poetry of the world burst as necessarily from the human soul as fragrance from the flower. Besides, the apotheosis of the hero did not strike into the startled space as a naked, an isolated fact. It did not efface previous religions; it only gave a new and more human aspect to them. Incarnation would still be seen to be more inclusive than apotheosis; astronomical religion in its vast significance to embrace more than incarnation

simply; and elemental religion to be more comprehensive, if less distinct, than its scientific successor.

Up to the time when heroism began to form a component part of religion, government would be what we call patriarchal. The instinct and the habit of obedience, the strong regard of all for the commonweal, the empire of custom, would dispense with any written law, and would be more conservative than any. But bring the heroic, and therewith the human into religion, and you bring the moral into religion. Hitherto influences streaming from the immensities have sufficed for man. Now he feels the need of law. Therefore, scarcely has the hero done his work, when the deification which *he* had received is bestowed upon the lawgiver. Law in its rudest form was an internal protection, and also a bulwark against foreign assault. The idea of law was contemporaneous with the idea of property. There are kindred Greek words to signify each man's share of the land, and each man's share of justice. The strength of the civilized agricultural nations was in the stability of their abodes. To increase that stability, to intensify the consciousness of permanence, each husbandman, instead of contributing to and receiving from a common stock as before, had an allotment of his own. The growth of a nation is arrested whenever this arrangement is prevented from having its fullest and freest operation; for now, as in the buried bygone, our fellows cannot believe in law as the distribution of justice, unless they are allowed also to believe in property in its most distributive import. And those dreamers who denounce property as a curse and a crime, know not that they are advocating anarchy in its ugliest shape. Though, however, law and property were co-equal, coeval in origin, and co-extensive in significance, law insensibly assumed much nobler aspects. As human government could not be maintained without law, the

conception of an everlasting government, of an everlasting law, dimly dawned on the human mind. This conception was clothed with many mythical embellishments, and Themis and Nemesis, Fate and the Furies, watched over and fulfilled the order of the universe. Immutable decrees, inevitable avengers, inexorable destinies, in the presence of these man knew that guilt was madness. Whatever mythological figures we meet as illustrations and embodiments of the mysterious in law and in providence, we may pronounce, without any long study or deep knowledge of religious history, as comparatively of recent origin. One circumstance will stand, instead of many, to prove this. Nearly all, if not all, of the works of the great Greek tragedians take for theme some violation of the eternal law. But the dramatic literature of the Greeks was their final, most finished literature. In the antecedent poetry of the Greeks, whether of an epic or a lyrical kind, we encounter no such prominence given either to eternal law or its violations. We should widely and wildly err, therefore, if we attempted to determine from their dramatic literature what the Greeks were in their most religious ages. Their drama was the last breath, not of a procreant faith, but of a heroic morality. Perhaps, even in Homer's time, religion, simply as religion, had been declining amongst them.

After the lawgivers arose the metaphysicians. True metaphysics, while pretending to deal with eternal being, never really gets further than eternal law. Our relations of every kind to eternal being are religious relations. The oldest kind of philosophy is that practical wisdom of which we are furnished with examples in Ecclesiastes and other similar portions of the Bible, in the sayings of Eastern sages, and in the proverbs of all nations. The second is what may be called sacred ontology. It is nothing more than elemental religion in a reflective

mood. It does not analyse the whole, it does not isolate one thing from another; it does not separate matter and spirit. It has no idea of any such separation. To it, as to the multitude, nature is a mother and a miracle. Only that to it nature has an earnestness which the multitude is never touched by, never beholds. Then the moment approaches, and in many respects it is a fatal one, when philosophy in the shape of metaphysics moulds instead of being moulded by religion. Lastly arrives physical philosophy, whose triumphs partly with terror, partly with exultation, we witness in these modern generations. A word in passing may not be amiss on the extravagant pretensions of physical philosophy when comparing itself with metaphysical philosophy. It says, and it says truly, that metaphysical philosophy is disease and dismemberment. But is physical philosophy aught else? *It* always dismembers, and dismemberment is itself disease. Nothing but religion and poetry gaze on and grasp the universe in their health, completeness, and harmony. It must, however, be confessed that metaphysics began the dismemberment. It first severed matter from spirit to consider them as things apart. It then seized on a spiritual infinite as the subject of its minutest anatomy. But in both cases eternal law, as distinct from eternal being, is what occupies the contemplation. In the richest metaphysical systems that have yet come before the world, the logos, or word, holds the chief sway. Now, what is the logos, or word? The voice of eternal law. In the fourth or moral phase of religion, eternal law was the tremendous blow of a dumb fate. Hence fate was fabled to be more potent than the gods, more potent than Jove. The metaphysicians thought they had made a wonderful discovery when they armed the deity with a vindicator of his doings through the logos, or word. The logos is not supposed to throw any

light on the mystery of creation, but only on the mystery of Providence. But a logos, though an admirable rhetorician and dialectician, is poor cheer for the people. Not on the chaff of subtle distinctions can the people feed. Driven, willingly or unwillingly, to accept a metaphysical religion, they transform the logos of the metaphysicians into a personal god, loving him more than all the gods that had gone before him.

Here was neither frankly apotheosis nor frankly incarnation, for, though the affections of the human heart could not be chilled, its poetic fruitfulness had been exhausted, its poetic faithfulness wearied out. It could still love, it could still believe in a religion of love, it could still cling with pertinacious devotedness to a god who was the visible impersonation of love; but the imagination, which made itself identical with the vitalities of universal being, and with their endless, often passionate, metamorphosis, was wanting; the imagination which in the dawning ages had naturally fallen into the oblivion of individuality as supremest worship. That the heart, unaided, unaccompanied by the imagination, might have a personal God, it was obliged to have a historical god; but a historical god is a god exposed to the fiercest onslaughts of scepticism; and the metaphysical religion, which men during centuries of literary and artistic culture had been trying to be satisfied with, perfected the discipline of doubt, as so many other causes combined to nourish the insatiate appetite of denial. Most natural was it, then, that a metaphysical religion should beget a logical religion, by which I mean a religion defended and attacked on strictly logical grounds, and with strictly logical weapons. I have here of course nothing to do with heterodoxies or orthodoxies, naturalisms or supernaturalisms, special revelations or their opponents. I do not wish one syllable of this discourse to have the slightest bearing on,

the faintest relation to, theological polemics. But unless you can make in these days the mystical do the work which the mythical did in the days of old, the more clearly and emphatically you render the divine historical, instead of viewing the historical as divine, the more you drag the logical into a region where the logical can achieve nothing but mischief. It is for those who yearn to minister to the religious wants of the world to glance at this when pondering mournfully on the causes of religious declension. The fact is indubitable, whatever controversies the statement of it may incite, that just as necessarily and certainly as elemental religion conducts to astronomical, astronomical to heroic, heroic to moral, moral to metaphysical, does metaphysical religion conduct to logical religion, and that, when logical religion coldly plants itself, dogmatic and unimaginative, on the historical scene, it immediately provokes an undying insurrection of savage syllogisms, and, alas! rationalism, though powerful as a destroyer, is impotent and barren as a belief.

Now, this is a long lane to what you may deem a sorry hut, a spacious vestibule to an insignificant building. But it is from no mania for theorising that I have sketched at such length the successive phases of development in religion. It is because I wish you to comprehend the place and work of India in the civilization of our race. Till you see what India is, and was, and is to be, you cannot know what the history of mankind, or what the history of any individual nation is. We begin our studies at the wrong end. We should enter into the soul of the great Eastern religions; then learn what we can learn from the Hebrew books and Hebrew theology; then get into the heart of the Greek and Roman worships; then pierce into the significance of our own religious systems. History is a wilderness, a chaos to us, because we refuse to do this. It shrivels up into a handful of dry dates, and we are glad

if we can snatch now and then from the midst of these an amusing picture. We cannot understand the history of men till we are familiar with the history of the gods; but then we must commence with the commencement—we must go into the hall of the grey Foreworld, where sit the most ancient gods, majestic in their starry vastness, and with eyes that speak the unspeakable from their deep and wonderful calm. Trample on Guizot and that detestable crew, and draw near to the most ancient of the gods. What do these most ancient gods teach you? That it is not moral gods, or heroic gods, or metaphysical gods, or national gods, or political gods, or artistic gods, but living gods that change man himself into a demigod; and, furthermore, that the belief in living gods is dependent on the perennial abundance of the imagination. The heart clings to what is living—it mourns over what is dead; but not the heart, only the imagination, can be the creator of life. Now, nothing could prevent in religion the elemental from passing into the astronomical, and the heroic, the moral, the metaphysical, the logical from following. For this has been the march of religion in India, the native land of life, of imagination, and of religion too. But what is memorable is that India hindered the astronomical, the heroic, the moral, the metaphysical, the logical in religion from being exclusively and nakedly the astronomical, the heroic, the moral, the metaphysical, the logical, so that the living god might preach himself evermore as a force and a fruitfulness among the communities of earth. We cannot ponder too profoundly on this fact—we cannot make it the starting-point of too many studies, if our energies are to be consumed in thought—of a wisdom too daring and discursive, if ours is to be a career of statesmanship—of too many plans, all flaming with a noble enthusiasm, if we aspire to be leaders

in the moral and religious regeneration of our country or our kind.

Though India has acted with most of diffusive and lasting empire on the imagination of East and West through religion, yet she has also acted in other ways. It was from India's plains and India's shores that commerce first came in such gigantic dimensions and with such rare gifts as to be at once a civilizer and an astonishment. It was to India that philosophers first went to get oriental warmth, oriental insight, and oriental inspiration. And the most recent researches of foremost scholars overwhelmingly prove how much that had formerly been ascribed to other peoples is really of Indian growth. India is the Ophir of Scripture : both in fact and in fable it was the gold land of the ancients. Thence streamed precious stones, in beauty, in kind, and in name alike manifold. By five grand paths did the commerce, and with the commerce the ideas and the influences, of India march toward the West : round the vast continent of Africa ; up the Red Sea to Egypt ; up the Persian Gulf, through Arabia and Syria, to the Mediterranean ; over Babylonia and Mesopotamia to Asia Minor and the neighbouring lands and waters ; over Media, Colchis, and the Black Sea. The Phœnicians, whose commercial enterprise was so remarkable, and who, by that and by the colonies they founded, did so much for civilization, were partly an Indian, partly an Arabian race, who had swept with their bold ships from the Persian Gulf into the Sea of Arabia, and thence into the Indian Ocean, gathering and scattering wares as they went, and building cities long before they had established themselves on the shores of the Mediterranean. That Egypt, if not wholly colonized, was in a large measure peopled by India, is shown, among other abounding testimonies, by the Hindoo cast of

features which distinguishes many of the persons found in Egyptian sculpture and painting. Now this is conclusive as to a common origin; for in figure and in countenance, in manners and in character, the Hindoos have an immense speciality. It was more, then, than by direct and active commercial intercourse that Egypt was one of the interpreters of India to Europe. Weaving was an Indian invention; and when most of the nations were just bursting from barbarism, carpets and linen were exported from India along with ivory, works in ivory, pearls, spices, and frankincense. It is worth observing that it was the north-west of India with which the ancients were best acquainted, though that is the portion of it which is least familiar to us; while the east of India, whose coasts the ships of England crowd, was almost unknown to the ancients. In that north-west region, from which four great rivers rush, the Bramahputra, the Ganges, the Indus, the Oxus, was the supposed seat of Paradise. Without attempting to determine the locality of Paradise, we may perhaps affirm that the industry of India was nourished in the north-west, while its religion was born and matured in the plains. Hence we may account for the contradictions, or apparent contradictions, in the Hindoo mythologies: for by the side of a more absolute quietism than was ever taught by any other religious system, are Herculean outbreaks of irresistible individuality. This was the voice of the mountains and the voice of the plains blending together. It was through its individual energy that the Indian religion seized on the western world: it was through its quietism that it maintained and spread its empire. All religions gain adherents first through that which is lowest in them—through that in them which is least religious. It is not till long afterwards that their most conquering and opulent vitality is felt. † the West must have been

approached and vanquished by Indian industry simply as industry; then by the moral principles of the Hindoo mythologies; and then by the prodigious grandeur, the incomparable wealth, and the infinite manifoldness of these as religious revelations.

Wherein the Hindoo mythologies spoke most eloquently and fruitfully as life to the Western imagination, was in the predominance which they alone gave to that one of the four elements which is the almighty fertilizer. The fire by itself is a devourer: the air by itself is cold and empty: the earth by itself is a barren clod: then first do they become productive and blissful when the water mingles with them as a generative potency. The worship of the elements I have recognised as the beginning of all worship. But while the elements were adored, either separately or together, one of them has always obtained supreme sway, according to the nature of the country. Could fire fail to be the favourite element, where, as in Africa, the thunder lashes and the sun deluges the desert with flame? On bold and icy peaks the air was the god, whom the dwellers on the peak sought and saluted. In Germany, a land of plains, earth was the fact and form with which the ancient sons of Germany were most intimate, and was thus their goddess, either as element or personification. Now in India, each of the elements was divine, and received divine honours: but far before the rest, water—water, the fecund parent of the most prodigal vegetation. Sir William Jones says that all Indian philosophers agree in representing water as the primal pith of the universe—the primal work of creation, but that they had apparently borrowed their belief in a general flood from the Book of Genesis. This supposition does not seem probable. It is more probable that where water was so completely and so intensely deified—where rivers were rushing from every point and in every

direction to the ocean—where sudden and terrible overflows were frequent, there the tradition of a general flood must have arisen. And when we are told that Noah began to be a husbandman, and planted a vineyard, this perhaps only symbolizes the rich growth which in India covers the fat fields after the waters have subsided.

What impresses us irresistibly in Hindoo mythology, is the rapid and unlimited transformation which swarms and gleams all through it. Yet what is the transformation but the unceasing miracle wrought by rain and by river? That, however, the miracle might be complete, there was not seen, and there was not felt, that strict distinction between simple inorganicism the vegetable and the animal, to which we are accustomed. We say God, then we say man, then the lower animals, then the vegetable world, then inorganic matter. The Hindoo knew nothing of such pedantries. To him universal matter was living—the flower as living as the tiger, the tree as living as the elephant; and he did not scruple to consider himself God, whenever he sank his own consciousness in the consciousness of God.

It was quite in consonance with this universal sympathy, that there should not be much of concentrated attachment. The Arab in his desert must love his horse, his family, his tribe, because he has nothing else to love. And the poor shepherd on the wild Scottish hills clings to his dog as the most faithful and intelligent of friends, because during long and weary winters it is his only companion. Northern nations have not stronger passions, but they have warmer and more persistent affections than southern nations, because so much of what is around them in nature seems for ever dead, and therefore what seems really living asserts a larger and more lasting supremacy in their hearts.

Of the tendency in India to deify, to rush into identity

with the whole of Creation, the apologue is an example. In India first was the attempt made to inculcate the observance of eternal law—to illustrate the principles of duty—by turning plants, trees, beasts, into orators or interlocutors. Long before there were any *Æsop's* fables, there were fables of the same kind in India, from which men could learn moral, or political, or philosophical, or religious truths. In the Indian apologue, however, lies a deeper meaning than in other apologues; even this—that we can enter into true intelligence with a thing only so far as we have the overmastering sense of a common life with it. It is in relation to this doctrine that the building and the destruction of the Tower of Babel may be explained. When it is said that the whole earth was of one language and of one speech, it is not man alone that is included. But a time is referred to in the far and old eastern world, when man lived in the life of The All, and was not too proud to listen to the discourse of the lily's beauty and the bee's hum. He wished to divorce himself from the Life of the All by pride of intellect, by self-idolatry, by contempt for the loveliness of a leaf, or the mystery breathing through the existence of an insect; and at last, by contempt for his own race. This was the city and the tower which the children of men builded. The result was, as it could not fail to be, confusion and despair. We often speak as if war had been the chief disturber and scatterer of mankind. But before man quarrelled with man, he had quarrelled with nature, and it was because he had quarrelled with nature, that he quarrelled with man. And the whole earth must again be of one language and of one speech, in the widest Hindoo sense, if the whole earth is again to be happy and holy.

In Hindoo mythology, everything admits of the most manifold interpretation. Cosmogony, theogony, poetry, ethics, science, piety, strangely mingle. And this remark

applies as much to what are called the avatars, as to any other part of that mythology. But still the prevailing idea is the exhaustless opulence, and the inviolable sacredness of life. Take the first five of the ten chief avatars or incarnations of the god Wischnu. He appears successively as a fish, as a turtle, as an antelope, as a man with a lion's face, and as a dwarf. Now, as applied to a flood, this might express in the fish its beginning, in the turtle its increase, in the antelope its height, seeing that the swiftest animals are compelled to flee before it; in the lion-faced man its decline, the lion being here the emblem of the fiery sun, which dries up the waters; in the dwarf its cessation. But those five incarnations have also a more comprehensive and a more suggestive import. Wischnu, as fish, is God-Life multiplying himself in rivers and oceans. Wischnu, as turtle, is God-Life multiplying himself in the amphibious regions that connect land and sea. Wischnu, as antelope, is God-Life peopling the land as he peoples the liquid depths. Wischnu, as man with a lion's face, typifies the common life which flows and throbs in all animals alike. Wischnu, as dwarf, proclaims that in what is most diminutive, most deformed, the divine energy is no less present than in what is most perfect and gigantic.

Even the institution of castes, unhappy as some of the consequences may be to which it leads, was in its birth and design the symbol of life, ever fruitful, ever varied, illimitable, inexhaustible. It was not probably till after long ages that it became a social distinction. It was fabled that from Brahma's head were created the Brahmins or priests; from his shoulders the warriors and rulers; from his belly the husbandmen and merchants; from his legs, artificers and handicraftsmen. Here we are taught that there must be piety to ennoble, valour to defend, wisdom to guide, agriculture to enrich, and industry to impel and improve a state. Before, however, this lesson,

had the higher lesson been unfolded by the institution of castes, and by the idea which gave rise thereto, that in all human beings, and in all human occupations, was the supreme principle incarnated.

In the Hindoo Trinity how life bursts upon us ! How pregnant it is with meaning ! How little it resembles the Trinities which theologians clumsily construct from musty folios ! A Supreme God, the essence, the basis, the foundation of all being : then a first person proceeding therefrom as Creator ; a second as destroyer ; a third as restorer and upholder ; each of the persons not a cold dogma, but a boundless and unseizable Proteus. Take two interpretations out of many. First person of the Trinity, Water the Creator ; second person, Fire the Destroyer ; third person, the co-operation of these two with the other elements. Or more profoundly, destruction, no less than creation, is the parent of life, and through destruction, a more miraculous wealth of life is diffused. It is when compared with such Trinities, that theism, strict, stern, uncompromising monotheism, is found to be frigid and barren. It is a monstrous mistake that there can ever be any real dispute between earnest men about God as a person, or three persons, or a dozen persons. The debate must substantially be of God as a Great Nature-Fact as opposed to God as a figment of the schools. To the Hebrews, those unflinching monotheists, God was not a naked proposition, but the Lord of Hosts. And to the Mahometans, more determined monotheists still, what a living and valiant sublimity is God ! But no Christian sect has contended for absolute monotheism which has not sunk into aridity and impotence. Monotheists, or polytheists, or whatever else you may call yourselves, how different is the same principle, though in statement it may vary not, when you vitalize, and clothe, and adorn, and crown it with imagination, and when you receive it as a logical conclusion ! Before parting from

the Hindoo Trinity, I may suggest, as a point of curiosity, whether the triangle, which is the symbol of force and fruitfulness in connexion with this Trinity—and it plays a somewhat similar part in other religions—might not have its parentage in the triangular shape of Hindostan, the land of nature's force and nature's fruitfulness, by excellence.

In oriental religions generally the worship of animals occupied a place so large and leading, and had so much of scientific completeness, that we must wonder at the ridicule and contempt with which it has often been spoken of. In Egypt it was interwoven with the whole religious system in a manner the most extraordinary and in a degree unparalleled. But more than in Egypt—more than in all other lands—was it in India the language and the celebration of exuberant life. We are informed, that besides the elephant—symbol of wisdom and strength—eight of whom carry the world; the swan, on which Brahma journeys; the hawk, as bearer of Wischnu; the beetle, whose crooked horns and gleaming wings picture the sun and the planets; the raven, which represents the souls of the dead, and to which rice is daily strewn; the serpent, as a symbol of life and of the attributes of many gods;—are ox and cow especially revered; that the cow is sacred to Lakschmi, the Allmother; that Lakschmi raised her to heaven; and that to kill a cow is a capital offence. When pronouncing an oath, the natives take hold of her tail. They do the same in dying, in order that the weary wanderings of the soul from one body to another may be shortened. According to the ceremonial law of the Brahmins, creeping under the golden image of a cow is a means of purification and regeneration. Now, it is obvious that the superior reverence shown to the cow and the ox in Egypt, in Persia, and elsewhere, arose from these being the first animals tamed for domestic and

agricultural purposes, and from their immense usefulness to mankind. They were the symbols of agriculture, the symbols of civilization, the symbols of society's most tranquil and abiding happiness. When Aaron made a golden calf for the Israelites, this was not wholly, we do not know that it was chiefly, a childish idolatry. There was, besides, the most eloquent emblem of those agricultural employments, a taste for which the Israelites were probably beginning to cherish at the time they left Egypt. As the cow or the ox was the type of peace and plenty, the horse was the type of war; and it was not till a much more recent period that he appeared among symbolical animals. Now to the Hindoo, as to other Orientals, the cow and the ox were the symbols of agriculture and civilization; but the cow was sacred to him especially because she was the symbol of life in its utmost plenitude and variety. Her lavish milk imaged an inexhaustible abundance,—and likewise that most fructifying element out of which, as he believed, all generation sprang. His ingenious fancy, moreover, might discover in the chewing of the cud the symbol of those rebirths with which his mythology was crowded; and in the cow's calm and retiring habits, and the thoughtfulness of her mien, something akin to his own mystic contemplations.

As connected with that boundless, brilliant, ever-changing life, which is less a salient feature of India than India itself, we may view metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. In India it had, as in Egypt, a deep ethical sense, and, as in Greece, among the Pythagoreans and the followers of the Orphic school, a deep philosophical sense; but it had above all the sense of illimitable growth, miraculous mutation, eternal vitality, universal sympathy, universal affinity. The first act in the drama of transmigration was your dwelling in the stone; the second, your passage into the plant; the third, your appearance as

one of the lower animals; the fourth, the recovery of your original manhood; the fifth, your absorption into Deity. Now, there are profound ethical, profound metaphysical truths indicated here; but how they are penetrated and overflowed by the primordial idea of life! We are taught in effect that self-oblivion, self-annihilation, is the true way to conquer the heritage of the divine; that only he can attain to what is highest who can descend and condescend to what is humblest—a doctrine akin to the Christian doctrine respecting the grace of God, with this difference, that in the latter case the deity sinks into the individual, and in the other the individual sinks into the deity; though I dare say most good Christians would abhor the parallel. But how still more beautiful than deification through self-forgettingness is the teaching that even the very stone is alive; that the same essential life circulates and pants in the stone, in the plant, in the brute, in the man, and in the mysterious principle of all things.

Even the quietism of Indian philosophy is not, as so often in other philosophies, an empty reflection,—it is an intensification of life. He who dedicates himself to meditation in India is not supposed to do so till a mature period of his career, when every manifestation of life, both in nature and in society, has left its stamp upon his' soul. Nowhere can he quite retire from the presence of life in India, life there being such a boiling overflow. But this apart, what is his retirement from the world other than a meditation on those infinite forms of life which people the vast chambers of his memory, so that he may gather into one mighty thought of life the essence of ten thousand visions. Whereas with us retirement from the world would mean pedantic cogitation on the metaphysical crotchets we have encountered in books.

How much the Hindoo was drunk with the plenitude of life we may see by two of the symbols which he chose

to express it—the lotus flower and the aswatha-tree. In every part of the ancient Egyptian worship you find the lotus conspicuous. But what the Hindoos were struck by was the peculiarity that each seed of this plant, before germinating, contains some perfect leaves. What a fruitful and vivid image this offered of nature as prototype and of nature as preformation. We dwell not thus in a universe of dead atoms, but in a universe where all reality corresponds to a previous ideal burning in the brain of God; where the minutest point has as much of organic completeness as the oak or the elephant, where the maturest and most gigantic growth is but the expansion to the eye of forms which our dull, gross glance cannot discern; and where creation is only the gathering into a mass of new and multitudinous germs as rich and self-rounded as the thing created. Surely, after these hints, I may say that if it is not good to be lotus-eaters, it must be noble and blissful to be lotus-seers.

The aswatha-tree all over India is holy. It is planted in the neighbourhood of temples and pagodas. It has heart-shaped leaves, which tremble at the slightest breeze, and the branches it throws forth strike root in the ground, and thus, like the mother tree, have a heritage of the earth, as well as of the air, the rain, and the sun. The form of the leaf speaks of central action everywhere—that whatever we touch or behold is a heart from which the fountain of God's sustaining blood is gushing. The leaf's tremulousness is a type of the sensibilities, material and spiritual, that throb and thrill through all nature, whereby our nerves, from their very delicacy, become masters and kings in the immense, and of which electricity in our own day is such an astonishing example. The branches taking root all round the tree symbolize that Nature's work is resorption and revolution just in the degree that it is emanation and evolution, that the divine

achieves the intensest consciousness of his unity through the expenditure of himself in infinite multiplicity, and that theism and pantheism are the conditions of each other—theistic concentration necessitating pantheistic distribution, and the contrary. The tremulousness of the leaves, moreover, suggests that though the various parts of the world are unceasingly in movement, the world itself is immovable, and that though every fibre of time palpitates with change, eternity remaineth, and the Lord of eternity.

It is generally supposed that though Hindoo mythology is more ancient than Egyptian, yet that the remains of architecture and other arts point to a much more recent period than similar remains in Egypt. The *Vedas*, the sacred Scriptures of the Hindoos, and the oldest books in the world, carry us back seven thousand years. The *Puranas*, a second order of sacred books; the great epic poems, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*; the great dramas, such as *Nala* and the *Sacountala*; the laws of Menu, the national and most interesting code; the systems of philosophy, of which six chief are counted; all these, though younger than the *Vedas*, are of very great antiquity. But there is no temple or other monument in India to which is allowed a greyer age than two thousand years; whereas most of the Egyptian monuments bear us five thousand years at least into the hoary past. Yet taking the Hindoo monuments as they are, and viewing them by the light of India's prolific and prodigious mythological literature, again we are flooded by the boundlessness of a warm and rich life. And the Hindoo monuments are so comparatively few and modern, precisely because they were and are so much the utterance of life. It is only in reference to death that we build what is strong. Hence the Egyptians, the nation to which death was the most abiding thought, seemed to

hammer whatever they built into the very pillars of the globe. Their pyramids might have astronomical and other meanings, but they were especially meant to typify permanence amid ravage and ruin. We cannot wonder that gloom was familiar to the Egyptian, though often broken by outbursts of joy. His position was one of perpetual anxiety and of frequent isolation. His beloved Nile might blast all his hopes, either by giving its waters too niggardly or too abundantly. Around him the sands devoured and the simoom raged. The swamps of Lower Egypt sent forth fever and pestilence. When the river was at its height, he was a pilgrim on its waves; when it was subsiding, malaria killed; when it was lowest, drought begot new forms of torment and destruction. Swarms of insects assailed him, the hippopotamus spread havoc among his crops, the crocodile was ever on the watch to tear him to pieces. Fiercer than either crocodile or hippopotamus were the wild and insatiate marauders from Arabian or Libyan deserts. And sometimes that cloudless sky over him grew, from its very excess of sunniness, into a bloody blackness,—the herald of Typhon's wrath. Was it not natural that the Egyptian's religion should be veiled in melancholy, and that it should seem an enormous mummy in the land of mummies? Now, it is most important and instructive that we should compare Hindoo monuments and Egyptian monuments, and Hindoo mythology and Egyptian mythology, if we wish to drink in at every pore the prodigality of Indian life. Egyptian symbolism and Hindoo symbolism are continually contrasted with Greek symbolism, to the exceeding praise of the latter. But perhaps there is room here neither for contrast nor comparison. In Greek symbolism there is human depth and beauty; in Egyptian symbolism, religious depth and beauty; in Hindoo symbolism, natural

depth and beauty. In Greek art there was nothing which was not moulded on, or proportioned from the human form; but what is proportion, what symmetry, but man attempting to determine his limitations in the face of the Universe? As regards man, then, Greek symbolism is fine, and full, and suggestive; as regards religion and nature, it is meagre and shallow. The omnipresence which religion had in Egypt was favourable to a profound and elaborate symbolism: but religion by itself is a dead thing; and Egyptian symbolism is as much divorced from man as a whole, and nature as a whole, as Egypt is from other countries by land and by sea. In truth, Egyptian symbolism was but a modification and adaptation of Hindoo symbolism. Indian colonists, when settling in Egypt, brought their religion with them. The resemblances between the two religions are too marked and manifold to be accounted for otherwise. Speedily, however, and perhaps inevitably, the Indian life withered and grew pale before the hot African sun, and Egypt, for thousands of years, might be described as India in mourning. Nowhere could Indian mythology have gone where the religious element in it was so sure of being developed to the utmost; nowhere could it have gone where nature, as a most various and joyous life, was so sure of being strangled out of it. There lay upon Egypt then—there lie upon it now—there will lie upon it for ever—the pressure of an invincible fatality. The Egyptian had but one idea, one grand and monotonous idea, to which he gave miraculous multiplicity of expression,—the Nile; and the being bound to one idea is the only real fatality of which I can conceive. The Hindoo had myriads of ideas, like the myriad aspects and myriad products of his country. For the sands of the desert he had the highest mountains in the world; for Egypt's one long valley, ten thousand plains; for its one river, ten

thousand rivers; for its strip of Red Sea and its glimpse of the Mediterranean through the morasses, an ocean mantle gemmed with spice islands. Egyptian symbolism was more learned than Hindoo symbolism,—it was less national; wise priests and wise princes had largely shared in its creation. Now, Hindoo symbolism grew of itself, like the lotus flower and the aswatha-tree. It was not religion and it was not poetry; but it was more than both. It was as much the nation's natural speech as the nation was itself a breath and bounty of nature. Then, while Egyptian symbolism sought to seal, and consecrate, and perpetuate its deepest mysteries in stone, India had an infinite literature, in whose mines we of the West shall dig for gold and precious stones for centuries. It is all sacred literature, too, though heaven and earth so intermingle in it that it would be wrong to call it religious literature in our commonplace sense. It is not the hymns of Watts, or Hervey's Meditations, or Kirke White's letters about sugar and sanctity, or excursions into the vulgar, the vapid, and the virulent by Doctor Cumming. It is a sacred literature, because nature, and the nation, and the dream, and vision, and picture of the Deity, are in it all one.

A remarkable difference between Egyptian symbolism and Hindoo symbolism is this, showing that the one was in the main the symbolism of death, while the other was the symbolism of life. In every symbolical figure, or group of symbolical figures, which Egypt presents, there is a grim immoveableness, as if earth, by an Omnipotent curse, had been blasted into one vast stony tomb, and these were fragments thereof. All the symbolical figures of the Hindoos, however, seem alive—their very rest looks like movement; and we gaze and gaze on the crowding curves of the wondrous multiple till it swarms into a very enchantment of multiplicity.

Though Hindoo symbolism glows and gushes with life, like Hindostan itself—and though its life is most signally seen when Hindoo symbolism and Egyptian symbolism stand in presence, yet they both spurn all our fine theories about æsthetics: they recognise no standard of art: they were not made to please Dr. Blair—they were born before Mr. Ruskin. A countryman of our own, Payne Knight, is therefore somewhat preposterous in complaining that the Hindoos and the Egyptians had not the genius and taste of the Greeks. Genius and taste are pretty words, and the Greeks were a noble and ingenious people. But genius and taste are absurd words to employ here: though neither grace nor delicacy will be found wanting in the symbolisms and works of Hindoos and Egyptians, if we honestly seek for them. When the individual was swallowed up in the abyss of the fatal, as in Egypt, in the abyss of the fecund, as in India, there could be no genius and no taste; but there was not something less, there was something more; there was what I may call a sacred fertility. Was it not a more marvellous feat to delineate and characterize, in a single symbolical figure, the whole of nature, than to do what Phidias did? In passing up Regent-street at Christmas, I see exquisite paintings on boxes of preserved fruits, which I could not paint. Am I therefore an inferior man to the painter? Much of Greek art was the mere embellishment of French sweet-meat boxes. And if the Hindoo or the Egyptian, delirious with the luxury of identification with the Great All, was removed, by the largest sweep of soaring firmaments, from such small paltrinesses, are we therefore to condemn him? Ought we not rather to worship *him* the worshipper?

That Bacchic dance of life in which the Hindoos rejoiced, was strangely smiled on by the mighty mother, Nature, to whom they did such complete and cordial

homage. To no Asiatic or European is death less formidable than to the Hindoo, from the physical circumstance that all the diseases which slay the poor mortal are in India, for the most part, singularly free from pain, and that the inhabitants in general die without convulsions, and without violent distortions of the face. Their entrance into death is easier than the entrance into life, and the existence in life in many parts of the world. Thus they can scarcely be said to know what death is. For them death is the last, and perhaps not the least delicious cup of a banquet. Death, as a rather more earnest aspect of life, may even be welcomed as a sort of pleasant pungency—else we cannot understand how, without any of our base notions about salvation and recompence, death should be represented as the real entrance into life. But, in fact, every wise Hindoo has already died a more essential death, through having plunged, by the annihilation of his individuality, into the breast of God.

Rivers in India are veins in the body of Godhead. Every river is holy; and if the Ganges is peculiarly holy, it is because the word Ganga means a stream, so that Ganges signifies the holy river by excellence. Hence has arisen the custom of throwing the bodies of the dead upon its waters. Water being considered the great creative principle, the corpse was cast into the waves to symbolize that all death was only apparent, and that there was no dead thing which water had not the power to renew and to revive. Here, as in the whole Hindoo system, there would be deep mystical, as well as the more obvious, meanings. But, once for all, it may be stated that no oriental religion knows the distinction which we habitually make between spirit and matter. Those wretched chatterers—the schoolmen of the middle ages—first made such distinctions common; and I wish the

despotic thralldom were broken. I like the vagueness which made one of the most ancient gods be named Rhea, fluidity, or flowing. And though we read a very interesting inscription—to the immortal gods, spirit, and heaven, and sun, and moon, and earth, and night, and day, and the Father of all things that are, and that are to be—love, yet we must not take the word spirit in a sense too literal. It plainly signified something ethereal, not the ghost of a ghost that fat Anglicans and lean Nonconformists talk about.

One of the Christian ordinances—baptism—may be more interesting to you if you see its Indian ancestry. It is partly the sign of adoption into the great Christian family, partly the sign of regeneration. As the symbol of the new birth and of purification it came to the Jews from the scenes of their captivity; and their conquerors had received it either directly or indirectly from India. But it had lost its deepest and divinest sense by the way. To the Hindoo it was the solemn dedication of himself to water, the chief of the elements, the primordial fructifier, the giver of plenty, the creator of life.

The abstinence of the Hindoo from animal food had likewise its source in the reverence for life. There might be climatic causes, but these were not the most operative. There was the reluctance to disturb or destroy life in its more energetic forms. It is some such reluctance, probably, which induces the Thug to kill by strangulation rather than by the shedding of blood. The strangled man may still look as if he were alive. There seems less of break in the circle, and fulness, and warmth of life. The subtlest and strangest motives may influence even murderers, may influence all the more that they are murderers. To plunge into crime is sometimes not to loosen, but to fix and augment the empire of prejudice, of superstition, and of our national faith over us.

I have exhibited under so many aspects the glow, the gorgeousness, and the abundance of Indian life, in order that you may conceive how impossible it was for it to restrain itself within Indian boundaries, and how irresistibly it must have rushed eastward, northward, and especially westward. Wherever it found a rude mythology it refined it, wherever it found a religion poor in symbolism it enriched it; and the symbolisms it gave nourished and stimulated the imagination, and developed it in many other than religious modes and religious directions.

Take up the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, take up a volume of German fairy tales, read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—these and all such works are in substance the offspring of the Indian brain; because to the original idea of such works two things are needed—illimitable overflow of life, and the spectacle of myriad and most marvellous transformations. In the case of the Arabian Nights is it not evident that the inhabitant of Arabia could have had no dream of exuberant life, and of sudden, and multitudinous, and wonderful transformation, till it came to him from India? I grant that nation did not need to teach nation to worship the elements, or to worship the sun, the moon, and the stars. This all nations would of themselves do. I grant that, wherever Nature spoke to man, man would lend a ready ear to her voice. But the imagination is one of the most sluggish, the least productive of our faculties, till it receives ample and adequate food. An uncultivated man and an uncultivated people are a people and a man without imagination. A few childish legends satisfy mankind till the poetical element is once fairly roused. In the Scandinavian mythology you find things as wild and amazing as any with which Hindoo mythology abounds; but do you suppose that the Scandinavian genius could, unaided, have created them? They

point by their very extravagance to lands far away, which the Scandinavian had never trod. To build up the religious mysteries of the Greeks and the Romans, there was required not only deep thought, but the most fruitful and magnificent imagination. This neither the Greeks nor Romans had. Besides, though religious symbolism was in consonance with the Greek and Roman character, religious mysteries were not. The Roman character had a most valiant directness; the Greek character was free and open; and the Greek did not agree with the opinion of the Koran that silence is gold, and that speaking is silver; for his soul's health incessant babblement was necessary. The religious mysteries could not, therefore, have sprung from the yearnings of the Greek and Roman heart. They were an importation, an importation from the oriental world. Again, the Orphic and Pythagorean schools had not one single Greek feature. Orpheus and Pythagoras are too much clouded in fable for us to know anything about them as historical personages—if, indeed, the first was an historical personage. But their teachings are all most manifestly oriental—that is, Indian. Whether we admit them to be historical personages or not, I am not willing to admit that individuals can ever do much to accomplish revolutions in human customs or in human thought. It is more natural, more philosophical to suppose, as in the case of Egypt, Indian colonists planting their ideas, their mythologies, their symbolisms, their mysteries, and the gigantic imaginings of their country. Orpheus and Pythagoras would thus simply be names for the arrival of an earlier and a later Indian colonization in Greece. The Germans came from the borders of India; and there is much of Indian breadth of sympathy along with Indian wealth of phantasy in the Germans. Indian colonization, then, such as I have supposed, so far from being ridiculous, is in the highest degree probable. I am

not meanwhile denying the influence produced by the direct contact of people with people; but it must be small and slow compared to that of colonization. Rapid as were the conquests of the Greek mind, yet they were only there abiding and profound, where as in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, they were heralded by colonization. When, then, we hear in China of a philosopher called Lootseu, who, some five-and-twenty centuries ago, taught higher truths, and in a more living and imaginative manner than was common in the country of the prosaic Confucius and the prosaic Mencius, those two Yankees or Franklins of the primæval days, we may believe or not that he was a historical fact; but Lootseu was more likely to have been the name of an Indian colony. One example out of many corroborating this theory of Indian colonization. Menu appears as a chief of Hindoo lawgivers, Menes of Egyptian lawgivers, and Minos of Greek lawgivers. These names have a striking resemblance; but it would be folly to imagine that any one could have been lawgiver to the Hindoos, the Egyptians, and the Greeks too, or that the same code could have been adopted by the three nations. Rather let us believe that Menu, or Menes, or Minos, had reference to some divine ideal of law which had for thousands of years been the inspiration of India.

I have, however, dwelt long enough with the past of India—a moment's glance now at the future. When Paganism was dying, Julian summoned to his aid not the old Roman gods, but that form of the Hindoo religion which I have called the Mithraic worship: for Persia, Assyria, Babylonia, Chaldea, were but the children of India. When European society was dying, the shout of the Crusades arose, and Europe rushed to gain, through the diluted and distorted Hindooism of Syria, strength and purity, and a glimpse into the unveiled glory of the

Highest. When European literature was dying it clasped to its breast the Hindooism that travelled to it through Arabia and through Spain. And now that religion, and society, and literature, and government, and everything else seem dying, the world must go where it has so often gone before—to India the inexhaustible. And fortunately the most prosaic people in the world has possession of India. It will thus only yield in a more boundless measure its two consummate growths—life and imagination. There is a dearth of life in our modern communities, and a dearth of imagination too. We try to rub on very respectably without them; and the only proof of life that we can get up is the alarm into which cholera stings us; the only proof of imagination, that Bulwer's works are selling at a shilling a volume. What can we do for India? what can India do for us?—that is the grand question of every man in these days. Now, though England must pour its best blood and its most energetic industry into India, yet India cannot be made English. India must remain India. The one mighty change for which I contend, which would include all other beneficial changes, would be that the English language should be made universal in India. But this not for India's sake: for India, with its incomparable life and incomparable imagination, does not need England. The poorest Pariah, simply by being born in India, simply by partaking of India's life and India's imagination, is richer than the richest of Englishmen, and is a king compared to an obese and obsolete alderman eating turtle. But for seven thousand years India must throw itself as much eastward as for seven thousand years it has thrown itself westward. A new world is emerging in the East. As India has been called the Italy of the East, so Australia may be called the India of the Pacific. From India and from Australia in brotherhood, not from America, will the

future destinies of mankind march. America will be shivered into a thousand pieces, never more to be united, at the moment when Australia is growing more and more a conquering unity. In Australia, India, the most poetic, and England, the most prosaic, will mingle. There will be the new paradise of the human race, though disturbed, alas! as perhaps Adam and Eve were disturbed—who knows—by visions of vermin. Grandeur, deeper, richer, will the symbolism, the mythology, the life, the imagination, the culture, the poetry be, which India will give to Australia, Borneo, the whole of the South Sea Islands, than ever she gave to Middle and Hither Asia, to Egypt, to Greece, and to the Mediterranean. Each of us may taste the luxury of those seven thousand years whereof I have spoken, by studying, in their utmost vastness and variety, mythology and symbolism. In our vanity we first study our personal history, and we grow tired of that. Then, listening to Thomas Carlyle's picturesque phrases, we study the history of an individual, a Frederick the Great, or a Cromwell, and we grow tired of that. Then we are persuaded to study the history of nations, and discover that all nations, simply as nations, are very much alike. Then we come upon the footsteps of the gods; we study the history of the gods, and there is for us no disenchantment more. This is the most earnest; would that I could make it the most impressive word which I bring to you from India—study the history of the gods. No one can bow before the majesty of the ancient Hindoo, Egyptian, and Persian religions without unspeakable admiration and profit. Indian symbolism and mythology especially will unveil to him life and imagination in a way and to an extent of which he has had before not the dimmest idea. Those religions will tell him what nothing else can—that the world, instead of growing older every day, grows younger

every day; for, in addition to the elements which our fathers worshipped—in addition to the sun, the moon, and the stars which they adored, we have industry unfolding new energies in the elements, and science discovering new stars to us. But let not science and industry despise those old elemental and astronomical religions, or their perennial type—India with its imagination.

August 20th, 1854.

LECTURE FIFTEENTH.

AMERICA AND PROGRESS.

THE chief cause why, in these days, the world does not make more progress is, that it is always canting about progress. When the cant ceases the progress will begin, but not till then. However, it is better we should understand at once what progress means, lest we should befool ourselves, as is so common, by words without meaning. Progress, honestly and wholesomely interpreted, signifies the normal growth, the normal action of the world. If progress is viewed as identical with illimitable perfectibility, then I, for one, am no believer in progress. It may be delightful to have the faith that men once had tails like monkeys, and that they will ultimately have wings. Till among the vestiges of creation I find the fossilised tails, my scepticism as to the wings is irresistible. I can regard nature only as an outpouring of forces impregnated with life and harmonised into forms. Man cannot destroy that life, but he may mar this harmony. So far as his power to mar is victoriously exerted, is he an unprogressive being. And in this respect our own age, instead of the most progressive, is really the most unprogressive of ages, for no age has shown such signal skill in thwarting the harmonious march of things. True culture and true progress are the same, but the culture must be considered as the test of the progress, not the progress as the test of the culture. You must guard against the delusion of supposing that anything can have substantial progress at the expense of

another. The universe is grandly, divinely co-operative; and that which is mighty does not demand the sacrifice of that which is minute. It seeks its aid while offering aid in return. Wherever you see this sublime law of co-operation violated, there you may be sure that progress worthy of the name is not. But is this not equivalent to saying that, though co-operative progress has been on the earth in bygone centuries, it is no longer on the earth? And, alas! this is the sad and sober verity. Reigning where should reign a co-operative progress, we have a false, a bastard progress, in which each energy, instead of claiming kindred with all energies, prompt as well to accept as to bestow alliance, cruel, isolated, and unspeakably miserable, shoots ahead as rapidly as possible.

Now, of this progress, inhuman alike and Godless, which must at last explode in an anarchy of atoms, America is the primordial representative. It is a favourite creed of the democracies that America is destined to heal the woes, to vanquish the wrongs of Europe. Why, America will have enough to do with her own woes and her own wrongs. If the democracies trust to America for redemption, they trust to a broken reed, they trust to an iniquity, they trust to a lie. Everything in America is vulgar and vile, and can only pollute, where it does not paralyse, whatsoever it toucheth.

Nevertheless, the steps of those United States will be gigantic,—they are already gigantic. In mechanical invention, in industrial achievement, in material expansion, they will be a thousandfold more than they are now the astonishment of mankind. And yet, precisely in the degree of the astonishment will be the amount of the hatred and disgust which they will inspire. The more colossal, also, their commercial enterprise becomes, the more their manufacturing miracles multiply, the sooner will they be dashed into irretrievable ruin, over

which tear of no mortal will flow. America is the self-deification, the self-idolatry of the individual. America is Protestantism loosened from religious cement, set free from religious sanction. America is Unitarianism with a steam-engine in its stomach. There is no new principle in America. You have, in America, the selfishness and corruption of Europe divorced from a host of conservative, counterbalancing, catholic influences,—above all you have the selfishness. The selfishness of America, while having nothing to mitigate and compensate it, is, moreover, a personal selfishness, while that of Europe is mainly the selfishness of classes. Now, you can never render a class so selfish as a solitary heart given over to its own omnivorous lusts. A class has a certain ideal of nobleness which it strives to realize in its internal relations, and another ideal which it strives to realize in its relations with the community. Thus class feeling, though exclusive, is often genial and generous. When brother meets brother, there is jubilee, and the wayfarer, and he that is poor and hungry, are made welcome to the fragments of the banquet. Perhaps the English aristocracy is the most intensely selfish political corporation, the Anglican church the most intensely selfish ecclesiastical corporation, of which there is anywhere record. I am not their apologist. They have wasted great means, they have neglected great opportunities, they have been faithless to great duties. But who can deny that they have both shone with eminent virtues which we never find on the other side of the Atlantic, or else they would never have weathered so many storms. For the empire which they have held cannot be accounted for by the aristocratic character of the English themselves. They have been, on the whole, popular, and popular surely not for the evil, but for the good that was in them. Can however even that which is evil in them be for a moment

compared with the gross, the greedy egoism of the Yankee! Because the Yankee's motto is not that which some guilds and nations have adopted,—Each for all, and all for each,—but Each for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost. We have a notion in England, and the Yankees themselves have such a notion, that there is a republic in America; but republic is only a Latin word for commonwealth,—and the devouring selfishness, the self-deification, and self-idolatry of every Yankee make a commonwealth impossible. I dislike the animal called Yankee under all his aspects; but especially is he unsavoury to me as the self-absorbed, the self-adoring.

What encourages his inordinate, his unscrupulous, his merciless egoism, is what deceives and frightens us—the vastness of the American continents, both ultimately to be peopled by one single race—the English. Has, however, extensive territory ever yet made a nation mighty? Was it not fatal to the most powerful empires of antiquity? Through what but through this did the Persian empire fall? Is it not a source of weakness to Russia? Is it not destined to annihilate Russia? Is not China so feeble either for resistance or attack from lumbering with her unwieldy body over half Asia? Is not Japan, though occupying so small a space on the map, stronger than China? Let us not therefore be alarmed by this bugbear which scowls on us across the ocean. Fill the American continents with five hundred millions of men, the descendants of Britain's sons, filled with Britain's energy, fired with Britain's valour; give them the strongest, compactest government; give them the most perfect institutions; animate them with the highest moral purpose; inspire them with one common spirit; place them in the grasp of one imperial hand; and the older continents would have nothing to fear. There would simply be a more living China, but with no

kinglier ability to harm and hamper the whole globe than China. The longer the frame the more languid the heart and the more sluggish the circulation; and very tall men have small heads and a scanty supply of shivering blood in the feet. This gigantic America, therefore, in its most united strength, would be merely a sprawling incapacity, like what some of the animals which geology discovers must have been when alive.

But it is not the will of the fates that the inhabitants of the Americas shall finally form one sovereign nation. Ere a hundred years the two great continents will be split into a hundred distinct and independent sovereignties,—Canada gradually acquiring a pre-eminence which, from her northern position, she will be sure to maintain. And what will those hundred sovereignties entertain themselves with? Continual wars with each other. They will deluge with fratricidal blood those oceanic rivers, those boundless plains, till they have atoned for the madness of their pride and their guilty defiance of eternal and immutable laws.

Yet the more the crowding conflicts shriek and slay, the more triumphantly will America flash itself on mankind as the athlete of progress. Those very conflicts will be impulses to the progress, will give it a whirlwind speed; of the progress, however, which is the rush and the roar of forces eager and fierce, each rejoicing in its isolation.

America is the last act in that long drama of dismemberment, which began when heathenism was overthrown. Christianity proclaimed hostility to the visible, preached the invisible, acknowledged nothing as real but spiritual existences. In the bound of excitement, in the flame of enthusiasm, it was easy for man to live by faith in the realm of the Unseen, and it was rapture for him to crown his convictions by martyrdom. But Nature claims her

own, and will not be mocked. Feed to-day on the spiritual as on the most delectable food, and you will yearn on the morrow for that in the material which is rankest. Christianity was an attempt, a beautiful and noble attempt, as far as Christ himself was concerned, to be wiser and stronger than nature. The attempt has cost us the tears and the pangs of twenty centuries. It and its tragical results cannot be effaced from history; and since they cannot, let them serve as an immortal warning. A chasm, immense and horrible, has severed the visible from the invisible, the spiritual from the material, and our race has leaped from side to side according to its wayward mood, after plunging into the abyss with howlings that tore the skies, but found no pity there. Is this to be for ever and for ever? Is man for ever and for ever to be dividing himself into two parts, of which the one is to rend and gnaw the other, to be in its turn rent and gnawed? Forbid it, ye heavens, ye oldest, ye only gods!

But whence are healing and emancipation to come? From the exhaustion of the two extremes. The Popish Church has done its best to exhaust the one; America is destined to exhaust the other. Galvanizing dead matter into the strangest antics, torturing it into the strangest forms, she will show what it is possible to do as Navy-in-Chief of creation. You ask what in utmost brevity is the Yankee gospel. It is prodigious and preposterous navyism. The navy does the work of three ordinary labourers, but he eats three times as much, and he is not delicate in his choice of concubines, and he never pays his debts. Now, that is exactly America. Pope Pius the Ninth and Tom the navy are trying hard in these days which is the tougher. Tom has clearly the advantage. You may sham in spiritualism, but you cannot sham in materialism. The hocus-pocus of the Vatican you may

accomplish as a fat and gouty dotard, without moving a muscle or stirring a limb. But in lifting a shovelful of clay, or in wheeling a barrowful thereof, you must have veritable clay, a veritable shovel, a veritable barrow, and veritable vigour. Much then as I detest Yankeedom, it is to me a much more respectable fact than the leprous, lazy, lecherous, pedicular charlatanism, that hides its impotence and infamous sores behind the cannon of Saint Angelo. Yankeedom is not, properly speaking, a charlatanism at all. It has the English instinct of indomitable pluck and pertinacious labour, and he who has that instinct can only be in the smallest measure a quack. Still, your quack recognises divine and everlasting realities; he does homage to them by his very quackery. And your poor, mumbling Pius the Ninth has a dim notion of certain unspeakable and sacred transcendences and transfigurements. He would rather not be a quack. Yet to maintain an attitude of infallibility, and at the same time be obliged to play billiards as a remedy against the obese and the apoplectic, is tempting to flesh and blood; therefore be merciful to the wretched carcass of a creature. But our dear brother Jonathan has the sweetest persuasion that there is only one reality in the universe, which reality is our dear brother Jonathan. If we must absolutely choose between infallible obesity and self-worshipping industry, dear but detestable brother Jonathan claims our adhesion.

We are not, however, under the necessity of choosing. The visible and the invisible, the spiritual and the material, are nothing but the inventions and playthings of religionists and metaphysicians. We may use them from ignorance, from habit, or from convenience; he who deems them more than words, however, is grievously misled. There was a time—it is in the hope that time will return that I discourse to you now,—there was a time

when men did not dream of an internecine war between ghost and garbage—a time when there were no dainty walls of division between mind and midriff—a time when there was brotherhood between the glad red pulses of human veins and the bounteous sunshine, without any bother about psychology. The sage's creed, the saint's creed, is, not that what has been may be again, but that what has been may be again, with a more opulent lustre, a more fruitful lap, a more Achillean panoply. As all metamorphosis is palingenesis, so is all palingenesis metamorphosis. He would be deluded who dreamt of a golden age to come, if there had not already been a golden age; but he would be little of a poet and little of a man who did not believe that the golden age of the future will be much more glorious than the golden age of the past. Civilization rolled from the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean; from this it has been gradually transferring itself to the Atlantic; but its sublime home in the approaching generations will be the Pacific, close to its original birth-place.

And this puts an end to the extravagant pretensions of the Americans, who cannot raise their eyes higher than the Atlantic's waves; who can develop to its most colossal ultimates European industry, but who have not a glance, an emotion, an intuition, for those profound Asiatic mysteries, which, in so large a degree, have been and will be Humanity's light and life. Europe, Asia, Africa, are not so much three continents as one enormous continent, and corresponding to the ponderous mass is the immensity of the Pacific Ocean—long as that is long, broad as that is broad. Now, the Atlantic Ocean, like America itself, is straggling length, with little comparative width. There is here one of Fate's most pregnant symbolisms. The Atlantic belongs to America, as the Pacific belongs to the triple continent. The Atlantic and

America both, by their configuration, evince that they are suited to be an intermediate and transitory stage of the world's history. Both favour rapidity of movement—both are hostile to the unitive, the comprehensive, and the abiding. Even if all other circumstances conspired to promote, through the instrumentality of America, that revival of human feeling and of human culture wherein things are looked at in themselves, and not dismembered and divorced according to the crotchets of religionists and metaphysicians, the sprawling looseness of limb characterizing the Atlantic and America would be an invincible hindrance. Their strength is that of the boa constrictor, not that of the bull, the lion, and the elephant. And truly America will have a boa-constrictor civilization. Whatever she cannot achieve by one almighty and crushing bound, she will abandon, and she will hideously crawl in the mud till her last monstrous meal of some half-dozen states is digested.

Though I think America especially decreed and armed to unfold to their most rampant and ridiculous excesses the old materialisms of Europe, I think she will equally carry to the most idiotic exuberance the old spiritualisms of Europe. Not because she cares anything for spiritualism, either old or new, but simply to give pungency to her materialistic abominations. She will be more puritanic than the Puritans; more Puseyite than Pusey himself; more Swedenborgian than Swedenborg; more papist than the Pope; more mystical than the mystics. If the Jews had Moses, she will have Joe Smith; and if Jesus wrought miracles with loaves and fishes, and wine, she will work them with hats and the legs of tables. She will authorize her citizens to sell their daughters, if they happen to have a dash of black in their skin, yet will omit or alter the coarse words in the Bible, lest they should offend fastidious ears. She will caricature whatever has been revered as

holy, by striving to give it a superfine holiness. Call her not a Pharisee for this. To be a Pharisee, requires a certain earnestness, a certain depth and reflection. And Brother Jonathan, while the sharpest, is likewise the shallowest of animals. No: but surpassing all other men in his industrialism, he is determined to surpass them in everything else, without stopping to consider whether he has the requisite faculties or not. Or rather, everything with him becomes a species of industrialism, however little it may be related to industry. Whatever he puts his hand to, whether making molasses or defending the Trinity, he converts it into a trade. Hence that Mawworm religion, known in this country by the name of Evangelicism, assumes features in America which render it a thousandfold uglier and more odious than ever we witness it here. In England religion has too much degenerated into huckstering: in America it is nothing else. Here Binney and the rest of the popular preachers tell you how to make the best of both worlds; yet they have some small sense of decency, and do not altogether deny that duty should be done for duty's sake. But the Americans do not want a religion which would trouble them with duties; they want a religion which will help to swell the pile of dollars—which will keep the cupboard, and the store-room, and the cellar, and the barn well furnished. They therefore blurt right out the bargaining with Deity, which Binney only half declares. In those religious novels which have lately been swarming in such multitudes from Yankeedom to our shores, the saints have always the best of whatever is going, and the sinners are invariably kicked into the gutter. And how the saints eat, how the saints drink! I can testify that in one respect those novels may be read with much profit. I can honestly and heartily recommend them to the ladies as excellent cookery books. If I were an epicure, I could

employ a whole year in tasting and testing the various dishes mentioned with such intense relish in the American works of devotion. In truth, the Yankees have no desire to transact business with a God who does not go ahead like themselves. They tell God frankly, and to his face, and without the intervention of diplomatists and ambassadors, that they will drawl long prayers, and snivel long psalms, and yell long sermons, if he will be equally liberal in the distribution of equivalents. If God is not satisfied with the terms, they do not greatly care: they have plenty of other employment,—curing pigs at Cincinnati, hacking each other with bowie knives, shooting those who stand in their way with Colt's revolvers, spitting pollution on superb carpets and clean rooms, and hunting negroes down with bloodhounds. They rather guess that there is a God, though they are not quite sure;—they rather guess that there is a God, from seeing the chiefs of the synagogue so rotund and rich. Atheism would be justified, if hams and cakes were not the pillars of Jehovah's temple. Shewbread with them means not what they in thanksgiving and praise place on the altar of the Infinite One, but the bribe which the Infinite One offers them as an inducement to be Christians.

Now, it is a loathsome sight to see religion, spiritualisms of every kind, thus defiled, thus degraded. But instead of mourning and moralizing over this, I would rather have you behold that grand logic of Providence, by which He compels whatever is bad to develop its utmost of evil before it perishes. The culture and the civilization of Europe for two thousand years have been entrusted to Christianity—and what is the primal curse that Christianity has brought, the primal falsehood which it has taught? Not that severance of the Spiritual and the Material, of the Visible and the Invisible of which I have spoken. That severance had existed in philosophy long

before Christianity appeared. All that Christianity did was to adopt it into religion. But Christianity was the first to exalt to such prominence the idea of salvation—scattering lavishly abroad the poison of a double error; that orthodoxy, correct dogmatic faith, is in itself a meritorious thing;—and that we must be allured by the joys of heaven before doing any of those brave and generous deeds which become a man. It is this horrible notion which is the real leprosy in the Christian system, and which makes it more detestable in my eyes than any other religious system. It is well that Yankeedom should have appropriated it—should have sucked it into its very marrow—should have committed whoredom with it in the broad glance of the universe, that men may turn from it with abhorrence, as a foul and fatal thing.

The chivalries, the natural valours and decencies which have flourished in the noblest European lands, have prevented the idea of salvation from shedding its deadliest venom. And this accounts for the anomalous condition in which we find ourselves in Europe. Our oldest, our most cherished associations, war with our convictions; and it is often not a base, but a beautiful sentiment which keeps us from obeying our convictions to the letter. Traverse those grim Atlantic billows, and the scene is suddenly changed. There no poetry lends its enchantment; no sacred hearth its gleam; no antique tower its shadow; no Saint Louis, or Saint Francis, or Maid of Orleans, an angelic memory. I have read—I think it is in one of the fresh, and vigorous, and healthy works of Hugh Miller, a man with head, and heart, and imagination—that in the northern region where he was born and nurtured, only the oysters which have been diallodged and trodden secrete the tears which harden into pearls. Alas! harden; for as long as the tear is but a tear, who would care for it? Now the true saints—the Vincent De Pauls

the Elizabeths of Hungary, the Mary Stuarts, are the hardened pearls built from tears which the dull and dismal oyster called Christianity has cast forth when trampled on.

Brother Jonathan has determined that, as far as he is concerned, Christianity shall not be trampled on; he votes, he protests, he asseverates, and he calculates that Christianity is thoroughly respectable. He suspects, after imbibing a mint-julep, that Jesus Christ had not so much sense as Sam Slick; he opines in his secret soul that humanity's divinest ideal of a divine man was a bore and a booby, and he would not have sold him a bushel of Indian corn without the money. But then Jesus, like the boy Jones, has been admitted to palaces; even the Archbishop of Canterbury, with twenty thousand a year for his good opinion, is not ashamed of him. The Bible being the first instance of paper money in religion is reason enough with Brother Jonathan for liking the Bible, with whatsoever appertaineth thereto, Jesus included. The old religious banks paid in gold; the Jews, faithful to their character, paid in rags, which had been transmogrified into paper; Brother Jonathan, who is but a longitudinal Jew, as the Jew is but a latitudinal Yankee, gave most emphatic approval to the whole proceeding. Jesus does double duty for Brother Jonathan, as the junior but most important member of the first religious rag bank, and as inventor and chief agent of the first religious savings bank. The most godlike of the godlike, Jesus, in his private transactions always paid in gold, in virgin gold, sometimes throwing in a jewel when he had paid the uttermost farthing which justice or even love demanded of him. Brother Jonathan damns him in his private transactions, recognises him only in his official capacity, has seen his name on paper cent-pieces, and honours him accordingly. This is marvellously astute on

the part of Brother Jonathan, and Brother Jonathan, if he could laugh, might laugh at his own success, and button his pockets victoriously; but, unfortunately, the huger Brother Jonathan's pockets swell, the nearer he is to the gambling-house feat of—breaking the bank.

Yes, America, the famished harpy, is there to tear to pieces the rag and paper religions. This is not a very noble mission, but it is a mission, and a most indispensable mission. Poor Brother Jonathan, thin, lanky, boasting, obstreperous Brother Jonathan, thinking that he is foreordained by the Eternities, and by brawling, blustering John Bright to flog creation, when he is only a scavenger! Sweep well, Scavenger; thine is a more formidable labour than all the twelve labours of Hercules.

Do not imagine that in speaking thus I wish to ridicule religion or morality. It is because I regard them as everlasting facts, the most tremendous and stupendous of facts, that I so speak. In religious ages I should have been the most religious; in moral ages I should have been the most moral; though I do not believe that in wise ages I should have been the wisest—flagrantly the contrary. Granting this, however, my mouth is not thereby condemned to silence. I am not obliged to be wise when the question is not about wisdom. I am obliged to be religious when the question is about religion; I am obliged to be moral when the question is about morality—nothing less, nothing more. I do not pretend, then, to say the wisest that can be said about Brother Jonathan,—if you want the wisest you must go to De Tocqueville, and men of that stamp. But what I say about him shall be earnest as religion and morality, because I consider that in treating of America I am treating specially and consummately of moral and religious matters. I show you, in America, a country that endeavours to get on without morality and without

religion, and I ask you whether you would love this brave England of ours to be like it? If dollars and dumplings are the chief things, then America is a great land; but if honour, honesty, delicacy, piety, all warm and generous affections, all heroic virtues, are the chief things, then America is a howling wilderness, and a tortured and torturing hell.

The slavery of the negroes is bad enough, but that is not what is worst in the United States; what is worst is the absence of all the cohesive and creative elements which constitute a community. Freedom by itself cannot build up a community, even if America were free. It is a prevalent delusion of the working classes, that freedom by itself is endowed with a sort of miraculous omnipotence. This is the faith which they have adopted since they have ceased to have faith in churches. But freedom is eminently barren. It is a necessary condition of national being and well-being, but alone it is not either. The air is needful to vitality and growth, but the air cannot dispense with heat and light, and earth and water. The Roman republic was free; the Greek republics were free; with nothing but freedom, however, how little would they have done to gain immortal renown? Innumerable influences, innumerable institutions, were acting on them besides freedom, and thus their path became a path of glory. France has bought freedom three times within the last sixty years by the most terrible revolutions. Yet has France been able to turn her freedom to any profitable purpose? Perhaps at this hour France is more vicious and miserable than ever she was under the Regency or under Louis the Fifteenth. Has not Spain been free? Is not Spain free now? But she will return as surely to her vomit and to her wallowing in the mire, as she did when formerly disenthralled. A cry is abroad for the freedom of Hungary, of Italy, of Poland. Few

who join that cry seem to know what it means. In the mouths of many it is a cant; in the mouths of others it is a senseless sound. Not one in a hundred of those who raise it gives himself the trouble to consider what Hungary, Italy, and Poland are to do with their freedom. Has Freedom been a very fruitful heritage to the South American republics? Freedom is a thrilling lyrical utterance in the song of a Byron and a Campbell; breathe it, and it clothes the arm of a peasant with the strength of a tempest when a Switzerland is to be delivered. Wherever it is a reality, an inspiration, a national conviction, send it thundering and vanquishing from mountain to sea. If it can terrify tyrants, dash the mighty word valiantly against the tyrant's breast. But do not let it degenerate into a slang and a silliness. Do not suppose that by merely throwing it forth to the heedless winds you can organize, vitalize, fructify nationalities, or hurl despotisms down. We should know how a people has grown, what is its actual condition, of what development it is capable; we should have a distinct idea of a State, of a government, of law, of those social forces which are more important than political dogmas or political enactments, before we venture to speak to that people about freedom. Otherwise we are but adding to the anarchy and despair of millions. Czars and emperors are glad enough to fight with a word, when it is nothing but a word. It is not because oppressors have soldiers at their back, and are aided by priests and superstitions, that they are able to prolong their guilty rule. It is because they look at a nation as a unity; have a clear conception of a State, of government, of law, of social existence, however wickedly they may apply their knowledge;—whereas those to whom the wild vision of liberty sufficeth, when rising to the possession of power, show such a shameful unfitness for governing, even in its most trifling and commonplace

details, that the old chains are willingly worn again, as a defence against confusion. The last European revolutions ended so disastrously, not because they were violent or sanguinary—for though they were accused of being so, the accusation was the blackest of falsehoods. No revolutions could have been accomplished with less of violence and bloodshed. But the leaders were men who, however estimable otherwise, had not the slightest skill in government. They alternated between childish blunders and gross incapacity. All that Lamartine could do was to make fine speeches; and though men have no huge relish for a King Stork, yet they naturally prefer him to a King Magpie. The middle classes here and on the Continent are regarded as being much more conservative than they really are, purely because they have a very fixed determination to submit to bad government rather than be tormented by the no-government of the liberty-mongers. Are they herein so exceedingly blameable?

But putting on freedom as much or as little value as we choose, is it to the United States that we should go to behold freedom the benign and the beautiful? Where more than in America is freedom a vapour, a vaunt, a name, but not a broad and indomitable potency? There is, to be sure, universal suffrage, and there is the jingle of the ballot-box. Shabby enough substitutes for freedom these. One kind of freedom must be frankly admitted—the freedom which the travelling American missed in Europe—the freedom to larrop your own nigger. Another species of freedom cannot be denied to the Americans—the unchecked course which each individual allows to his remorseless egoism. But except the freedom to larrop your own nigger and the freedom to indulge your base and boundless selfishness, with the jingle of the ballot-box as music, what other freedom is enjoyed? In America there is not a nation, there is

merely a swarm of noisy and snarling mobs, that would tear each other to pieces unless they were restrained by the love of dumplings and dollars. Now you must be the slave and the worshipper of one of those mobs, unless you are content to condemn yourself to a life of ignoble obscurity. You must humour all its whims and echo all its prejudices. Dare to have a path and principles apart from any of the mobs, and each of your days is an intolerable and unspeakable martyrdom. In the pulpit there is no freedom; in the press there is no freedom; in the senate there is no freedom. The hottest and promptest apologists for every iniquity are, from North to South, from East to West, the ministers of the gospel. The press is universally servile, sneaking, and snobbish. And in the senate there is either flattery of the mob that elected the senator, or of the mob that includes all the rest—the twenty-four millions of Americans. Who ever ventures in that senate on a bold and independent opinion? Take two among the most distinguished of recent American statesmen—Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. How low were the aims, how poor was the career of both! No trace of generous impulses or of lofty aspirations in any part of their public conduct.

If there is no true freedom in America, neither can there be said to be any true democracy in America. By a true democracy I mean less a political institution or group of political institutions than the national recognition of each man according to his intellectual and moral worth. In this sense France may be said to have possessed, since its first revolution, the grandest of democracies. Whatever may be the faults, whatever the miseries of France, she can proudly maintain that she purchased with the lavishness of her blood and tears that which is best in a democracy—the cordial homage to the mark of the divine in a man. She raised a lieutenant of

artillery to the illustrious throne of the Bourbons; and he, faithful to the spirit of the democracy, chose for the foremost offices in war and in peace those of the most decided capacity. If France has appointed Louis Napoleon her ruler for a season, she has not in this deflected from her democratic practice. France may not like Louis Napoleon, and you and I may not like him; indeed, I very fervently detest him. But France, in a formidable crisis of her affairs, conceived that she discerned in him more of a faculty for government than in any other man that she could find. In England, whatever imperfections there may be in our political machinery, we have more true freedom than any other nation; and freedom were something to boast of if it were always as rationally used as in England. But, whatever may be the amount of our freedom, democracy has no influence amongst us. We are an aristocratic, not a democratic people. And the sale of livings in the church and the sale of commissions in the army are specimens enough how far our aristocratic temper will carry us. Can we marvel if, with such institutions, the most hideous crimes are those committed by clergymen, or under clergymen's roofs, and that, with the best soldiers, we have the worst generals in the world? I, for my part, should be glad to surrender somewhat of our superabundant freedom, provided that, by the sacrifice, we could gain a real democracy.

If, however, yielding to their aristocratic feelings, the English pass the gods that are born among them by, and pitchfork patrician puppies into positions where not only talent but genius would be needful, they demand that the said puppies should be, if not heroes, at least gentlemen. The next thing to a god is a hero; and the next thing to a hero is a man; and the next thing to a man is a gentleman. Now every son of England has the instinct of a gentleman. Let him see the first day's dawning in

a straw-thatched clay-walled cottage—he is not without that instinct. How much more must they have this instinct, who, like Lord Derby or the Marquis of Westminster, add to ancient ancestry immense wealth, and to an affluence of aristocratic associations join an aristocratic education at Eton or Harrow, at Oxford or Cambridge! Your puppy is still a puppy, but he is a high-bred puppy, and he will do nothing unworthy of a high-bred puppy. He will not steal, and he will not lie, and he will not be a snob. Your Lord John Russell is one of the most helpless pieces of lumber that ever came floating through the ages. But this mincing mannikin, who will be chiefly known to posterity as the last feeble fool who thought Burke, the blatant and the bombastic, worth quoting, has a certain perking prettiness of chivalry about him, which restrains us all from laughing when he lifts his Tom Thumb needle as if it were a Homeric spear.

Now, America, as regards democracy, is exactly like England, with this important difference, that no Yankee ever has been, or ever will be a gentleman. The first thing that strikes you in a Yankee is that he is insufferably ill-bred and most damnably low-bred. And if you like to see a horse curving his neck with a superb beauty, and lifting his legs with a graceful coquetry of disdain, so do you like to meet a well-bred man. The Yankee, therefore, sins against the Holy Ghost by sinning against good-breeding. He cannot see a god, a hero, or a man when he is before him, and he cannot make up for his blindness by being himself a gentleman. America is thus the land of adventurers. Every man there is a possible Gil Blas. And each of its statesmen, each of its presidents, is the successful Gil Blas for a certain number of months, for a certain number of years. Great revolutions always call forth great men; and therefore it was in the nature of things that the American Revolution

should also have its great men,—and it had them. There may have been many greater men; still, in their way, they also were great. But what a pitiful race has come after them,—a Martin Van Buren and a Franklin Pierce! It is difficult to believe that such uncircumcised bagmen have any English blood in their body, any English pith in their soul. Everywhere in America the incarnation and apotheosis of mediocrities with the manners of lackeys and the morals of each of the ninety-nine wives who are glued to the paunch of each orthodox Mormonite.

In truth, my friends, America is a very sorry concern, and if one could curse ferociously, is not worth the killing onrush of the malison. There are two principal swindles at this hour upon the earth—Russia and America,—but America is the most miscreant swindle of the two. And I believe that after we have smashed Russia we must smash America. Words are here of little avail; Brother Jonathan can only understand words spoken by the iron mouths that yawn and yearn on Woolwich Common. Now, there are two facts of which Brother Jonathan should be aware; first, that in naval battles Brother Jonathan does not excel in the use of the pike and the cutlass, when compared to the Englishman; and secondly, that when Brother Jonathan conquered Mexico it was not his own valour, but that of Irish, English, and Scotch soldiers that enabled him to do so. A most intelligent and trustworthy man, a native of my own land, George Ballantyne, who had served both in the American and the British armies, and who has written a much esteemed account of his adventures in Mexico, assured me that the Americans by themselves could not bring troops into the field which the French or the English would not in one instant annihilate. Now, let Brother Jonathan ponder on these two facts,—the English would sweep him from the sea, the French would sweep

him from the land; and Brother Jonathan would be compelled to eat dirt, *not* in moderate quantities. Brother Jonathan is a nuisance, a vain, filthy, irreverent beast, and we must, somehow, by hook or by crook, be rid of him. His most active occupation just now is to publish theological books for Cumming and other British Yankees to fatten their lean brain with. Except Joseph Sturge, the *Nonconformist* newspaper, John Cassell, and the more simpering among the Unitarians, the tom-tits of sentimental piety, who wheeze and whimper about something which they call *The Christ*—our old divine friend Jesus—no one in this realm loves the Yankees; consequently it is consoling to know that we can always whip Brother Jonathan.

The most amusing thing about Brother Jonathan is, that he pretends to have art, science, and literature. He copies the Greeks, or something which he has seen in the British Museum: behold his art. He imports needy Swiss or needy Germans to prose about the old red sandstone, oolites, or the Ichthyosaurus: behold his science. He begets an Emerson, who, stealing Montaigne shrewdness, Neoplatonic mysticism, Carlyle pictorialism, Addisonian melody, contrives, with his hatchet face, his Johnny cakes, and his plagiarisms, to pass for a man of genius. We may let American art and American science pass, for no one believes in either. But it has become the fashion, lately, to cook up again American books, as if in honesty, and holiness, and heartiness, they had something in them. Read the *Blihedale Romances* of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and you find that his *Zenobia* is cribbed from Madame Dudevant, the most eloquent of modern writers. I have scarcely ever read an American book in which I could not detect either wholesale theft or slavish imitation. The American poets, who never rise above the Kirke White order, are all the merest mimics, though lately they have

been varying their eternal Wordsworthisms by Goetheisms, and such like, as may be seen in Longfellow.

One feature of American literature is its wearisome diffuseness. It is a perpetual spasm and sputter of talk. The Yankees think that you cannot have enough of their delectable speech; they therefore do not measure it to you by the yard, they measure it to you by the mile. The annual message of the President is a type of the whole American literature: words, words, words, and again words: the dictionary brewed into the smallest of small beer, and served up to you in vats in which a giant could swim: the most trifling objects and the mightiest alike drenched and drowned in a flood of grandiloquences. In London streets you can buy a most fabulous amount of songs, printed on dirty paper, for a halfpenny. Quality in this case is not thought of any moment, it is the quantity you are requested to look at. Brother Jonathan, likewise, in his literary productions, seems concerned only for the quantity.

I am inclined to take all the sterner attitude toward American literature from perceiving how much it has lately been diluting and degrading our own. In writing, a man's style is best when it is the exact image and embodiment of his individuality. But if the English authors of our day must have models, surely they may find them in Shakspeare, Bacon, and the other demigods to whom England has given birth. Why go to Yankee-land? One grand defect of English writing at present is a tendency to amplification, a tendency to rhetorical commonplace. As that defect exists in American literature to a still more remarkable degree, we may justly dread the American contagion.

Worse, however, than even the long-windedness is the vulgarity of American literature. And how increasingly is our own literature becoming tainted with that vul-

garity! Especially are our smaller periodicals infected by the plague. They feed their readers with pitiful jokes snatched from that abyss of stupidity and absurdity—American wit and humour; and their columns are crowded with American essays and American tales, in which the prodigious length seems the principal peculiarity and attraction. Criticism has for many years been growing more tame and twaddling amongst us, and we miss those magnificent tomahawk slaughterings by which John Wilson spread dismay in the camp of the pedants and the proser. But when criticism next lifts her scourge—and there can be no healthy literature without vigorous criticism—it will be to lash from us the Yankee defilements.

While sending us her long-windedness and vulgarity for the entertainment and benefit of John Cassell, America has likewise been striving to teach us some new social theories. Of these, the only one which I have time to glance at is that relating to the rights of woman. That woman's position is not what it should be is undeniable; but the way to improve the position of woman must be by giving a more exalting and refining culture to the community generally. Ennoble, however, the culture of the community as you may, the chief right of woman will always be to remain woman. Allot her robust duties; remove her from the home which her affection warms and her beauty adorns; make her, wherever you can, take the place of man, and she is no longer woman. Therefore, as we would resist the inroads of a pestilence, let us oppose at the outset this Yankee balderdash, and allow Harriet Martineau the glory of being the only emancipated woman in England. We want our wives and daughters to retain the softness, grace, and modesty of their sex, and not to be impudent, obstreperous amazons.

We should be better pleased if the Yankees, instead of asserting so strenuously the rights of woman, were to assert still more strenuously the rights of man in one most essential basis of these—a noble self-respect. While Brother Jonathan is always boasting of himself and of his country, no one can be a more mean and wretched snob. When travelling in foreign lands he is in raptures if a king gives him a smile or a duke a dinner. Willis may pass for a finished specimen of the male American snob, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe for an equal specimen of the female American snob. Mrs. Stowe's last book is a long burst of snobbery. The fools here have been trying for a year or two to make of this Mrs. Stowe a compound of the saint and of Shakspeare; but she has shown herself, in not a few of her acts, a thorough Yankee, as low-minded as all the rest.

So far, however, from supposing that all which is odious in the American character and in American doings will hinder the march of that peculiar progress of which America is the representative, I believe that it will have the very opposite effect. The more she adds to her crimes and her infamies—and she will go on adding to them till the earth sickens at their very name—the more will the miracles of her progress multiply. Her existence will become a perfect delirium of progress at the very moment when her guilt is crying the loudest to heaven for vengeance. Each new abomination will be a new impulse to the development of her amazing material resources. Not otherwise can the teaching which Nature purposes to offer through her be complete. And not for the pleasure of fulminating invectives have I denounced her so unsparingly. If I hate her much, I pity her more; and there is nothing which I have ever found deserving of infinite loathing which I have not found still more deserving of infinite compassion. But sorrow

as we may with a gushing tenderness, her doom is as clear to the prophetic eye as the marks of the lash on the back of her slaves, or as the stars on her banner, which shed a lurid and baleful light—no guiding, gladdening, sanctifying gleam.

If the fierce words which I have flung at America needed confirmation they would find it in this, that no emigrants—German, Irish, or other—ever grow attached to her, to her institutions, or to her children—those delectable Know-nothings, as they call themselves. Every emigrant feels himself, in that land of the godless, as in a place of exile. Emigrants may rush in crowds from Irish agonies and German infamies—they may rush from the hopelessness and the helplessness of certain European communities to the vast and fertile valleys that await them in new regions yet unvanquished by the spade and the plough. But they are as little inclined to take root as the barbarous hordes that swept over Europe when the Roman empire was crumbling to pieces. The Irish do not go to America because they love it—they go because they are driven from the land of their fathers by a destiny which they cannot resist. Not physical distress is here the chief thing; but England, having sworn that Protestantism as an industrial principle shall henceforth have vigorous sway in Ireland, the Irish dare not face that as a social reformer which previously they had encountered only as a theological antipathy. They therefore hasten in terror away; they care not whither, so that it be but away. They flock to America simply because it is the nearest refuge; and they will so flock till every foot of Irish soil bears on it the bold broad mark of England's Protestant character and industrial victories. But much as they have hated England they will hate America a hundredfold more. England has been cruel to them, though not so cruel as they have been to themselves.

America will fasten her ferocious teeth into them more bloodily than ever she did into her negroes. And the Irish will revenge themselves by being a prolific element of anarchy—all the more prolific that Protestant bigotry and Popish superstition will leap madly to their share in the broil. The Irish have an unrivalled genius for turbulence, and in America they will have an unrivalled scene for that genius. What an apocalypse of mischief and of murder does not this menace to the vaunting republic, where the seeds of discord are blowing from so many quarters already! Would not, however, the Irishman speedily tire of misrule, sharp as his appetite is for what he elegantly calls a scrimmage, and cling to you as to a brother, if you offered him wise government, the spectacle of noble virtues, a settled wholesome social existence, and abounding sympathy? Yours must mainly be the fault, therefore, if, prospering marvellously through the labour of his hands, enjoying a host of material advantages of which, in his native island, he could never have dreamed, he yet detests you and your country.

The Irish remain in the towns, the Germans go to swell the rural population of America; but they do not willingly blend with the English race; they keep up, as far as they can, the language, the traditions, the spirit of the German fatherland. It is partly from a strong and natural love of these that they do so, but it is still more from the terrific disenchantments that await them the moment they set foot on the American soil. They have fled from the most odious despotisms in the world. But enthusiastic republicans as many of them may be in faith, heartily as they may despise those preposterous feudalisms which make their country the political Dead Sea of Europe, glad as they may be to escape from a craven, canting, cruel sot, like the King of Prussia, and from petty princes who would be without a revenue if they did

not license brothels and keep baths and gambling-houses, yet would the German exiles be almost contented to submit to the old bondage, the old burdens, the old idiocies, but for the glorious privilege of expending their sinews unhindered in the forest and the field. They love the free prairie, they love the vast woods, they love the noble rivers, they love regions which their hands are the first to vanquish, which their sweat is the first to bedew, and where they can build up a prosperous home for themselves, their children, their grandchildren, shielded by the ancient Teutonic piety and valour. But America as a government and America as a community they love not, they will never love; and, when America's hour of darkness comes, they will offer no bold brow and no broad breast for America's defence. They will profit from America's disasters to form a state or states of their own. The German language will not be able to maintain its ground in America. It is too cumbrous for rapid commercial movement, for colossal commercial enterprise. But the descendants of the German colonists will be the earliest to achieve a conservative attitude, to construct a stable organic society. Meanwhile, and till such a society is possible, which it will not for long ages be, German settlers will rival Irish settlers in the easy art of unsettling.

More formidable anarchists than either the Irish or the Germans will the Mormonites prove. Mormonism will not be shot down like a mad dog on the banks of the Great Salt Lake. It will spread to the whole of America—it will become the religion of America. And why not? Where can you find a better religion if you are to go-ahead without scruple, and at the same time to seem a saint? How can you so pleasantly satisfy your ugliest, greediest lusts, while appearing to climb step after step of the pathway to the skies? No sacrifices are demanded of you; nay, rather you are adoring your God when wal-

lowing the foulest in sin. Mormonism foreshadows woes to America, of which the Americans in general have little foreboding. It is consummately ridiculous, but it is far more tragical than ridiculous; forasmuch as an organized anarchy, with the pretence of supernatural origin, carries with it a potency of destruction, compared to which all other forces wielded by man are trifling. By the side of Mormonism you have in religion the old wooden orthodox formulas, and in civil and political affairs an inorganic anarchy. How can those formulas, however dexterously handled by priestly Barnumism, stand before a faith the thunders of whose Sinai at the giving of a new law are still rolling? And anarchic as Mormonism may in itself be, it is the only thing which can be called government in America. Joe Smith may have been a blackguard of the blackguards; still Joe Smith's Koran is the true Bible for the Yankee. It promises an unlimited supply of dumplings and dollars; it furnishes food to the most insatiate credulity, and it enables the Yankee to form his first acquaintance with a government, however wretched that government.

With the Irish brawling in the towns; with the Germans scowling, a huge, compact, isolated mass in the country, waiting (as Germans wait) to see which side it will pay best to take—for your German, though broad, is not high; with Mormonism, the organic anarchy, proselytizing everywhere in the universal inorganic anarchy; with every day bringing forth a thousand new adventurers, a thousand new swindlers, a thousand new discoverers of a short road to the skies through tables or chairs, hats or spoons;—dream if you can a more ludicrous limbo of all the vanities, dream if you can a more hideous hell of all the villainies.

Other elements in the dread discord are beginning their menacing moan. The Americans snatched California

as in England, and there as here, each home were bound to, and conservative of, the State's being, then slavery might be defended, not, indeed, as a permanent institution, but as an imperfect, though necessary arrangement, preparatory to one more perfect. But as America is a country without law, without government, so it is still more strikingly a country without homes. It were better, therefore, that the slaveholders in America said not a word in their own vindication. If they say that they have got the whip in their hand, and that they are determined to keep and to wield it, we can understand that. But they should not insult us with such transparent sophistries as those in which they usually deal; their arguments we deign not to refute, as long as they are unable to show that they and their slave belong to an organised community. Till they show this, they are only lords of their slaves as the pirates are lords of their captives. Your canting abolitionist says that he execrates slavery, he being so fond of the slave, that he will not touch his hand, or sit down at the same table with him, and would, out of pure love for him, drive him from America altogether. I execrate it, too, not on account of its horrors alone, but because you have nothing but the corsair's clutch of the negro: you have placed him in no social relations: yours is the corsair's clutch; his will be the tiger's spring. In a work to which I have already alluded, notable for Jesuitical ingenuity, but notable, likewise, occasionally for thought, eloquence, and a comprehensive historical glance—that of the Spaniard Balmez, on *Protestantism and Catholicity*, it is victoriously demonstrated that every great idea which sprang up in the bosom of the Catholic Church, did not remain merely an idea, but immediately took the muscular life and the lithe limbs of an institution. Now an institution is its own grandest logic: it is there by its own innate force: by its own innate force it

keeps itself there. If you could convince us that, like many an idea of Catholicism, when Catholicism was in its vigour, slavery was an institution, we should be inclined to sympathize, not with your denouncers, but with you. But it would be the most monstrous misuse of words, to call your corsair's clutch, which you dare not relax, an institution. American slavery, from its very nature, cannot be dealt with by an American legislature. Dare to meddle between corsair and tiger, and will they not both leap to your throat? You dare not interfere, you dare not amend, you dare not abolish, you dare not do anything. You can only twaddle infinite twaddle, as well unuttered. You can only stand by and see the corsair's clutch grow more and more fierce and cruel, till the tiger is roaring and rending, an avalanche of blood, through your wide domain, the abode of so much hypocrisy and wickedness. And think ye that in those days of horror and of terror, ye, the praters, ye, the canters, in and out of Congress, will fare better from the tiger's fiery tongue than the corsair? Dream no such foolish dream. Whatever guilt cleaves to American slavery is the guilt of the whole American people: it is an anti-social guilt: it is the guilt of proudly, ignorantly, basely refusing the sole elements out of which God can permit a community to be created, and therefore the whole American people must suffer and atone.

More tragical to the devout and pitying human heart than this coming tragedy, are the buffooneries that are marching before it—Bloomerism, baby conventions, and so many more. I see, however, an exceeding propriety in the baby conventions. By its Bloomerism America proclaims, through a most disgusting symbol, and through a violation of all decency, that the sacred veil which hides woman's chaste and holy thoughts, and which makes her life so beautiful, so opulent in blessings, is to

be rent asunder, defiled, trodden on as if it were no better than that rag of rapscallionry, the star-spangled banner itself. But whatever may be our opinion of Bloomerism as a fundamental breach in woman's habits, not to speak of deeper things—what is a baby convention a confession of on the part of Brother Jonathan? That, not being able to grow great or good man, or modest woman, he has taken to grow fat babies. Where are your poets, where are your heroes, where are all your divine ones? We have none, we never expect to have any, we never wish to have any, but we have the fattest of babies. Odd taste, odd ambition, perhaps; for is not a prize bantling by many degrees more hideous than a prize pig? But let us not grudge Brother Jonathan the glory accruing to the only matter in which he has displayed some small originality; and let us put a generous interpretation on his motives in the only case wherein he has approached the avowal that he is not quite omnipotent. Under that blushless brow, under that boastful air, under that monstrous arrogance, behind those unscrupulous doings, there are, it seems, some slight prickings of conscience, some slight touches of diffidence. Thou, O England, dost rejoice in oxen obese, parsons obese, butchers obese, inn-keepers obese, aldermen most obese; thou, O Earth, dost rejoice in sons of God who have hallowed thy valleys with their rainbow steps; leave to me, incomparable Yankee that I am, the renown of the obesity which is represented by arrow-root and a spoon. We do leave thee that renown, O incomparable Yankee. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings we allow thee to perfect praise.

As I suppose we must allow that there are some persons in America who soar above baby conventions and the general debasement, let us try to discover whether they can cheer us aught as we gaze with despairing eye

on their country. Alas! no. The highest they aim at, the highest they are capable of, is the revival of an utterly exhausted Puritanism. As an earnest reality, but not a catholic harmony, Puritanism broke down two hundred years ago. No zeal, no enthusiasm can put life into it again. It was a refuge from oppression in suppression, repression, compression: Praise it as noble, praise it as heroic, claim and celebrate it as one of England's foremost most enduring glories: still, was it not a gloomy, cold, narrow, unnatural thing? Better, almost, oppressed than so compressed, repressed, suppressed. One such sombre, rather than solemn Sunday in a nation's history may be well—but heaven save us from another. Here, in England, we have the bellowing idiocies of Exeter Hall as foretastes of what a second Puritanism would be. And ye in America, with your Maine Laws and their silly kindred, would give us a Puritanism with its gloom, its coldness, its narrowness, and unnaturalness, but without its nobleness and heroism. If ye were reformers, as ye boast yourselves to be, ye would either teach grand positive duties, and raise your country to a divine stature, or blast and crush the abominations around you with a hurricane of curses. Small and twaddling pedants, ye do neither. Ye sicken and insult us with the old Puritan jargon, and weary us with the old Puritan tricks. Your apostle is Elihu Burritt, and your prophet is Gough. A kingly soul, panoplied with a primordial idea, and flaming with wrath at wrong, could find in the midst of your low and huckstering millions scene enough for his most gigantic labours. He would drag no grim and ghastly Puritanism from its grave. He would hurl forth the conquering words of the Ever Living God. To the men of his time, he would not shriek the dismal echoes of the past, while an eternal sky and an eternal nature, which have left the past far behind, are also speaking to them.

If you, however, have no other gospel than a paltry gospel of restraint, and abstinence, and abolitionism; and if you have no other means of enforcing that gospel than by smothering men's mouths and tying their legs with the bandages torn from the mummy of Puritanism, you had better quit the pretence of being reformers, and leave the field to your sincerer, franker compatriots, who wish to larrop their niggers unhindered, unrebuked.

Some worthies of the Guizot school speak of the possible regeneration of America through a successful military adventurer. But this is consummately improbable. America is not France; it has not France's warlike tastes; it has not France's crowded population or intense concentration. A dictator at the head of the American people might remedy some of the more obvious evils, but he could work no radical amendment. The Americans are chained to an inexorable necessity, which scourges them on to their doom. They must work all the wickedness which is in their heart; they must bear all the woe which that wickedness cannot fail to bring, and then, perchance, the Supreme Father may pity them, and send them a redeemer.

With their present virtues and present aims, they cannot do a fitter thing than elect Barnum as their next president. Redeem them in the future who may, the matchless Phineas Taylor Barnum is at this hour their true Messiah. Cagliostro perished ignominiously, but Barnum flourisheth exceedingly. Barnum is the model American. He sticks at no imposture by which money can be gained. But he is a teetotaller, and he professes respect for the Bible, and he always parades his Christianity after he has been diddling dunces. If the Yankees will not make their one great man their president, they ought at least to honour him as a saint. It would be pleasant to hear a Yankee varying his vulgar slang through swearing by

Saint Barnum. To thee, O Saint, I dedicate this discourse. Thou art in thyself America and progress. Thou hast always gone the whole hog; thou hast always gone ahead, and thou wert always too cunning ever to risk disaster. And, blessed Saint Barnum, whilst so admirably typifying thy people, to what high perfection hast thou not carried that art of sharpeners in which they have all such ardent ambition to excel. Thou wouldst still have been a mighty man and a most blessed saint if thou hadst left that art as thou didst find it. But through the wondrous inspirations of thy genius, thou hast shortened the path of thy fatherland to finished and colossal trickery by at least a hundred years. O Saint Barnum, Saint Barnum, pray for us, pray for us; but pray that we may not be like either thy fatherland or thee.

September 17th, 1854.

LECTURE SIXTEENTH.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

SERASTOPOL tragedies, the apotheosis of puny, pedantic Lord John Russells; great England lying, a huge helplessness, at the feet of patrician incapacity; Froude, the odious Oxonian, the eulogist of Mary Tudor and the vilifier of Mary Stuart, praising Oxford owldom;—these and the like do not put us much in the mood to discourse on the things that have long been dearest unto us. We would rather be dumb in our boundless sorrow, or speak only, if we spoke at all, in curses that blast and kill.

Yet I would fain have concluded my utterances on nations and their destinies with a shout of mighty joy; for where is hope, where strength, or where rejoicing, if nations fail us? At this hour, however, seemeth it not as if kingliest nations and kingliest men had alike vanished from the earth? Nations and men have departed, and diplomacy, bureaucracy, red tape, and leading articles, have taken their place. A delectable world to live in, a most brave world! One people alone survives—nation they cannot be called—the Russians. They at least, in spite of their horrible bestialities, superstitions, and falsehoods, are filled and inspired by that unity of purpose, which, next to a noble patriotism, makes a country puissant and victorious. Let this be the text of the few mournful musings I have to offer you; for my dream by night and by day is of the fatherland's glory, and little do I value what I have earnestly breathed on National Missions, unless one consummate National

Mission appropriates whatever there may be of force and of fruitfulness in the others.

As fitting epilogue to an artistic, symmetric book, if I had desire or ability to be the architect of such, what I have now to say might or might not have its worth. But before guilt, and grief, and cowardice, art must retire. In truth, I blush as much as I weep for this famous island, this home of so many vaunted virtues. The ghosts of murdered men haunt me; conquerors everywhere till vanquished by famine, and pestilence, and snow. An idiotic, impotent, insolent oligarchy looks coldly on; and we are told by whining Whig Pharisees to be patient. Patient, yes; and why should we not sing hymns of thankfulness to God for living under that blessed British constitution, which presents us a choice of statesmen and generals between puppydom and dotage.

Yet blush and weep as I may for the ignominy, the poltroonery, the calamity, I cannot renounce my faith in England. Lordlings smite her bosom with fierce blows, and she licks the hand that smites with a hideous crestalism of servility. Oh thou stolid, and oh thou base! But lordlings, though they boast of their willingness to shed their blood on Crimean heights or on Baltic waters, have grown incurably imbecile. If a John Russell the meagre, the shallow, the commonplace, passes for the cleverest of the lordlings, what must the lordlings be? A proverb already quoted informs us that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed are the monarchs. The Russell is the Jupiter on an Olympus of fribbleism. At first, despair and disgust are ours at seeing England worshipping such a pigmy Jove: but we are cheered by reflecting with South, that the devil, when wrestling with a poor mortal, always gives him a lift before giving him a fall. It is right, then, that this mouthing mediocrity should be exalted, that aristocratic monopolies may for ever perish

in Britain. Be assured that the exceedingly small Russell is the last of the lordlings. I swear it by the heroes who, after hurling back the Muscovite hordes at Inkermann, rotted by tens of thousands, inch by inch, to death—for so it seemed good to the Sybarites of Downing Street. A Russell idolized, a magnificent army uselessly and cruelly sacrificed—is that a price too enormous to pay for the most signal redemption in our history?

But for certain graces and certain chivalries, I know not why we should regret the overthrow of the lordling race. They were never types of what is best in the English character; they were simply the ornaments of English sluggishness and English bigotry. They never did anything for the culture of their countrymen. They were selfish, they were exclusive; and even an Earl Grey, a sort of model peer, could think only of his order. The worst of those old Roman nobles against whom the Gracchi were powerless, but Cæsar omnipotent, had still a heart and a hand for Rome more than for the interests of a class. What, however, has the English nobleman cared for England? A supercilious and rapacious alien, he has been the Verres of his country. The most preposterous of feudal anachronisms, he has been greedy of feudal homage and feudal privileges, while doing no feudal duties. He has planted a paradise for himself and his partridges, and defended it with gamekeepers instead of cherubim. If I have tears, surely it is not for him, or for his disasters or despair, that I should give them, because his paradise, however comfortable for him and the partridges, is the hell of millions far more gifted and god-like than he. And what has mistaken tenderness to him brought us to? A millennium of the milksops, a reign of the jolter-heads.

The only argument ever offered in favour of the British aristocracy is not difficult to deal with. They are not so

bad, we are told, as the Cobdens and the Brights. But as in relation to a nation's greatness, a nation's heroism, a nation's fame, nothing can be worse than the Cobdens and the Brights, a glance even, if no word companion it, palsies the pith of that argument.

Now, I exult in that annihilation of the English aristocracy to which we are approaching, inasmuch as it will put an end to those distracted counsels and conflicting aims and efforts which have so long been the curse of English government, of English national action. Why has England been a chaos of Little Bethelisms, political and religious? Because the English aristocracy has been the chief of the Little Bethels. It, perhaps, still more than Protestantism, which tends to infinite division, has made England sectarian. The most sectarian of all things, both in its attitude and its results, is social isolation. And in what monkish seclusion from all but their game-keepers have our patricians lived! Would they ever have deigned to descend among us at all if they had not found public money for doing nothing, or for most wickedly misdoing, immensely convenient? The envious and vulgar clamour which designing and turbulent demagogues have raised against the aristocracy far be it from me to join in. But is it too much to ask of the aristocracy that it should mingle with the national life if it assumes to guide the national destinies? Exalt a man, exalt a class to the supreme place, what do you expect the man or the class to do? Either to represent the nation's energies or to give them a new character and direction. The first requires wisdom and will combined, the second requires, in addition to will and wisdom, genius. A Cromwell did the former, a Napoleon the latter. What attempt at the one or the other has our aristocracy made? None, absolutely none. Crawling lazily from the snugness of their clubs, they have brought to the political scene only the brawls

and the pettiness of the parish vestry ; and sometimes the party of Hobbs and sometimes the party of Dobbs carried the day. Yes, for two hundred years England has been ruled like a parish vestry instead of like a foremost realm of the globe. Beadledom has flourished in Parliament, while, out of Parliament, Hucksterdom has fattened and Snobbery applauded.

Yet, however hucksterdom may fatten and however snobbery may applaud, consecrated and coronetted beadledom is but sorry guidance for a people, and even hucksterdom and snobbery are compelled at last themselves to confess it. They do not confess it very willingly indeed, for the confession is their own most terrible condemnation. Still hucksterdom and snobbery, though they can bear a good deal of shamming, like to see something in the shape of business done. Though the beadle's staff is no Aaron's rod that buds, yet when it is dashed from the beadle's hands and broken, hucksterdom and snobbery cease to venerate the beadle's blasing buttons. Now our archbeadledom's holy Norman staff is clearly broken. No art can put it together again, no rhetoric can persuade us that its fragments are not lying in saddest defilement in the gutter. Our aristocracy is doomed, and hucksterdom and snobbery stand without pity by.

For England's sake, this discomfiture and dismay of our archbeadledom is a mighty thing, but it is a mightier thing for the struggling nationalities of the world. What are all past, what all present national missions, unless viewed as the heralds of future national missions? Whenever our aristocracy has driven England to interfere in foreign affairs it has been to hinder nations from having their natural development ; the exception has only been when a dunce like Castlereagh has made England a puppet in the hands of more cunning and ambitious states. England, with her detestable constitutionalism

and her mock liberalism, has always supported tyrants on the one hand, while provoking countries to premature revolt on the other. She has subsidized and sermonized, canted like a Pharisee, and acted like a fool. There is not a colossal political crime from the age of Louis the Fourteenth, Poland's dismemberment included, of which England may not be proved to have been directly or indirectly the cause. She will have work enough to do in atoning for all that mass of wrong. The burden and the blame of so much guilt must the nation bear. Nation! Why, there was no nation, there was only what there is now—a swarm of sects, a menagerie of Little Bethelisms, with this difference, that archbeadledom's Norman staff was still unbroken.

But the breaking of this staff will not at once make us a nation. It will, however, potently aid us in acquiring that unity of purpose which is the indispensable precursor of our intense and valiant nationality. The minor Little Bethelisms demolished, the others will quickly tumble into pieces. A dismal wailing and a wild confusion there will be for a time, and hucksterdom and snobbery will almost lament that archbeadledom is no more. But healing and harmony will not be slow in arriving when the last of the Little Bethelisms has perished.

Revolutions are often the most rapid in sluggish and conservative lands. How quickly the rock which you loosen with infinite pains from the mountain's brow rushes to the bottom, while the stone which you easily lift and throw leaps from crag to crag at a far tardier pace. Now, the transformation which England is about to undergo from the downfall of her Little Bethelisms will be accelerated by all the torpidities and stupidities with which she has chosen to munificently herself from the time of Cromwell. What she should have been doing in two hundred years she must do in ten. Ere, however, she

begins her work in earnest, the last of the aristocratic ministries will force us to traverse a Balaklava of blunders and horrors at home as calamitous as that abroad, at which Europe has shuddered. The abomination must be brought to each Englishman's door before he can thoroughly detest it. In any primordial revolution, either peaceful or bloody, the patrician can never be depended on. Mirabeau, if he had lived, would have betrayed the people and the people's cause. It is vain, therefore, to look for an aristocratic reformer to remedy aristocratic evils. Though, then, the last of the aristocratic ministries may have the ablest aristocrat in England at its head, the most popular, the most daring, the most gallant, he will not venture any more than his predecessors to break through the despotism of routine. Red tape is to him as to all his gang—the chief of the gods.

Yet it is well that the imposture should be played out by this antiquated Alcibiades, rather than by a lumbering Aberdeen. It is well that the English aristocracy should die gracefully. If Palmerston cannot save it, he can at least prepare for it, better than any of his tribe, a becoming euthanasia. It was not England's whim or England's needs that raised him to his present position—it was a most strict necessity, rolling far back into the ages. It was fitting that he, who had assisted at the interment of so many administrations, should be executioner, undertaker, gravedigger, chief mourner, in one when English lordlingism has to be entombed among the things that were.

Still, if he had been more ambitious, or if others had been less jealous of his talents, this man, in the full vigour of his manhood, could really have given youth to his caste. He is the only English noble of his time that has understood the people, or has had feelings in common with them. Had he succeeded Canning as premier, it

might not have been better for England, but it would have been unspeakably better for the magnates, whom now he could not if he would, snatch from perdition. As it is, he will do nothing more than multiply the host of the Little Bethelisms; and each of his words, each of his deeds, will tend to the increase of inextricable perplexities. There has been no such England as he will quickly contrive to convert England into. His very cleverness will be his bane; for nothing so fatal as cleverness where wisdom, valour, and patriotism are demanded.

Let us rejoice, however, that through him the confusion will be complete. If any one asks me what I pray for in England, I tell him I pray for confusion—not the confusion of pillage, slaughter, and gory scaffolds, but such confusion as, by rendering anarchy visible, may make our countrymen loathe that substantial anarchy under which they have so long contentedly dwelt; may make them yearn for that national unity which is the indispensable condition of national government.

There is babblement in these days about a national party, and silly mortals who have nothing else to write about, write about that. As if a party, whether called National, or Whig, or Tory, or Radical, were not still a party; as if we did not wish to be rid of parties altogether, and to see the nation really a nation.

Apart from their love of and their subjection to party, the English have the oddest notions about government. They think that a country is governed when there are as many checks and counter-checks as possible. The Queen is to snub the Peers, and the Peers are to snub the Commons, and the Commons are to snub the people; and some small parish three hundred miles from London may prevent the most important measure from being passed, or may render it totally inoperative. Our courts of law seem chiefly established for the purpose of contradicting

and neutralizing other courts of law. A man may be a schismatical or heretical priest in the Church of England, and it does not distinctly appear whether bishops, his appointed masters, are justified in punishing and displacing him or not. The whole machinery is admirable if there is to be no movement in an onward direction. Lift an arm, and you find it immediately pulled back by one of the innumerable checks or counter-checks; advance a step, sacred beadledom arrests you.

Now, though all this may be—to your stolid Englishman, with his Chinese instinct of stagnation—the perfection of beauty and wisdom, to us who have not the good fortune to be stolid Englishmen, it seems simply the superlative of the absurd and the imbecile.

Next to routine, the grand divinity in England, the favourite Fetich is vested right. When every other check or counter-check has failed, vested right is brought triumphantly in. You may burst through routine, and defy the cowards and the canters, but with vested right how are you to deal—how are you to meet that foe? Armed with vested right, backed by vested right, your bumbailiff in England is a king.

The vested right whereof there can be least doubt is that which the fates have given the English in unrivalled dulness whenever they wander from the business which they understand so well—that of buying and selling.

There are nations, as there are individuals, that can be taught by sorrow. The English cannot so be taught. Tear them, trample them with tragedy on tragedy, make the air thick with the steam of blood, rend it with the shriek of crowding disaster, they will remain unaffected, uninstructed. One idea alone can you hammer into their brain—that this or the other thing is done in a workmanlike, businesslike manner. Their worst word, but on their lips the most expressive word, for the cruel *Balaklava*

idiocy, is that it is a bad business. And their worst word for the repeated failures of archbeadledom at home will be that it is a bad business, a very bad business indeed. Appeal to their love of glory, to their sensibilities, to every noble motive, to every poetic memory, they are deaf, or they sneer at you as a ridiculous enthusiast. But once get them to see that something is a bad business, and they will listen to you with much attention, and honestly and vigorously set about finding a remedy.

Now, what you have to teach them just now is that their system of checks and counterchecks is a bad business, and that it is a bad business when a small parish, three hundred miles from London, indulges in the luxury of disseminating cholera because it claims and exercises the privilege of self-government. An attorney, who is a knave in league with a magistrate, who is a blockhead, can, from the obscurest borough, in selfishness or in sheer perversity, stop the march of the British nation.

It is not fair, then, to make the aristocracy, guilty as it is, accountable for the whole of the evil. The wise men of countless Gothams, who sung hallelujahs whenever their little local affairs were successful in hampering the affairs of the empire, are as criminal and odious as the grasping, bungling patricians. The Gothams will try to save themselves even when archbeadledom falls. They will prate about freedom just as archbeadledom is always telling us what sagacious fellows our ancestors were. Now, I am afraid that the Gothamites will prove more troublesome customers than archbeadledom's children. Their ugly obtuseness will wax hot into fussiest dignity, and they will throw at our head rotten fragments of royal charters granted some seven hundred years ago, and dug from vaults where the worms have devoured everything besides. The Gothamites will require much kicking before they will be silent; I am not sure whether a good

many of them must not at last be throttled. Twenty thousand braver and better has Red Tape strangled at Balaklava, and their widows and orphans are in our streets.

The antiquated Alcibiades, partly by yielding to the Gothams and the Gothamites, and partly by opposing them, instead of yielding to them or opposing them altogether, will display an ingenuity and fertility of mischief of which his worst enemies and bitterest revilers have never suspected or accused him. From no Derby or Disraeli lance will he receive his deathblow, but from the quill of some insignificant country notary. When the poor old Alcibiades has been exhausted by deputations on all the miserable pettinesses which occupy the Gothams, in will the notary rush with his fatal quill.

While I think Lord Palmerston infinitely abler, I do not believe him to be more dishonest than his class generally. Who has been more a popularity hunter, who has displayed less of strong and heroic conviction than Lord John Russell? Yet it is usual to speak of the latter as a man of principle and of Lord Palmerston as an unprincipled adventurer, for no other reason which I can discover than that Lord John Russell, in every intellectual aspect, is greatly the inferior of the two. Do not suppose, then, that I share the current delusion that Palmerston is a charlatan, because he is gifted, sprightly, while English aristocrats in general are dolts. If he is a charlatan, they have the ambition to be so, but not the ability. My words would be totally misapprehended if it were thought that I wanted to point him out as an object for special detestation. I have a liking, in the main, for the antiquated Alcibiades, which I have for few of his tribe. But, for my present purpose, I have to view him simply as a wholesale manufacturer of confusion. This most surely he will be, this most surely do I yearn for him to be. My logic is short, sharp, and direct, and does

not need, I hope, any Aristotle to improve it. No increase of National Missions, no energetic outburst, no victorious career of nationalities throughout the world, till England has gained, both in fact and intense consciousness, a nationality of her own: no nationality for England till she has swallowed the last and most loathsome dregs in the cup of the anarchic: from his so wondrously blending strength with pococuranteism, Lord Palmerston is the fittest of living statesmen to make her drain that cup.

Who gave so frightful an impulse to the French Revolution? Was it not that most respectable of mediocrities called Necker? Nothing can hinder a revolution; but a pure epicurean at the head of affairs, by letting everything take its natural course, may be as successful as a man of foremost genius, valour, and devotedness in delaying it. Fitful force, hesitating will, half-patriotism, half-talent—these are what hasten the catastrophes which startle and appal mankind. Were Palmerston worse or better, more a dilettante or more a patriot, he really might contrive to tinker for a time into working order the worn-out machinery. But thinking of England's future, of the world's future, let us thank God that he is what he is. Though so different in character, behold in him the Necker of England's next revolution.

Numerous as Palmerston's faults may be, certain as I am that as long as he is prime minister of England, his predominant idea will be the idea of his caste; and that to him, as to every Whig, the ignoblest dynasty is dearer than the noblest country, there are foes of his, and not a few, of whom I am inclined to be the foe. These are they who set up the banner of a republic in England, where there are no republicans; and who preach nationality, and wars for nationality, with a total forgetfulness that of all realms this realm of ours needs nationality the most. They beseech Palmerston, they have besought him for

long years, to strike a blow for Hungary, for Italy, for Poland. Meanwhile, what blow do *they* strike, what sacrifices do *they* make, for that which should be far more beautiful, beloved, and holy to them than Hungary, Italy, and Poland—their native land? To them Mazzini is the adorable, and Kossuth the marvellous; and England is to think herself too happy in doing what Mazzini and Kossuth bid. Now, I must confess that I do not like Englishmen who are more Italians, or Poles, or Hungarians, than Englishmen, and who wear dirty beards and grotesque dresses, that they may no longer be recognised as Englishmen. If *they* hate Palmerston, most amply do they deserve *his* unbounded contempt. Here is our home, here is our work, here let our sympathies and energies be. If England has been culpably indifferent to the world's affairs, to continental politics, she has been as culpably indifferent to her own affairs, to her own politics. Her crime, her disease altogether, has been indifference. Make her more patriotic, and she will have a warmer heart and a more helping hand for patriotism everywhere. But do not tell us that because she has been indifferent, you, as one of her sons, owe her no duties. The more she has neglected her duties, so much the more stringent are your duties toward her. Do not declare her an exaggerated and incurable rotten borough, and become a maniac for emancipation and nationality two or three thousand miles from the sacred shores of the fatherland. You condemn the Pharisees who send missionaries to the Hottentots, but who are deaf and blind to the woes and the wrongs of millions in this chosen abode of Mawworm Christianity. What also are you but Pharisees of the same stamp, though *your* field may be politics and *their* religion? Who ever heard of any ancient Greek or ancient Roman who had more interest in the growth and freedom of some remote Asiatic State, than in the glory

of Greece and Rome? What would the other Greeks and Romans have called him but a traitor or a dullard? We must call you both traitor and dullard, if you persist in your Mazzinian monstrosities. You held up a rag and you call it a tricolor, and we are to be fascinated by that, I suppose; but it is simply a bedraggled, simious, three-coloured rag, and we feel no fascination whatever.

Besides, granting that it were wise and brave in you to desert your country, ought you not to pause before preaching nationality where there is no nation? Nearly a century has passed since Poland was made the spoil of royal thieves. A fouler iniquity was never perpetrated under the too placid skies. But, incorporated so long with Germany or with Russia, can Poland again bound into national life? I for one do not believe it. Because you have not, as in Italy, a beautiful language, the child of the most majestic and universal language in the world, a rich literature, the stupendous classical associations, the grand historical traditions of three thousand years, a Papal Rome, the temple of art as well as the ruler of kings,—you have merely some gallant deeds, rather for poets to sing than for heroes to admire, or stronger nations to imitate. God forbid that I should cherish one ungenerous thought, or breathe one ungenerous word, when speaking of Poland. Touching beyond all expression is the record of her sorrows. But the earth is to the strong, and the universe is without pity to the weak. Poland fell through that weakness which the universe punishes, and will ever punish as guilt. It punishes it thus in me, thus in you; and why should we expect Poland to escape? As one of humanity's sublimest martyrdoms, most precious let Poland ever be to our purest bosom. But when once the martyr has traversed the pangs of his crucifixion, would you drag him from the grave to put him on the throne of vulgar dominion? If

called to the martyr's troublous, terrible path, go to the grave of that crucified one when your own courage as the martyr fails. You will perhaps learn thence to bear persistently, calmly, uncomplainingly. Yet as your tears gush in gratitude to a divine soul, pollute not the saintly emotion by phantasies which record the world's vain struggles and transitory triumphs. The earth is to the strong, and the earth is least thankful to the blood which sanctifies her the most. The most opulent gifts of genius and the most godlike qualities of character avail nothing without strength. If not sinewy enough to conquer, you must suffer; but if doomed to suffer, suffer with dignity; without any useless regrets for a vigour which in no circumstances and through no discipline you could have possessed. With the Romans virtue signified both valour and moral excellence, or at least a regard in the main for what was right and just. But though strong men, and though on the whole just men, they were immeasurably inferior to other men and other nations in those attributes which draw friend near to friend, which abound in woman, which are a hallowed pathos in this weary wilderness, which make us dream of angels flying on messages of mercy, rather than of a stalwart Hercules smiting all obstacles down, and which are spent in sacrifices that only have as a reward calumny, persecution, death. Now perchance, thou, O Poland, hadst as a nation those attributes in a larger measure than nation ever had but thee. If so, sit with resignation apart from human turmoil in the beauty of thy grief; and let me, blasted or blest as it may be with a lot like thine, sit down with resignation beside thee, to console and to be consoled. But when urged to mingle in the conflict where a violent Nicholas and a vile Louis Napoleon wrestle for the victory, point to thy crucified hands and thy crucified feet. What is the victory of either com-

pared to the loveliness of thy misfortune and thy anguish. The earth is to the strong ; and, as respects nationalities, we must look not where we can shield and save, but where we can create. Politics paint and plead for no ideal. They recognise virtue in no other sense than the Romans recognised it. Humanity has its ideal ; the individual has his ideal—all that we can ask of a nation is, that it should have pertinacious force with the sense of justice. These are the utmost that England herself can claim, and wherever she sees them not, there let her help be withheld, however much she may pity or applaud.

Henceforth England cannot withdraw from immense political movements abroad, as she has selfishly or sulkily been in the habit of doing, unless, when in a purse-proud humour, she mingled in them as marplot and as bore, paying extravagantly for the pleasure thereof. Every combat from this hour, between nation and nation, will bring all nations on the scene. The country that tries to stand apart will only be the sooner crushed in the onrush and the commotion. There is arising a political catholicism, as before the Reformation there was a religious catholicism. As soon as that political catholicism has fairly established itself, neutrality in any contest, however infamous as cowardice, will be still more a folly than a cowardice. The interest of the war with Russia is not the protection of Turkey, but the erection of a political catholicism. After this war, the longest of all wars, every other war will be short—the sudden and sweeping vengeance of mankind on some sinning member in the family of nations.

Now England is destined to be the head of this political catholicism, whose unity, intense in its concentration, to be the more rapid in its diffusiveness, will have the same enormous advantages as those distinguishing the unity of the Old Catholic Church.

This is an additional reason why England, as the source and centre of unity, should be herself a unity. France has long aspired to be the chief of a political catholicism; but except her social universality, and her military ardour, France has no aptitude for the mission. France is fertile in nothing but ideas, whereas England is the mother of young nations in every quarter of the globe. Those young nations are to England what the nations she converted were to Papal Rome: her power of creation justifies the supreme authority which will ultimately be allotted her. For everything we create there is something which, unsummoned, and of its own accord, submits to us. As long as the Catholic Church was a converting, that is, a creating church, the whole of Christendom of itself, and gladly, obeyed her control. When the conversion, when the creation ceased, the revolt came unsparing, irresistible. The law is inexorable: work miracles, cease not to work them, if you would have men believe in you. Writers like Balmez, who, with seductive ingenuity, contrast Catholicism and Protestantism, insist, with a vast deal of useless rhetoric, on the value to Europe of religious unity, as idea and as institution, during so many barbarous ages. Who but a Protestant bigot would dispute it? What Balmez and his brethren forget to show is, that it was not Luther who overthrew either the idea or the institution, but the sterility with which, after being so fruitful, the Church of Rome was struck. As she has become less corrupt, but as she has remained barren, her chance of regaining the empire of religious unity is small. Now as long as England remains the prolific mother of vigorous colonies, she will be mighty England still, and her claim to be the head of a political catholicism none will dare to contest. Why, it will not be long before she and her colonies will be more than a match for all the rest of the world, and she will only

have to say, when any nation disputes her chieftainship of political unity—Come forth, my children, to the battle. And thinking of the brave island far over the sea, which of the children will hesitate?

But there is one thing which lies heavily on the heart of archbeadledom, and which sorely troubles the meditations of hucksterdom, snobbery, Gotham, and the Gothamites. Granting, says the antiquated Alcibiades, granting, squeak the Whig dwarfs, responsive, that your picture of England's present degradation and your prophecy of her future glory are both true; that, through increased confusion, she must march to unity; that not till she has a nationality can other nationalities be effectually aided; that ultimately she is to be the head of a political catholicism, where, when we have done our worst and our best, where are the men to come from who are fit to serve her? They cannot come at all, if no man is fit to serve her till he is begotten again in a beer-barrel, and born again out of a ballot-box. But when great men come, they, and not those whom they serve, must determine the manner to serve. And when a work is to be done, history tells us that the doer has never been wanting. When Jesus Christ began his divine labours, he did not concern himself much about finding followers. Some poor and ignorant, but earnest souls, he summoned from their sordid employments, and sent them forth as the revealers of the celestial verities. And in a land where there are thirty millions—in an empire where there are six times thirty, surely energetic England will not fail to encounter many an energetic son, to counsel, to aid her, to live for her, to die for her. Besides, where the sole genius required seems to be a genius for blundering, mismanagement, neglect, and pocketing an undeserved income quarterly out of the public purse, there cannot be much difficulty in obtaining servants. Let England rise

to the whole height of her national mission, while inspiring, impelling, and strengthening other nations to rise to the whole height of theirs, and from all parts of her vast dominions the gifted and the noble will crowd, generously emulous with each other who can do most to accomplish her heroic purposes.

That she may have not merely the gifted and the noble, but the most gifted and the most noble, would it not be well to consider all as English who are under English rule? If the energetic races of Northern India can give us a general greater even than Charles Napier, why not place that general at the head of our armies? If Australia can give us a better prime minister than the antiquated Alcibiades, at once relieve the antiquated Alcibiades from the cares of state. Rome never insisted on being served by Romans alone, and was so much the better served for her sage liberality. And even he whose recent grave hushes all hostile emotion, accepted talent and devotedness without any pedantic inquiries regarding the parish register. In this at least let us imitate, whatever else in the Czar's tremendous career we would avoid imitating.

But if the fittest are to be chosen, and the best are to be exalted wherever under England's illustrious sceptre they can be found, there must—to make such a law of selection complete, stalwart, and truly venerable—be no sentimental shrinking from the punishment of the incapables who have occupied the position which the fittest and the best ought always to have held. Reform, it seems, is to be carried on in these days as it was never carried on before, by attacking not men but systems, by an absolute abstinence from personalities, and by allowing the imbeciles who have lolled away their lazy days in Government offices to retire to a comfortable pension, while the patrician fops to whom have been entrusted the

weightiest offices, who have been clothed with the most honourable dignities, are visited with no severer penalty for the most flagrant misdoings than simple dismissal, with a profusion of compliments on the excellence of their private character! Can a fatal fatuousness be carried further? Ye insult highest heaven with the screech of a coroneted idiocy, the stench of a coroneted imposture, and the drivel of a coroneted impotence, and with a smiling face, I tell you to depart in peace, and sin no more! Nay, by that highest heaven, I would revive some good old English usages of a stern and awful kind, and let you taste all their pith. I would impeach you,—I might not consider you worth beheading, but I would strip you of your rank and of your wealth; I would drive you, with every mark of ignominy, into exile; I would brand you as traitors, for ever to be loathed and execrated; I would invoke on your devoted name the fiercest imprecations of your country, the deepest, deadliest indignation of mankind. I am to denounce a political system, yet I am to let those who uphold and administer the system alone! Expect from me neither such servility nor such senility. What is the system apart from those who uphold and administer it? Where there is crime there must be a criminal; where there is folly there must be a fool. Bring the criminal before me, and, armed with eternal justice, I shall know how to deal with him; and if, smirking, he babbles to me about the system, I shall show him, with the rude gripe of iron fingers, that *he* is the system. I shall choke that lie out of him, if I can do nothing else. Bring the fool before me, and I shall endeavour to demonstrate to him that he had better buy a spade or a costermonger's cart, for that England has grown ashamed of rewarding with pensions insolence, indolence, sheer stupidity, the most crawling meanness, even though consecrated by the reddest of red tape. I

think the Thugs must have first invented the delicious and convenient doctrine that where all are responsible no one is responsible. Who, O Thugs, strangled and rifled these travellers? Thuggee was the murderer and the robber—not we, the Thugs; the system, my good sir, the system is alone to blame; we, the Thugs, are the most innocent persons possible. Nevertheless Thugs are hanged when they can be caught, hanged as atrocious villains, and no one seems to mourn over their fate. Your sin against the State is not a mere venial—it is a far graver offence than your sin against me as an individual. You are sinning against myriad individuals and against their posterity to the remotest time. Yet ye think ye can make it all right, to use your favourite and frivolous phrase, with a farce called a committee, and another farce called a blue-book, and another farce called a fast-day—that episcopal medicine for every mischief. When Charles the First attacked the liberties of England, what you name the system was probably still more in fault than he. Notwithstanding it has ever been considered an act of supremest justice that his head fell on the scaffold. And did any babblement about the system save Louis the Sixteenth—not surely the worst of men—from a bloody death? It can never be difficult for the earnest to discover who is the guiltiest where there has been enormous guilt. If countless woes sprang from the chaos of a war department, surely it is the chief or chiefs of that department whom you ought to seize and condemn. Drag forth the malefactors, then, drag them forth without any mawkish mercy. But what if some of them are dukes? Why, if some of them are dukes, they are all the more distinctly, emphatically, and odiously malefactors. Standing nearer than all others to the splendour of the throne, they ought to have had, along with the strictest sense of public duty, the most

godlike inspirations of chivalry. If, forgetting both duty and chivalry, they brought unspeakable disgrace and ruin to their country, what lingering throb of tenderness in our breast ought to plead for them? What blow, however crushingly dealt, can match the full measure of their deservings? A revival of vigorous political action in England is impossible till some man arms himself and arms others with the unflinching resolve to scourge unrelentingly England's political malefactors. But is it from the loungers in the House of Commons that you can expect a service so signal, so needed? Where is the bold heart in that House that dares impeach a great political malefactor? Impeachment! Must not the first real impeachment be the impeachment by the whole nation of the whole parliament, as a scandal, a nuisance, a leprosy, and a cretinism? The chief anxiety of every new member of Parliament now-a-days is how he may the soonest learn what are called the forms of the House. When he has learned these, he sinks into a state of torpor, or like that booby, Apsley Pellatt, bores you with incessant motions on matters of moonshine. The members of parliament are always making motions, but never making movements, and a dung-heap of blue-books is the result. It is said of Albertus Magnus that he wrote so many works, that alone they would have sufficed to burn him if he had been condemned to the flames. And the House of Commons produces just so many blue-books every year as would be ample materials for a fire into which the entire host of dandies and drivellers could be thrown. How often have some of us lamented that such a fire has not yet been kindled. In truth, a grand organic, determined, political vitality in England must for some years altogether ignore the existence of Parliament. It is the politicians who have no belief in parliaments, no reverence for parliaments, who can alone do the work for which

England is yearning. We require, and we shall obtain, apart from parliaments, a perfectly new class of politicians. It would seem a most extraordinary thing for one so obscure as myself to be ultimately thrust into the House of Commons; though I have often had the presentiment of that, for which I have neither liking nor aptitude. But put me, put any solitary student, unknown, destitute of influence, panoplied only with overwhelming convictions, put us into the midst of the pretentious nobodies who are always making motions, we could take honestly no further part in the proceedings than by flinging our fury at them in the mass as a swindle. And, indeed, if we cared to speak, and if others cared to hear, how could we consider it an honour to be listened to where the brazen charlatanisms of Benjamin Disraeli are tolerated?

All of us to whom our country is dear have at this hour a more arduous and hazardous duty than that of proscribing traitors—it is that of annihilating quacks. And therefore the squeamish must not complain of our lavish indulgence in personalities. How are you to know the quack, how are you to be filled with loathing of him, his juggleries and his jargon, how so roused as to drive him forth from a community where his presence is pollution, unless again and again we mark him out by name for your anger and your scorn? It would be far easier for us, far safer if we were to attack by inuendo and without any direct thrust at the foeman's breast. But verily, brothers, this is a battle, and there is the enemy. And we do not want to fire blank cartridge at some paper semblance of him; we want to shoot him down, and have done with him. If, indeed, whether in proscribing traitors or in annihilating quacks, our language did not rise higher than a virulent vituperation, our motives higher than a jealous or malignant animosity, most justly should we be classed with the vilest of the Thersites race.

But between foul scurrility and prophetic upbraiding wide and deep is the gulf. Is, however, the prophetic upbraiding to be forbidden us by reason of the foul scurrility? How much natural repugnance we have to conquer before we venture on personalities as indispensable weapons? How pleasanter it would have been to move jauntily and gingerly along in the old insipidities and vaguenesses! How friend after friend, ashamed, alarmed at our ferocities, skulks in sadness or in sullenness away! They would still be half inclined to lift the feeble light of their countenance upon us if we spoke only in general terms, and did not pounce on this or that man, the individual traitor, or the individual quack. They cannot account for the change in our conduct, except by supposing that long disappointment has soured or embittered us. Truly, gentlemen and former friends, it was when we abstained from personalities that our whole spiritual condition was diseased. Ours was not a cowardly silence, but it was a conventional charity, learned in a false Christian school, which taught us that indignation and denunciation were sins. We have since then learned in a different school, the great school of the universe, and we are still learning; and in that school we have learned that the healthiest thing next to a strong love is a strong hatred. Personalities are never wrong; it is unfair fighting which is wrong. Be a fair fighter, and it matters not if half your utterances are personalities. Prove that I am not a fair fighter, and you prove something very terrible against me; prove that, though a fair fighter, I am incomparably opulent in personalities, and you prove nothing against me, while you are welcome to hurl back as many personalities as you choose. Not by the violence of the philippic judge me, but by the hot and honest ire that reddens through it.

And forget not that whatever irresistible instinct I

may have to proscribe traitors, to annihilate quacks, to blast with maledictions the deluders of the people, I am through every fiercest word a co-worker with the antiquated Alcibiades in the manufacture of confusion. I am helping him to build the chaos out of which the cosmos is to come. Enter in, my brethren, to this banquet of ruin: the antiquated Alcibiades invites you, and I invite you. He invites you by apologising for everything evil; and I invite you by anathematizing everything evil. He attempts no immediate amendment; I expect none. Stir about briskly, then, the caldron of disorder. Pour in with a prodigal hand every hellish ingredient; and then when the loathsome mess is boiling like a Geyser fountain, let some giant foot kick the caldron over, that from the hideous and universal yell of her scalded children—dear innocents who can never believe in suffering or wrong till their own shins are hurt—England may wake to the sense and the shame of her own unrivalled stupidity, and cast away her abominations for ever.

Meanwhile let young hearts hope—let the young enthusiastic hearts especially hope that have deemed these ardent outpourings of mine worth hearing and heed. My own youth and its wild romantic dreams were wasted on a time when there was no room for hope, when the belief in Whig Reform Bills and in crazinesses of that sort was the substitute for strenuous political action. Had not the great Ocean, and a great Walter Scott, and a great John Wilson gleamed upon my path, I should have been poor and wretched indeed. During the forty years that have elapsed since the downfall of Napoleon, what is the one solitary conquest of the English people? The cheap loaf which Peel gave them. That let them eat with thankfulness, for they have nothing else to show as a result of all their strivings and aspirations. They bore without murmur the disgrace of an incompetent

Melbourne ministry; they bore without murmur the disgrace of a still more incompetent Russell ministry. It seemed as if dulness had gained an eternal throne at the very moment when England was rejoicing in what it deemed prodigious improvements. And what were these prodigious improvements? The smallest of small Russellisms—patchings, peddlings, pettifoggings. Oxford Obscurantism was not to be offended—little Bethel was not to have its toes trodden on—Gotham was not to have its nose too rudely pulled—archbeadledom was to be kept quiet by having its greedy maw crammed with corpulent sinecures; hucksterdom was to be mollified by having the taxes shoved off its own broad shoulders on to those far less able to bear them—snobbery was to be flattered by the delightful declaration that after all there was no country like England; and millions of miserable proletaires were to be hewn in pieces by the sabres of the cavalry if now and then their distress was not becomingly dumb. We were told that we were living in a perfect community where there was no community—under a perfect government where there was no government. Now and then a command went forth for keeping a fast-day when there had been more than the usual amount of blundering—large additions were made to Hansard's Parliamentary Debates—nothing else was done, or if anything was done, it was done for the benefit of a class. The Church stood by its Thirty-nine Articles, and the aristocracy stood by its Game Laws. Those who were most energetic in damning heretics were most zealous in protecting pheasants. Those were glibbest in preaching against mammon who were black and leprous all over with simony, and who bought and sold the cure of souls in the market-place, as if they had been buying and selling cabbage or codfish. And Chartist insurrections and Irish famines uttered their shriek of woe and

vengeance in vain. How could even the most fervent hope when surrounded by such hypocrisies, fatuities, and absurdities; and, when as a climax of the ridiculous and the base, Benjamin Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer! But now even the most desponding may hope. The antiquated Alcibiades, with his coadjutors, including myself, will not be slow in creating as thorough a chaos as ever human society beheld. And presently will the cosmos emerge. One, two, at the most five years, I allow the antiquated Alcibiades and his allies to complete the anarchy's work—so that in less than ten years we may look forward to something more than the dawns of an English cosmos. And that is not long in the history of a nation. Give the largest sweep to your most daring imagination then, ye who would dream bright dreams of England's future. Help the antiquated Alcibiades, as I am willing to help him, with the architecture of chaos, that the cosmos may the sooner arrive. Help him therein; but also help me in keeping some primordial national ideas before our countrymen, foremost and most fecund, that of national unity. In order to this, illustrate more fully than I have been able to do the grand subject of National Missions. Ye can make it familiar, popular, telling, invincible, where the gifts and the opportunities are alike withheld from me. But perhaps more effectual, more conquering teachers to England than any of us can be, will be events abroad. How soon may not the King of Prussia be an exile! How soon may not Austria, as a distinct and independent empire, be blotted from Europe! How soon may not the French have their fourth revolution! How soon may not Italy be free, and the Papedom abolished! How soon may not Mexico and Cuba form portions of the United States! The crash of a few great battles will immensely accelerate the march of things. Up to this point, the war has had

noble or tragic episodes, but it must grow delirious with carnage before its eloquence can pierce the deepest heart of nations. War is never merciful, never salutary, never fruitful, except when carried on in Napoleon's Titanic fashion. The Thirty Years' War, a lazy, lingering war, exhausted and depopulated Germany infinitely more than the Twenty Years' War of France with Europe—a war of colossal strategy and rapid movements—exhausted and depopulated France. A Napoleon at the head of the allies would, ere this, have had three hundred thousand troops in the Crimea; would, ere this, have been complete master of the Crimea. But Napoleons will not be wanting when there are Napoleonic labours to be achieved. In what aspect is the war more profoundly interesting than in its inevitable tendency to bring forth, when once fairly and earnestly commenced, from the lowest ranks of the English army, Napoleons, Hannibals, Napiers? When watching, day after day, troops moving over Woolwich Common, and lamenting that I am condemned to do with a pen what I should like better to do with a sword, I gaze into many a face flaming with youthful ardour, and marvel whether some future conqueror is here. And then, to console myself for my intolerable inaction, I dream a path of victory for many a one who flashes in a moment past me, and who has not yet risen to the dignity of corporal. Thus do I build romances for countless careers, though scarcely able now to build them for my own. But in building those romances, I do not forget my country. All those romances flow back to a united and triumphant fatherland. If the war raises from the ranks greater generals than England ever yet had, and if they revolutionize the East, and fill the world with the fulmination of their exploits, think ye that we shall bear with the antiquated Alcibiades for an hour after he has finished the manufacture of chaos, or that archbeadledom, spite of

its appetite for sinecures, will again venture to intrude into public affairs. There will be wrathful comparison of the mighty captains who have sprung from the people with the inefficient statesmen that have been spawned by the patricians, and the logic will be that the statesmen had better be taken from the people too. Ere that season arrives, I purpose to discourse to you, or to others, on themes demanding less the fire of anger and the fountain of sorrow. The region in which I would most willingly abide is the religious and the poetic, and to that region I long to return. After we have thrown all our energies into political contests, how small, and contemptible, and vulgarizing these seem, when we have retired for a few instants, and for a few steps, into the adorable mystery of the religious life. Renew and fructify my whole being, O Father, and summon me back to the scenes where I love the best to dwell. I shrink not from defending the banner of the patriot, when craven and treacherous hands would pluck it down; but I would rather be a worshipper while teaching my brethren diviner worship. Brave ones, faithful to me in darkest tribulations, farewell.

March 4th, 1855.

THE END.

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